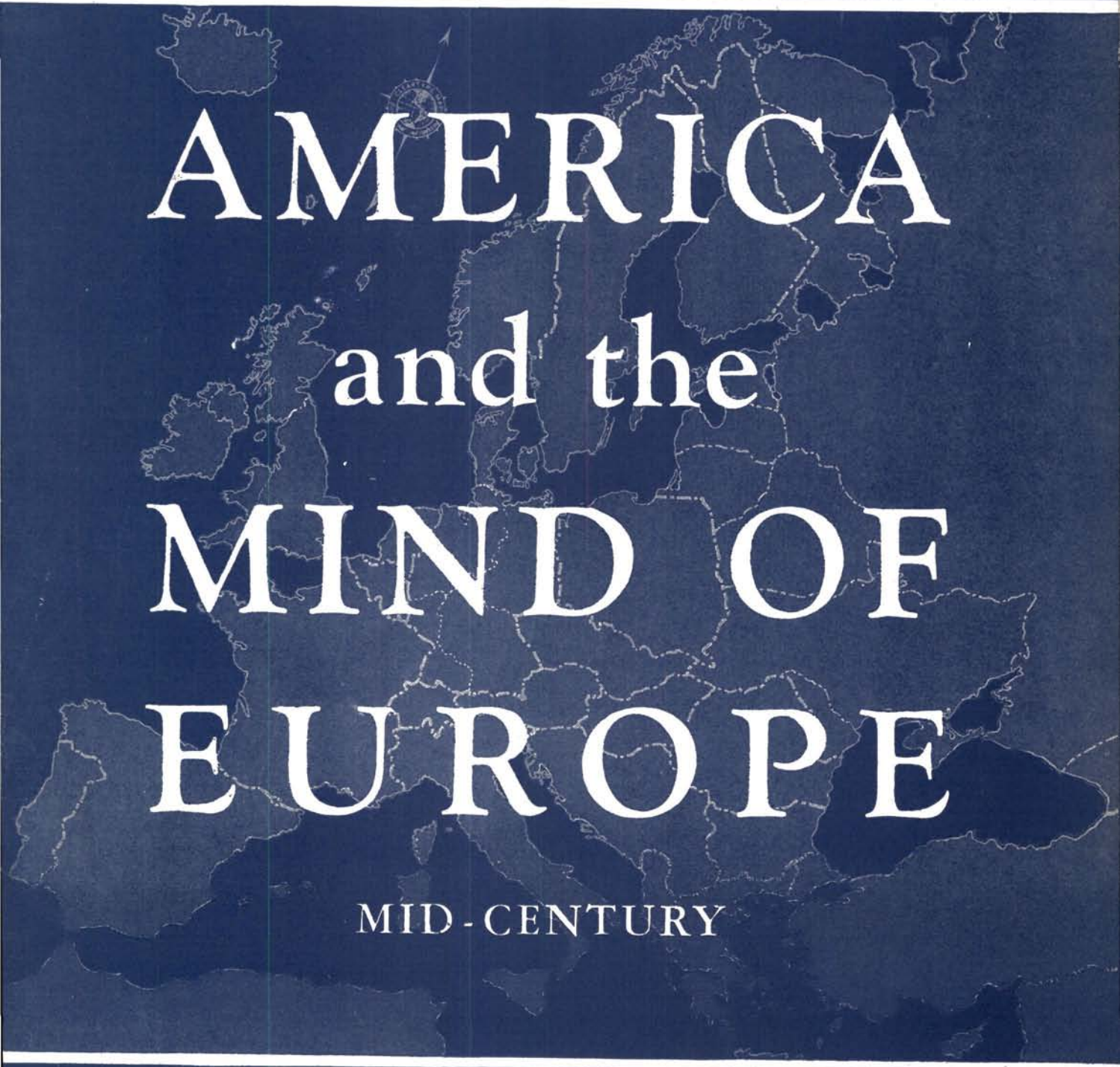
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE



AMERICA and the MIND OF EUROPE

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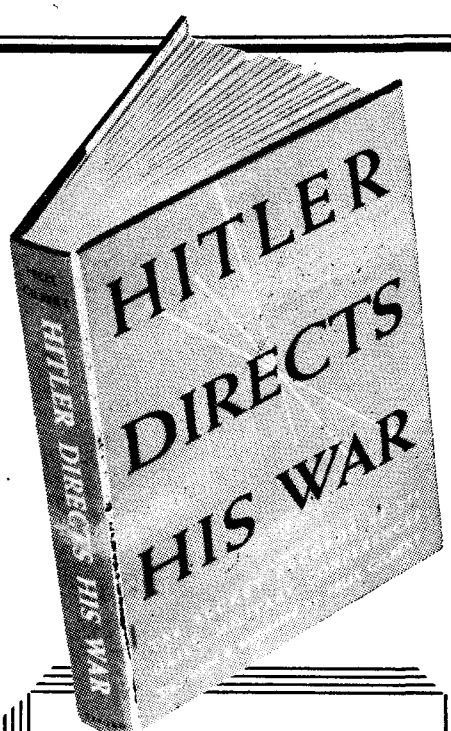

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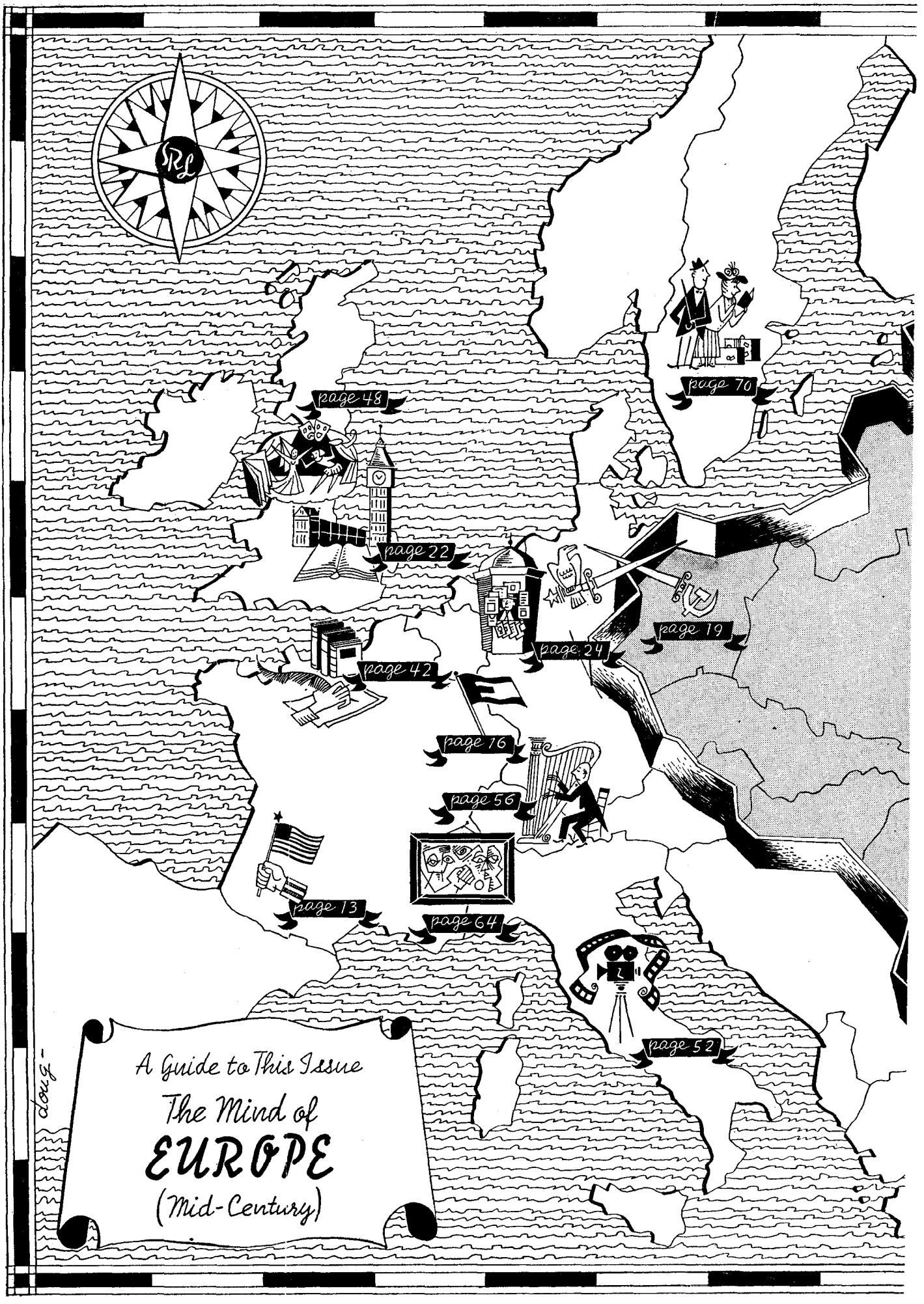

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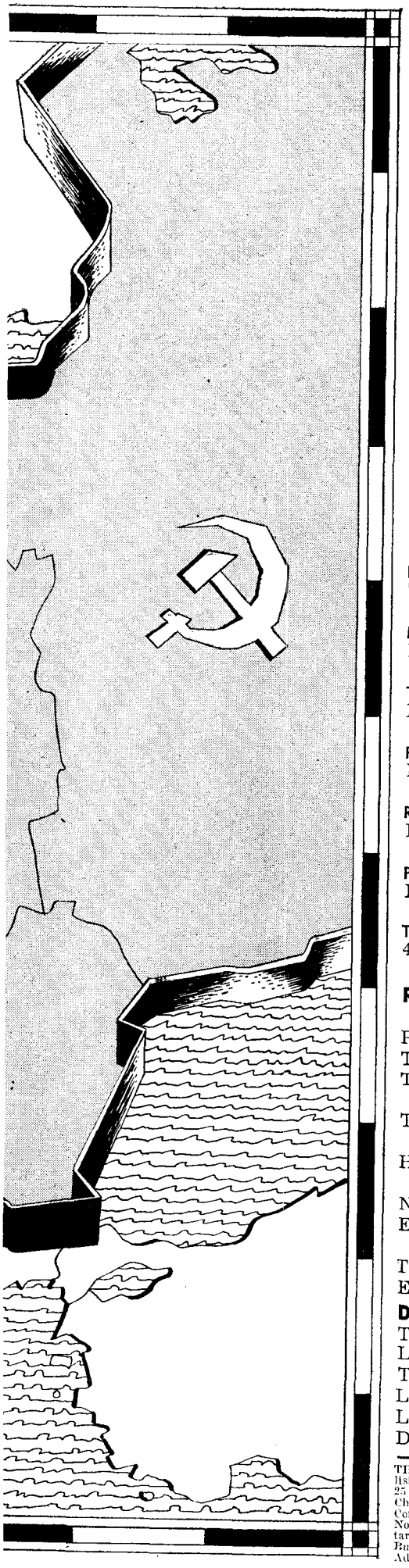

The Saturday Review of Literature

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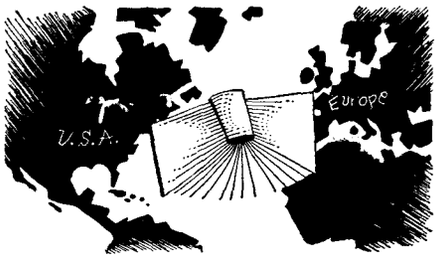
TRADE Winds

STRANDS ACROSS THE SEA



THE RELATIONSHIPS between American publishers and their confreres in England and the Continent have become steadily more harmonious and interdependent in the course of the past three decades, despite occasional sharp tiffs about overlapping markets and some stretches where the ravages of war suspended communications entirely. At the moment, for example, the exchange of properties and rights is hampered by currency restrictions and ideological impasses. Deep friendships that have ripened between leaders in the American book world and younger English publishers like Jamie Hamilton, Billy Collins, Michael Joseph, Dennis Cohen, and Desmond Flower (to name only a few) can be depended upon, I think, to override any and all obstacles in the long run. Mid-Continental publishers, too, have discovered stanch allies in Ben Huebsch and Alfred Knopf. And in Paris an American agent, Mrs. Jenny Bradley (widow of W. A. Bradley), has accomplished wonders in securing a hearing in the United States for young French writers—and vice versa.

ALMOST INVARIABLY DOOMED from the start were attempts of English and American publishers to establish genuinely successful branch offices overseas. Ignorance of local prejudices and trade practices led to losses too substantial to sustain. True, Macmillan's New York office was dominated for years from London, but that situation no longer prevails, and in the case of the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses it must be admitted that they operate in rather a special sphere. One of the last trade publishers from London who risked seting up shop over here folded his tent a very few years later and stole away not only silently but in debt up to his ears. As for the handful of Americans rash enough to establish branch offices in London—well, have you ever seen a puppy after a one-sided battle with a porcupine? And if you didn't have the excuse of buying the rights to foreign books—and selling the rights to your own—how could you persuade the Treasury Department that that little jaunt overseas was a legitimate deductible expense? It's so exhilarating to snatch the rights to a big British best seller from a rival's grasp—and so chastening to wonder what you're going to do with it as you reread it on the boat coming home! My English friends tell me they have the same experiences when they come over here. You simply dare not return empty-handed. But there's no greater fun or exhilaration in the whole publishing business. Every young Britisher or American who wants to be a bookman should try to promote a job for himself for a year or two with a firm overseas.

WE OWE one of the greatest innovations of our time in the publishing world—paper-backed 25¢ reprints—to a daring operator abroad. When Allen Lane first introduced his six-penny Penguin Books in London there was nothing like them in the world. I remember how skeptical his own competitors were, too. Victor Gollancz, one of the boldest operators of the lot, showed me a pageful of figures and announced, "I'd lose money on a venture like that, and if I can't make money on a scheme nobody else in the world can either." Lane fooled them all, however, enriching not only himself but a host of eager imitators everywhere. . . . English authors once dominated the American market completely: from Dickens and Thackeray through Hardy, Meredith, and Kipling to Shaw, Galsworthy, Wells, and Bennett. Today, however, the pendulum has swung the other way. English best-seller lists are peppered with titles that originated in America. . . . In juveniles, of course, the British hold remains unbroken, with "Alice in Wonderland," "Peter Pan," the "Christmas Carol," and "When We Were Very Young." A French importation, "Babar the Elephant," is even more popular in America than in his own homeland. . . . Some of our foremost American authors are unaccountably more widely read abroad than at home. Faulkner, Jack London, Dreiser, and Upton Sinclair are cases in point. . . . There is no retail bookstore in America so completely stocked as Bumpus' or Foyle's in London—nor any more intelligently manned. On the other hand the gleaming fixtures and windows of many of our newer shops are completely unknown in the book world overseas.

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS always have felt that their books were not properly represented or displayed in Europe. At World War II's end an elaborate Government - inspired organization called USIBA was expected to put an end to that state of affairs with speed and dispatch but unfortunately bogged down completely in a hopeless mess of red tape, insufficient funds, and sheer stupidity. Today a handful of enterprising salesmen working strictly on their own are making friends for us abroad, creating new markets, and obliterating the rueful memories of USIBA. One of the most colorful and successful is Bill Hall, who came up to the book business by way of the silk mills of Paterson, New Jersey, was persuaded by Henry Snyder to make a bookselling expedition to the Orient and Australia in the Twenties, and followed with another trail-blazing tour of mid-Europe a year later. By this time wild horses couldn't have dragged him back to the silk industry. For years he operated from headquarters in New York. Then one day last summer he visited the sun-flooded, flower-filled Macmillan branch in Amsterdam and sighed, "If I could find an office like this I'd move to Holland." "You've found it," the Macmillan representative assured him. "We're discontinuing this office and you can have it, fixtures and all." Bill came back to New York only long enough to pack his white tie and tails, wine cellar, and Sherlock Holmes library,

to which he has added with Baker Street Irregularity.

IN 1947 ENGLAND WAS our principal customer abroad, but devaluation and an intense drive to cut down exports dropped her all the way to seventh place in 1950. Holland now ranks Number One, followed in turn by Denmark, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, England, Belgium, Greece, and Portugal. France, which was fourth in 1939 and seventh in 1947, is now down to thirteenth place. The operation of ECA funds plays a

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from the editorial rooms of the BEACON PRESS, Boston

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large part in current standings, which are of course abnormal. . . . "European competition," summarizes Hall, "is making it tougher and tougher for American books. An encouraging factor is that the *number* of orders being placed today is greater than ever, though the quantities are smaller. There will always be American books. There will always be a Europe to buy—some of them."

IT'S A WONDERFUL THING for Americans to dedicate themselves to planting the seeds of democracy and tolerance in the resistant soil of mid-Europe, but it is well to bear in mind that missionary work in that direction remains to be done at home. A couple of book publishers emerged

from a bistro some evenings ago to find a miniature torrent raging and taxicabs at a premium. First in line for a cab was obviously a foreigner—possibly a Czech or Rumanian. He was about to climb into his cab when he noted a middle-aged lady behind him, impatient to be up and going. He bowed gallantly and said, "Madame may have my cab." Without even thanking him she set one foot on the running board of the cab, then suddenly paused to peer intently at the driver. "I must make sure," she said loudly, "that I am not being driven by a Negro." The European yanked her off the running board, climbed into the cab himself, and shouted to her, "Madame, go drown yourself." The two publishers, deeply pleased by the turn of events, reentered the bistro and treated themselves to another round of Scotch-on-the-rocks. —Bennett Cerf.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 876)

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I wonder what he dreams worth all the business
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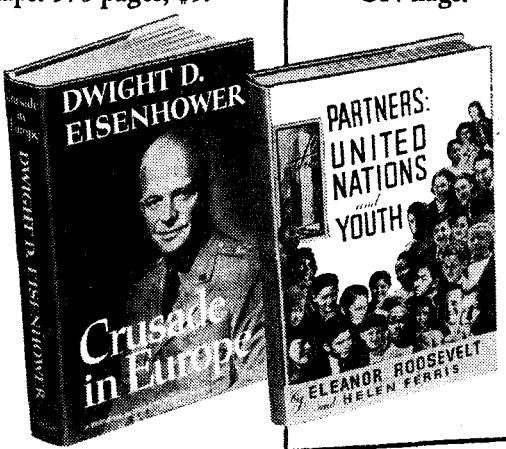

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Henry D. Thoreau and F. Scott Fitzgerald

In "America and the Mind of Europe" the Saturday Review of Literature has set itself to tracing the influence on European thought of writers who, as they wrote, were shaping the literary legend of America. Every publishing house has been built by such writers.

In the month of February, Houghton Mifflin Company is publishing two works that represent the flow of influence between Europe and America; the *Collected Journals of Henry D. Thoreau* and *The Far Side of Paradise,* a biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald by Arthur Mizener.

The Journals have been long out of print. They are now re-issued in their entirety in fourteen volumes. Their substance creates an unequaled picture of contemplative New England in the 19th century. Projected eastward Thoreau's principle of passive resistance reached as far as Gandhi's fasting cell, with many curious transmutations on the way. Contrapuntally, Scott Fitzgerald, recording angel of the twenties, brought back from France and Italy a legend of glitter that marked the giddy point of America's adolescence.

Fitzgerald the man, his work, his legend were all one, and Arthur Mizener has done a masterly job of portraying the man inside the legend he helped to make. In the beginning *This Side of Paradise, The Beautiful and Damned,* were gospel to the flappers and college boys who tea-danced at the Plaza. In the middle it is a legend of disillusionment. Scott's maturing perceptions produced *The Great Gatsby* and, in the middle of the proletarian decade, *Tender is the Night* and *Taps at Reveille.*

In the end it is a legend of despair, of personal tragedy and inner struggle. This biography is not a mere period piece of the twenties. It is the unfolding drama of half a century of American life.

Here are Thoreau and Fitzgerald, separated by less than a hundred years, by less than a thousand miles, by all of the American legend.

Houghton Mifflin Company

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *Economic inventories of postwar European recovery have been plentiful during the past few years. On the subjects of steel output, kilowatt hours, and wheat harvests America is well informed. But what of Europe's cultural recovery since 1945?* SRL's *special issue on "America and the Mind of Europe" is addressed to this theme.*

Where does the European writer and artist stand midway in the twentieth century? What books does the European citizen read? What music does he listen to? How does he view the future of his own nation and of that collection of nations which for five centuries has been the focal point of civilization and progress? Finally, what position does America maintain in the spiritual and cultural consciousness of contemporary Europe?

The guest editor of this issue is Lewis Galantière, distinguished editor, author, critic, and translator. Mr. Galantière's recent article in Foreign Affairs, *"America Today: A Freehand Sketch," has aroused nation-wide comment.*

The idea for the issue was suggested by George Nebolsine, prominent member of the American Committee on United Europe. Last summer Roland Gelatt, of the SRL *editorial staff, went to Europe for editorial conferences with Denis de Rougemont and other European men of letters, to whom the editors express grateful appreciation for their participation in the planning and writing of the issue.*

AMERICA & THE MIND OF EUROPE

An Introduction

Lewis Galantière

THE OBJECT of Soviet Russian diplomacy is to drive a wedge between Europe and the United States. The purpose of this diplomacy is to install Communism in power on the Atlantic shores of Europe—without war. The advantages for the Soviet Union of "peaceful" conquest over military conquest are so great as to justify every risk on Moscow's part. Those advantages can best be seen if we turn the proposition round and say that it is essential to Soviet purposes that the American people shall turn their backs on Europe. For the outcome of American miscalculation (sometimes called appeasement or isolationism) is clear.

First, the moral surrender of America would totally discourage resistance of the kind offered by Europe to the German occupation. There would be no return from Communism. Our abstention would allow the national Communists, for example a Thorez in France, to be accepted as governing "by the will of the people," that is, without the stigma which still attaches to them as agents of Moscow.

Second, since Fascism and Communism are merely extremes which meet, an immense Soviet victory that was directly due to American inaction would instantly persuade every opportunistic dictatorship in Latin America to climb aboard the bandwagon and proclaim itself a Communist regime. Where no such dictatorship now exists south of our border there would be civil war of the kind Moscow knows so well how to foment.

Third, from the eastern Mediterranean to the Pacific Communist regimes would be free to seize power following more or less violence.

Fourth, the handful of remaining democracies, including our own, would become the object of overwhelming attack by the surrounding Communist world at such time as seemed to the Kremlin propitious.

This is the absolute significance of Europe to us. Even today, as Europe goes morally and spiritually so goes the world. If Europe goes under the world goes under. No such chain reaction could be set off by the Soviet Russians from any other point on the globe. That indefeasible prestige of Europe is what marks the relative insignificance of the Far East.

For the attainment of its grand objective Soviet diplomacy holds in its hand three trump cards. One is the support it derives from American miscalculation of the kind produced last month by the slide-rule of Mr. Hoover. Another is the imbecile neutrality of European isolationists who hope that if they do not declare themselves on the side of the United States Moscow will keep its hands off them. The third underlies the second, and it consists in the reluctance of Europeans in general, and of the opinion-creating intellectuals in particular, to see in the United States a leader worth following.

It is this last element that is in fact the subject of the present special number of *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

WE AMERICANS are faced with a prodigious paradox. We have by and large the best moral case in the world, yet we are morally on the defensive. From the Atlantic Charter to the North Atlantic Pact, from Lend-Lease to the Marshall Plan, from the North African Expedition of November 1942 to the Korean Expedition of 1950, our acts are, in detail, criticizable on grounds of judgment or method, but our decisions are without taint of evil purpose. Yet the Stockholm "peace" circular, the

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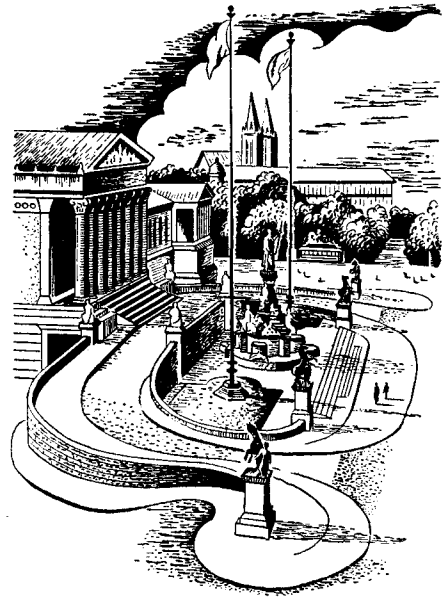
Picasso dove, the cries of "governed by Wall Street," the insistence that we are culturally barbarian have withheld from us the allegiance of those whom history presses us to lead. On the other hand, with the worst moral case in the world—with proof staring the world in the face of slave-labor camps, an abject standard of living after thirty-three years of rule, a program of pitiless world-wide subversion and aggression, even a Hitler-style proclamation of Moscow's intent to wipe from the face of the earth all non-Soviet-Russian cultures—the Soviet Union is summoned by nobody to make a moral defense and has actually succeeded in its impudent assumption of a moral offensive.

Here is an example. Last summer the North Atlantic Treaty Organization's chiefs of staff declared that they required, for the initial defense of Europe, fifty to fifty-five divisions. Since the Soviet Russians can put into the field in Europe some 150 to 165 divisions, this leaves them a three-to-one advantage. Yet they have been able to persuade Western Europeans, in particular the Germans and the French, that they are being provoked by American warmongers.



Another example—from the other side of the world. The *Jenmin Jih Pao*, which is Peking's equivalent of *Pravda*, printed an article in early December entitled "Hate the United States" and giving its readers eight reasons for doing so. That article was part of a continuing campaign to persuade the Chinese people that we were engaged in encircling China. We are, for instance, making every effort to "retain" (*sic*) our "influence over Tibet" while we "invade" Korea and "intervene" in Indo-China in order to "impose a military encirclement of China." Every alert European knows that when a power protests against "encirclement" it is planning war against its neighbors: the Germans, for instance, never tired of giving that as the excuse for aggression—the "good" Germans as well as the majority of Germans. Yet this kind of thing is swallowed as peaceful doctrine by non-Communist anti-Americans throughout Western Europe.

Unquestionably, part of the blame for this bewildering paradox falls upon us. I do not mean that it falls directly upon the State Department's propagandists, for they can work only with the materials that are given them. The French say, *la plus belle fille du monde ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a*, and so it is with the Voice of America and its auxiliary instruments: they can, like the most beautiful girl in the world, only give what they've got. What they've got is policies and spokesmen deriving from a mere thirty years of experience in the management of international interests—for before 1917 the whole of the diplomatic broth was brewed in the chancelleries of Europe, and Rome, Vienna, even Constantinople counted then far more than Washington. It is a pity but it is a fact that we have not yet reached the moment when most members of Congress are able to see that the interest of a constituency can best be promoted by promoting the interest of the nation, and not the other way round. It will be some years too before our political representatives learn that their personal impulses are not always the equivalent of statesmanlike reflection and utterance.

There is another charge which we can offer against ourselves. Two months ago the Secretary of Commerce said, addressing the National Foreign Trade Council, "I have talked recently with men from both the Orient and Europe, and in almost every case it is their opinion that it is far more important for us to contribute ideas than to contribute things." With exceptions, our intellectuals have contributed nothing to foreign understanding of American ideals. Sucked in by Communist propaganda during the Depression, rancorously determined to turn their eyes away from the changes that have since supervened in American capitalism and American statesmanship, they have either shaken hands gleefully with our ideological adversaries or, like certain Congressmen, have persistently put their equivalent of the good of the constituency before the true good of the nation. If ideas were, as Mr. Sawyer said, to be contributed, it was their part to contribute them: you will look abroad in vain for contributions by the intelligentsia of the United States.

But though we confess our faults, we cannot help asking why our intentions are not more clearly perceived by the peoples we most respect—the peoples of Britain and the Continent. What is it that they see in us, since it is not our good intentions? What has happened to them that they, who once saw eye to eye with us about what was good and what was evil in life, should now no longer consider us their brothers? After all, it is not so long since 1942—since 1917—when most of them agreed, even urged us to agree, that because we shared the same ideals we ought to participate in the same sacrifices. What have they been up to this five years past, during which they have withdrawn themselves—or have they?—from the orbit in which we lived together?

These are not material questions—of power, of production, of efficiency. They are moral questions. We have only to read them over a second time to perceive that only a very brash soldier, a very brash businessman, a very brash politician would rush headlong to answer them. When we are faced with such questions we become aware of the uses of the philosopher, the poet, the novelist, the churchman—men who meditate rather than measure, dig deep into their thoughts for the most rigorously accurate statement rather than start dictating conventional phrases as soon as they reach their desks. Men who consult their troubled minds instead of brushing their anxieties aside because they have a contract to draft or a sale to make, and haven't time to ponder deeply what is happening to mankind.

"Few intellectual phenomena of our time have been more disturbing," wrote an anonymous contributor to the London *Times Literary Supplement*, "than the refusal of the European intelligentsia to apply to the American problem any serious curiosity or any adequate amount of intellectual humility in the face of so extraordinary a creation as the United States. Laments, one might say yelps, that the world is being Americanized—that is, barbarized; hasty explanations of American power in terms of luck or mere greed and craft—these have been too often the contributions of the spokesmen of the march of mind in this century."

What is going on in the European mind? Here are answers from men who know. They imply that unless we can supply the moral force essential to leadership Europe may collapse of moral inanition. Europe needs to hear from a new Tom Paine; not about a new "Babbitt" but about a new Emerson.

—Lewis Galantière,
Guest Editor.

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Does Europe Welcome American Leadership?

RAYMOND ARON

AMERICANS themselves are perhaps unaware that since the war they have shouldered their international responsibilities in a way new to the world. Not only have they fully accepted the obligations imposed by the Charter of the United Nations, not only have they lent effective support throughout the world to peoples threatened by Soviet imperialism, but they have never taken any satisfaction from the thought of the influence exercised by their representatives—whether at Paris or at Athens, in Indonesia or in Iran. It has not occurred to them that these evidences of their power might shed glory upon the name of America; merely that they were fulfilling commitments they would a thousand times prefer not to be burdened with. The United States is probably the first nation in history to dominate a whole area of civilization without having sought that privilege and while continuing to detest it.

This American leadership, this product of historic forces rather than of human will, is something which the peoples and the governors of Western Europe are forced to recognize whether they like it or not. The disproportion in strength between a Europe drained by two wars and an America at all points intact is so great as to make the Old World economically and militarily dependent upon the New, and in this resides the origin of the leadership from which the American people recoil. For if they do not lead there is no free nation that can replace them; and if the post of leader remains vacant a vacuum is created which the Soviet power must rush in to fill.

Now there is no such thing as lasting leadership imposed against the will of the led. We saw that in the case of Hitler. We see it again in the case of Stalin and the prisoner states of Eastern Europe. The question arises, then, is Europe prepared to accept American leadership? I have been asked to answer this question, and I must begin by saying that it cannot be answered by a simple "yes" or "no." Of course if what was meant were mere military and diplomatic leadership then the answer would clearly be "yes." The proof is that Western Europe was for months impatient to hear that an American supreme commander had been placed at the head of an Atlantic force—that is, a European-American force. But if what is implied is the moral and cultural leadership of a congeries of nations, then undoubtedly we must say that certain objections do arise in Europe.

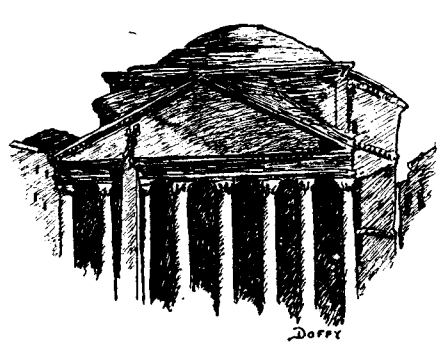
Let me make clear that I speak here only of the anti-Stalinists in Europe, for it goes without saying that the Stalinists are anti-American. I shall also ignore the Trotskyists, for though they are anti-Stalinist, naturally they remain pro-Communist and as such—until matters come to a test of arms—are of course bound to be anti-American. But among the rest —anti-clerical Socialists, anti-bourgeois Catholics, and even what I may call doctrinal neutrals — already fears are expressed that a militarily and economically dominant America may bring in its wake ideas and institutions unwelcome to the peoples of the European continent. The American "way of life" has its enemies among us, and they have for some time been advancing those fears as reasons to reject cooperation with the United States in the field of diplomacy. They profess to see in the Atlantic Pact the opening wedge which will allow European cultures to be flooded by an inferior, mass-produced American culture.

I put this to you in these blunt terms because it is plain fact and there is no getting round it. Indeed, what is curious and troubling is that the particular Western Europeans of whom I speak seem not to worry at all about the threat of Russian cultural domination. Though Moscow daily trumpets Russian superiority in science, literature, art, and philosophy, these Europeans merely laugh and call its claims grotesque. At the same time they refuse to believe that an Atlantic Community can exist under American political leadership and still continue to draw its spiritual sustenance from a variety of sources —in painting from Paris, in philosophy from Heidelberg, in parliamentary government from London, etc.

My own view is very simple. I am entirely convinced that for an anti-Stalinist there is no escape from the acceptance of American leadership. By itself Europe lacks the power to resist the pressure exercised by Moscow. Therefore, it can rebuild its society and insure its political and cultural independence only within the framework of an Atlantic Community in which, inevitably, the United States must hold first rank.

I AM BOUND to say that not everybody in Europe is of my opinion. Some Europeans would say flatly that they were of the contrary view; others would declare themselves of my mind; the great majority, I believe, would agree with me reluctantly, not eagerly, and say, "Yes, I suppose so."

I don't imagine that readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature* are most interested in Europeans who, like myself, are unqualifiedly prepared to accept American leadership, particularly as we are in a minority. I like to think that we are the most sensible of Europeans; but I am forced to confess that in this camp are also to be found the most self-seeking of Europeans, those who have been slowest to see that the world does move and those, alas, who have made a good thing out of American assistance to the Old World. The last-named have not helped either the cause of



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democracy in general or the cause of America in particular; for it is owing to their greed that in countries like France and Italy the worker is still, despite the best intentions of your Economic Cooperation Administration, not getting his fair share of the amount of money in circulation.

What interests you most is the views of those who say "no" to American leadership. The views of some among them seem to me so preposterous that although I live at the heart of Europe and am frequently in contact with these no-sayers, I still find it difficult to present their arguments coherently.

Let us take a typical group, the atheistic existentialists led by Jean-Paul Sartre. They are proud of not being ivory-tower intellectuals but of being, on the contrary, down in the arena, "engaged" in the social struggle. They think of themselves as humanists and philosophers. They view themselves as constituting the intellectual opposition to both Stalinism and Americanism. Opposition is always desirable and everywhere admissible—except under a totalitarian regime. From any practical point of view the neutral position taken by the existentialists is clearly untenable. As Frenchmen they must be aware that their Government, like all others, is forced to choose between the Russian camp and the American camp. As intellectuals they must know that Communism makes no room for neutral nations or opposition parties; it recognizes only partisans and enemies. Yet so bemused are these humanists (of a kind) who dislike the Soviet state because it is a police state, that they solemnly assume they would be allowed to speak their minds under the only alternative leadership to American leadership. Their illogic passes belief.

This is, by and large, the unacknowledged dilemma on the horns of which the anti-American intelligentsia of all Europe finds itself. And if we ask what it is they have against the United States — since it is the police state they condemn in Soviet Russia—the answer is American capitalism and American cultural inferiority. (There are two further reservations, but as they influence a far wider variety of Europeans, I shall deal with them separately.)

For most European intellectuals anti-capitalism is much more than a mere economic theory; it is an article of faith. It pervades Catholic and Protestant circles to some extent, as well as anti-clerical Socialist circles. For those intellectuals to agree to debate the merits of free enterprise versus nationalized enterprise, the free market versus national planning, in the light of their respective achievements, would be to agree to surrender both the emotional and the philosophical basis of their belief. They will not look at what has happened to capitalism in your country, and thus learn what can be done with it socially. They have shut their eyes and have swallowed wholesale the Marxist argument that the sole cause of man's exploitation of man is private ownership of the means of production.

This being so, when Americans come along and proclaim that the capitalist system, supported on a base of political democracy, is a truer and nobler heir of humanism than the falsely named "proletarian" dictatorship founded on the regime of the single party, those Americans do violence to every idea cherished by our anti-capitalist and anti-Stalinist intelligentsia. Nothing is more irritating to an intellectual than to question his basic assumptions; nobody likes to be asked to start thinking all over again from the beginning. Their basic assumption is that capitalism is evil; take that away from them and they are left high and dry. Therefore they refuse peremptorily to debate it.

On this score, then, a certain part of those who create opinion in Europe may be expected to continue to reject the idea of American leadership even when the rest of the Continent has accepted it.

—French Embassy Information Division.

Jean-Paul Sartre—"[his] neutral position is clearly untenable."

NOW AS to the other great objection, that America is a land devoid of culture. I do not wish to belittle the anti-capitalist objection. It goes very deep; and in the sense that Europe requires a certain degree of planning *for reconstruction,* the objection to an out-and-out emulation of American free enterprise has some validity. In every country a line may be drawn between the things which only government can plan and the things which private parties can plan; and in some countries that line lies farther from the line of optimum free enterprise than in others. So much said, I must add that the objection to the penetration of Europe by American culture is more serious, if only because more widely manifested, than the objection to American capitalism.

This is a fascinating and ramified subject into all the aspects of which I cannot enter in a short article. It has its fundamental reason, which is the envy by the weak of the strong: exactly so were the British once called a "nation of shopkeepers" by a dominated Continent. It has its immediate psychological reason, which is the need of the humiliated European to cling to his self-respect in the face of the non-European whose aid he is forced to seek: he does so by recalling his centuries of cultural preeminence, to which his transatlantic rescuer cannot lay claim. It has its visible and palpable reason in the fact that you have actually been sending us, together with the best that you produce, an appreciable quantity of

Transatlantic Relations

Supplementary reading in connection with M. Aron's article:

THE SOVIET IMAGE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Frederick C. Barghoorn. Harcourt, Brace. $4. Reviewed on page 30.

THE ERA OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. By D. W. Brogan. Yale University Press. $2.25. A brilliant survey by the Regius Professor of Political Science, Cambridge.

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By Max Beloff. Macmillan. $2. Brief, sympathetic presentation by an Oxford don.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Geoffrey Gorer. Norton. $3. A British man of letters uses anthropology and psychoanalysis for a study of "Mom" as the generator in our society. Amusing and typical of much European belief about America.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN EUROPE. By Haldvan Koht. University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.75. A Norwegian scholar's survey of four centuries of American influence on Europe.

THE WORLD IN CRISIS. By J. Salwyn Schapiro. McGraw-Hill. $5. Sociological and psychological interpretation of America, Germany, and Russia.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA. By Alexis de Tocqueville. Knopf. $7.50. A classic, of course, but filled with comment that still illumines the subject.

POLICY FOR THE WEST. By Barbara Ward. Norton. $3.75. Reviewed on page 27.

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gimcrack articles for which your own cultivated citizens manifest no great taste.

It would be invidious to name names; let it suffice to say that the European branches of your advertising firms, the European circulation of your mass-produced magazines, the taste acquired by millions of Europeans for your comics, your movies, your capsule-culture journalism and crime stories have quite sincerely frightened the European intelligentsia and been taken by them as a threat to serious thinking and disinterested art. When they see the tin can replacing home cooking, Coca-Cola substituted for the noblest product of the soil (I mean, of course, wine), the taste-destroying refrigerator threatening the extinction of the earthen cellar, they grow properly alarmed. And having before them the incontrovertible evidence that man's scientific ingenuity has outrun his good sense, they lay all the blame for the deplorable results of technology at your door and look upon you as a nation of robots, yourselves standardized and feverishly intent upon introducing standardization into the farthest corners of the earth.

Doubtless unfairly (since they do not look at any other America than this), the out-and-out anti-Americans conclude that you are not prepared culturally to assume the leadership of the free nations. And since they are prejudiced against you they seize with avidity upon the situation of the Negro in your country and use that against you as evidence of your betrayal of your own democratic principles, without bothering to study the realities or appreciate the dimensions of this vast and grave problem.

SO MUCH for those who return a flat "no" to American leadership. My own impression is that the majority of Europeans would answer our question by saying, "Yes, I suppose so." Among them, criticism of American ways is frequent, hesitation to express a preference for American capitalism over Soviet pseudo-Socialism is widespread; but at bottom they are on your side, if only because their grip on our European tradition of liberty has not been loosened by intellectual hair-splitting. They, not the intellectuals, are the people who have been preserved for democracy by the Marshall Plan. This seems to me the case of the man-in-the-street throughout Europe, and it is a comforting thought that the anti-Communist trade union leaders of Europe (including the Socialists) are in close touch with your own labor people. You are aware that in England men like Aneurin Bevan and John Strachey and the editors of *The New Statesman and Nation*, despite their sometimes ferocious criticism of certain things American, have said bluntly that President Truman's Fair Deal struck them as closer to the aims of the Labor Party than anything that the moderate parties on the Continent can show.

In my view, therefore, the majority are—though with some reluctance—prepared to accept American leadership. Let me say now why they still display reluctance.

Earlier in this article I said that in addition to the attitude of the intelligentsia to capitalism and to culture, there were two other considerations which made most Europeans uneasy about following American leadership. The first is not a reason that is often explained in print, though one hears it referred to in conversation, in vague terms, pretty much everywhere in Europe. I should be less than candid if I did not confess that I myself think it a powerful reason for uneasiness, though I do not see that there is anything for us Europeans to do about it. It is a situation which only time and you Americans can correct. Here it is.

The American people have only recently abandoned a historic policy of non-entanglement in the fate of other nations. The experience of their leaders in the handling of international affairs can almost be said to date only from 1917. Seen from our side of the Atlantic, your people appear to believe that institutions which grew up among them in quite exceptional circumstances are transplantable to other continents. They seem to be blind to the specific, that is, non-universal, nature of their own spiritual and historic roots. Having been obliged to improvise their lines and actions on the world stage they appear to lack confidence in themselves, wherefore they go from one extreme to another, from excessive credulity about the efficacy of moral principle to excessive suspicion of those whom they would imbue with their principles. Meanwhile, the fact that the American system was created by and for a cluster of small agrarian republics restricts the freedom of movement of those who conduct its foreign affairs. This is obviously a handicap for a nation whose interests are now worldwide and cannot be adequately safeguarded without an apparatus that permits of rapid decision and resolute action.

I have put the situation in abstract language. Let me now speak more concretely. First, your leadership will be more readily accepted if you make it clear that you do not insist that the rest of the world must be like

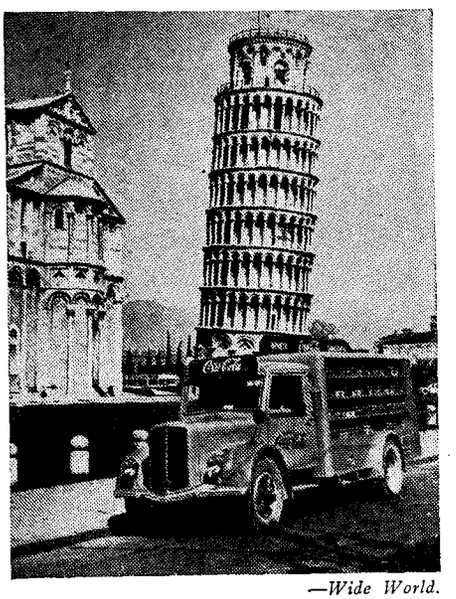
(*Continued on page 92*)

NEW-STYLE AMBASSADOR

—*Vale.*

London

Paris



—*Wide World.*

Pisa

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The Conquest of Anarchy

DENIS DE ROUGEMENT

—*Photo by Leirens.*

COMPARED with what it was in 1900 the Europe of today appears to be very sick indeed. It has been amputated of one third of its territory on the East. City after city is still a mass of ruins. Blood-clots at the national frontiers impede the vital circulation of men, money, and goods. And, perhaps worst of all, the European capacity for formulating ideas of progress and social justice seems to have been drained away to other continents, leaving behind on the one side apathy and on the other cynicism.

The demonstration is even more striking if we look at the old continent in the long perspective of its place in the world. In 1900 Europe still reigned over our planet, and had done so since the Renaissance. Today it stands dethroned by history in favor of two non-European colossi; Europeans are filled with the frightened sense that those colossi are about to make war on their soil to their ruin.

Europe has become a handful of dependent states not one of which can for an instant claim to be strong enough to cope by itself with the realities of the contemporary situation. There they are, weighed down by the ball and chain of customs tariffs, cut off from one another by trade barriers, wasting the remains of their strength and the remnants of their political astuteness in anachronistic rivalries. It is inevitable that Russians and Americans should see in this Europe nothing but a vacuum of a kind that is as abhorrent to history as to nature.

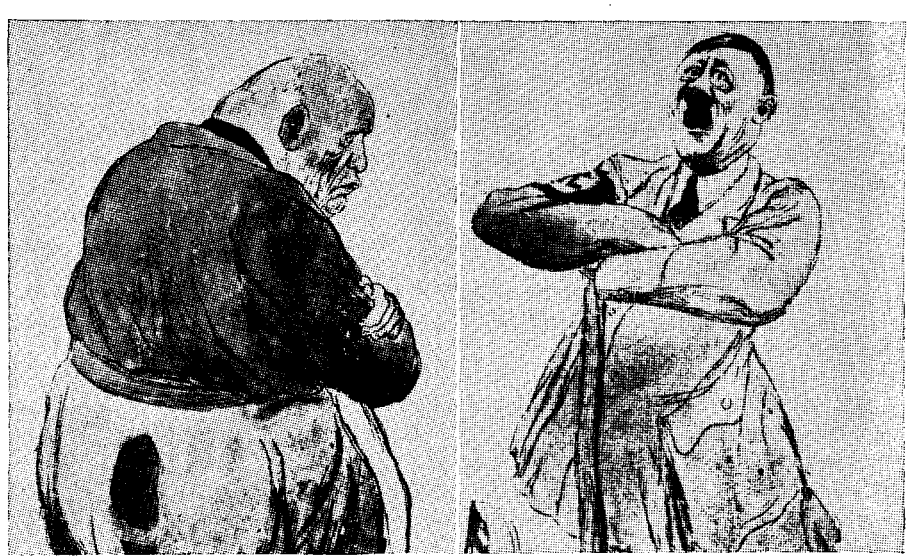
Concerning how this came about there is no mystery. Ten years of war in less than three decades, ten years of war involving not merely armies but whole peoples, suffice to explain it. What is less clear is how those wars themselves came about. They were not mere accidents; they were the outward manifestation of a long and very critical malady.

It is universally agreed that national rivalries were responsible for the War of 1914-1918. The notion of national self-determination was born of the French Revolution of 1789 and was exacerbated by the struggles of various peoples against the House of Hapsburg. When the collective passion that we call nationalism was heightened by the theory of the all-powerful state, fortified by technology and poisoned by state-inspired propaganda, the result was "total war." Out of total war emerged the first totalitarian regime—Lenin's—which soon served as an inspiration to Mussolini and to Hitler. Their regimes gave us totalitarianism as a specific and clearly definable phenomenon, which is the establishment of the idea of a permanent state of war in the human mind and in international relations. This is the vicious circle in which twentieth-century Europe has been locked up.

But we have still to dig a little deeper. State-worshipping nationalism, total war, and totalitarianism are themselves symptoms of a diseased body politic; they do not truly define the disease. The disease is to be defined as a species of shock, the interruption of contact between thought and action; the dissociation between principle and practice, between purpose and result. This is what has attacked every sector of European society. Three easily verifiable facts illustrate and confirm this diagnosis.

First, it is plain to all that our boldest inventions turn irresistibly to our destruction for the simple reason that no moral purpose is present to guide them either when they are conceived or when they are applied. In Europe, at any rate, the result of the technological revolution has been to destroy, without replacing, the old social framework; to create "the masses," which is to say human collectivities that are devoid of organic structure or necessity. Secondly, social "entropy," or dissipation of energy, has been going on at a dizzying pace until man knows less and less what he is working for and why he exists. Finally, our culture is in sharp conflict with the material terms of our existence.

FOR fifty years European literature has been a subversive literature—subversive in two directions. Either it has savagely attacked the ethics of the middle class (a code of ethics detached from its religious roots) and has denounced all convention and decorum as such (though without them no social life is possible); or it has urged the restoration of the rigid orthodoxies of the past as the sole means of overcoming the anarchy that characterizes our spiritual criteria and ethical judgments. The first tendency is exemplified by Freud, Joyce,



—*The Kukriniksy (a team of three famous USSR cartoonists).*

"Totalitarianism as a specific and clearly definable phenomenon."

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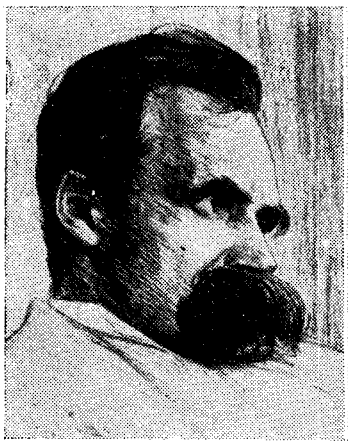
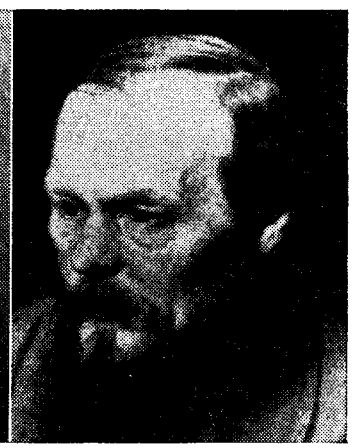


—Bettman Archive.

—Emlen Etting (Midtown Galleries).



—Bettman Archive.

Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Rimbaud, Dostoievsky—our "cultural heroes of the past are those whose genius was most anti-social."

Proust, Gide, Kafka, and the surrealists headed by André Breton; the second by such Catholic writers as Claudel and Maritain, by the Protestant theologian Karl Barth, and by the Anglican traditionalist T. S. Eliot. It is equally remarkable that the cultural heroes of the past century our age has chosen to worship are precisely those who were supreme individualists, those whose genius was most pronouncedly anti-social—Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Dostoievsky, and Rimbaud. The philosophers of our age, meanwhile, from Bergson to both the Christian and the atheistic types of existentialists, have run desperately after the will-o'-the-wisp of concrete being. That this should have been their goal is both confession and proof that the world of thought has lost its grip on reality.

It goes without saying that the revolt of the intellectuals against the world in which we live has not influenced the man in the street directly. It has had the regrettable effect of isolating our intellectuals from the life of the community. The community, with its politics and its economics, lives according to its own laws; and those laws have enjoyed less and less authority in the world of the spirit. There is no common language any more, no vision or ideal common to both worlds concerning the purposes of life and of society. Nothing was present to unite a poet like Rilke or a philosopher like Heidegger to the general run of men—to the politician, the business man, the industrial worker. All that they might have had in common was a vague word like liberty or justice or democracy; and even here each side had its own interpretation. Not a single authority exists today in Europe which could say anything that both sides would agree to accept as "the truth." The result is that almost everything that is done today in Europe is a contradiction of what men continue to believe just and good—no matter what category of men you interrogate on this point.

This, then, is the deep-rooted anarchy which we are forced to go back to in order to find the explanation of the sick mind of Europe. Nationalism, total war, and totalitarianism are merely so many collective and instinctual reactions to the social vacuum resulting from the dissolution of the common bond, the principle of integration, that once held our civilization together.

LET US see now what has happened to the average European in these circumstances to which he is subjected without knowing how to put a name to them.

A good part of the structure and the guiding lines of his society no longer exists. As late as the 1920's it was still likely that a draper's son would become a draper, a farmer's son would stay on the farm, a nobleman's son would go into uniform or the diplomatic service. Today the European is free of those compulsions. But free for what? He is spiritually and socially at loose ends, and that is the only result of his new freedom. The last surviving ethical code, the bourgeois code, no longer commands or guides him. The very idea of a moral code has been undermined by the practice of a cautious cynicism which in the moneyed classes is illustrated by their helpless recourse to psychoanalysis and in the proletariat by its subjection to Marxist preachments. Both are strictly materialistic; and materialism, symbolized by money (at a time when money has lost its old stability), is all-powerful. A European who no longer lives by a code of ethics still has an uneasy conscience about it; but his neighbor who continues to live ethically feels himself frustrated because of it. The vast majority of Europeans are guided neither by religious faith nor by ethical principles.

The result—as may be guessed—is a profound sense of anxiety, loneliness of spirit, absence of roots in soil, church, or family. It is this anxiety which has been capitalized by the totalitarian system with its genius for arousing collective passions.

The modern State made deliberate use of compulsory education and military service to transmute man's instinctive group loyalty and local patriotism into the ideological *Ersatz* we call nationalism. The bourgeois intellectuals who sought to turn this sentiment into a mystical creed—men like Barrès and Maurras in France and the successive generations of pre-Hitlerian racists in Germany—were incapable of providing the new mass-citizen with a code by which he could live, a discipline to guide his thoughts and acts. Where they failed Lenin succeeded: he did provide both code and discipline. And his pupils Mussolini and Hitler went further. They had the genius to perceive that the mass-citizen was the prey of anguish born of his irresponsibility to any moral discipline; that he was yearning to be freed from a meaningless freedom. The mass-citizen was searching blindly for a leader (Duce, Führer, Caudillo, Vozhd) who would guide his conduct and would guarantee to teach him an effective doctrine of fraternity. It was not out of wickedness or perversity that so many Europeans became Fascists or Communists. The reason was that they felt in every fiber of their being a need for a principle of unity, and only dictatorship was prepared to fulfill that need. We may say, therefore, that so long as the Western democracies continue blind to the fact that this is both the cause of their failure and the reason for the power of the totalitarian temptation, just so long will their libertarian rhetoric remain vain and their anti-totalitarian propaganda remain without result. Men will die for a cause only when they see that there is a good reason to stay alive.

It would be simple-minded of us to believe that European politicians are

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today equipped with ways to remedy this situation. The truth is, most of them are unaware that it exists. It lies outside their competence. The management of politics is one thing; the moral and spiritual guidance of mankind is a different thing. Totalitarian dictators claim to combine both functions in their person, and it must be said that they have succeeded in impressing even democratic public opinion by this claim. Every democratic people looks to its statesmen to do for them a little of what Hitler did for his Germans and Stalin for his Russians: to define for them a new "way of life"—though, of course, one that will be capable of successfully challenging the totalitarian way. On our side of the Atlantic, at least, this exorbitant demand is not something that troubles the sleep of the bourgeois politicians. Nor are the Socialist and Christian-Democratic leaders more capable than the bourgeois leaders of providing such leadership; if they were, the result could only be another variety of totalitarianism.

Shall we look, then, to the intellectuals? Certainly it would seem, in theory at least, that their vocation was precisely to restore to Europe a clear concept of man's nature and place on his planet, from which men of action in the social, political, and economic domains could draw the appropriate conclusions. But one of the most striking symptoms of the crisis through which Europe is passing (and with Europe the whole of the Occident) is the powerlessness of our intellectuals when confronted by the very realities which they themselves brought about—nationalism, class warfare, the atomic bomb, and so on.

Let me say that I refer here not to the workaday intellectual who edits newspapers, drafts political speeches for his chief, and otherwise participates directly in the hurly-burly of the world. That kind of intellectual

is concerned only with day-to-day problems, and as regards such problems he does exercise a decided influence upon public opinion. I have in mind intellectuals who seek to answer fundamental questions, to plumb the depths of man's nature, and display the idea forms of human society.

These ambitious spirits may be divided into three categories. The first is made up of artists, writers, and men of science who hold themselves aloof from all participation in the social realities of their age. The second category speaks of itself as "engaged" —a term attributed to Sartre, but in fact used as early as 1933 by those of us who were then bringing out the French monthly *Esprit*. By "engaged" is meant the determination of a writer or artist to influence the thought and action of his age. In practice "engaged" writers were able to do no more than contribute to the tactics of their party without ever being allowed to participate in the formulation of its principles; that is, they have served as propagandists, not as originators of policy. The third category is critical of our age and avid to remedy its ills. It includes the names of Berdyaev, Maritain, Jung, and Eliot. Its works are not read by either politicians or the man in the street, and if they were would not be understood. The searching analyses to which all these writers devote themselves have nothing in common with the realities of parliamentary maneuvers, the management of a factory, or the claims of a labor union. Indeed, these worthy spirits are not often in agreement among themselves. They are rival debaters, each defending his own doctrine, religion, or school of thought. Thus, the world of action goes its way, devoid of spiritual guidance, while the world of thought speaks in a vacuum or in small coteries that remain either hostile or indifferent to one another.

There is no single doctrine that has the slightest chance of winning the suffrage of a solid majority of Europeans and thus recreating the universal code or measure of value without which civilization cannot survive. Neither British Labor principles nor existentialism nor the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas—to cite the first three that come to mind—is able to propose remedies acceptable to more than one country or one school of thought or one congregation, and we are confronted by a score of countries, a dozen schools of thought, and about as many religions or anti-religions.

Any remedy proposed for the conquest of this anarchy would have to satisfy three major conditions:

1. It must appeal to the vital interests of all categories of men and offer to all a means of cooperating effectively in one great constructive task.

2. It must not be the private preserve of any single party, nation, or ideology seeking to achieve hegemony over the rest but must on the contrary constitute a guarantee of the preservation of all authentic diversities.

3. It must be founded upon the traditions which made Europe great, but must at the same time permit a genuine renovation of European creativity and prosperity.

Nobody, I believe, will deny that only a European Federation does in fact fulfil these three prerequisites.

EXCEPT the Stalinists, men of all parties, countries, creeds, and professions have in recent years joined together to launch this great movement. It is a movement which does not in the least tend to obliterate national and intellectual differences but tends rather to preserve those differences by lending them the strength that inheres in union. What, in fact, it seeks is to re-establish the ancient pre-nationalist European community. It offers Europe a chance to rid itself

(*Continued on page 88*)

Minds and Morals

Supplementary reading in connection with M. de Rougemont's article:

IDEAS AND MEN. By Crane Brinton. Prentice-Hall. $6. An entertaining, popular survey of the development of Western thought, as well as an independent critical inquiry into the "climates of opinion" through which European man has passed.

EUROPE, UNITE. By Winston S. Churchill. Houghton Mifflin. $5. Public utterances on the subject of European union.

CONTEMPORARY EUROPE. Edited by Joseph Slabey Roucek. Van Nostrand. $6. The political, social, economic, and cultural background of many European states, including general ideological, philosophical, religious, literary, artistic, musical, and educational trends since World War I.

AN EXAMINATION OF EZRA POUND. Edited by Peter Russell. New Directions. $3.75. Contributions by European and American critics on one of the "pronouncedly anti-social" writers of our time.

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE FUTURE. Edited by Roy Wood Sellars, V. J. McGill, and Marvin Farber. Macmillan. $7.50. Essays on the philosophical virtues of materialism by distinguished contributors from both sides of the Atlantic.

NOTES TOWARDS THE DEFINITION OF CULTURE. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. A world-weary exposition of the traditionalist view that there is no culture without tribal religion and class structure.

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Appalling Alternatives

ARTHUR KOESTLER

—*Photo by Hartmann.*

LIFE in Europe has become a picnic in no man's land. The politically conscious American who feels guilty because he believes that Europeans live closer to reality than his countrymen is wrong. The reality of living in the no man's land between the fronts, virtually defenseless against the threat of annihilation which may materialize next year or next month, is too hideous to be faced. And when reality cannot be faced the obvious solution is escape into a neurotic dream world. From time to time Europe gets into a panic and then reality breaks through for a short moment of truth, like a flicker on the screen. But the psychic operator quickly readjusts the machine, and the shadowy delusion continues.

If one happens to be a Frenchman with a wife, two children, and a canary bird, how could one face the threat of another invasion but by closing one's eyes and hoping for the best? If the Frenchman in question is a non-political shopkeeper, he will leave it at that and, with a resigned shrug, go after his business. But if he happens to be a politician or an intellectual, he will inevitably mistake his escapist dream-hopes for political wisdom. French "neutralism," British isolationism, the Germans' sulky reluctance to rearm are not political ideologies; they are rationalizations of the impossible hope that somehow the picnic in no man's land can be continued. The contemporary European suffers, by force of circumstances, from an acute neurosis, the chief symptoms of which are evasion of reality and resentment of reality. The attitudes derived from this mentality cannot be understood in political, only in psychiatric terms.

The second main source of the European confusion is related to the first. It may be called "the false dilemma" and is the chief subject of this article.

The false dilemma is the European's obsessive preoccupation with the alternatives "Right" and "Left." His real dilemma is of course the choice between West and East, between relative freedom and total unfreedom. But to opt for freedom means to prepare for a fight against overwhelming odds, whereas the other alternative merely requires surrender under the veil of a sweetly reasonable neutralist attitude. In other words, the real choice before Western Europe in the 1950's is the same which confronted the small nations of Central Europe in the Forties: capitulation in one form or another, or readiness for martyrdom.

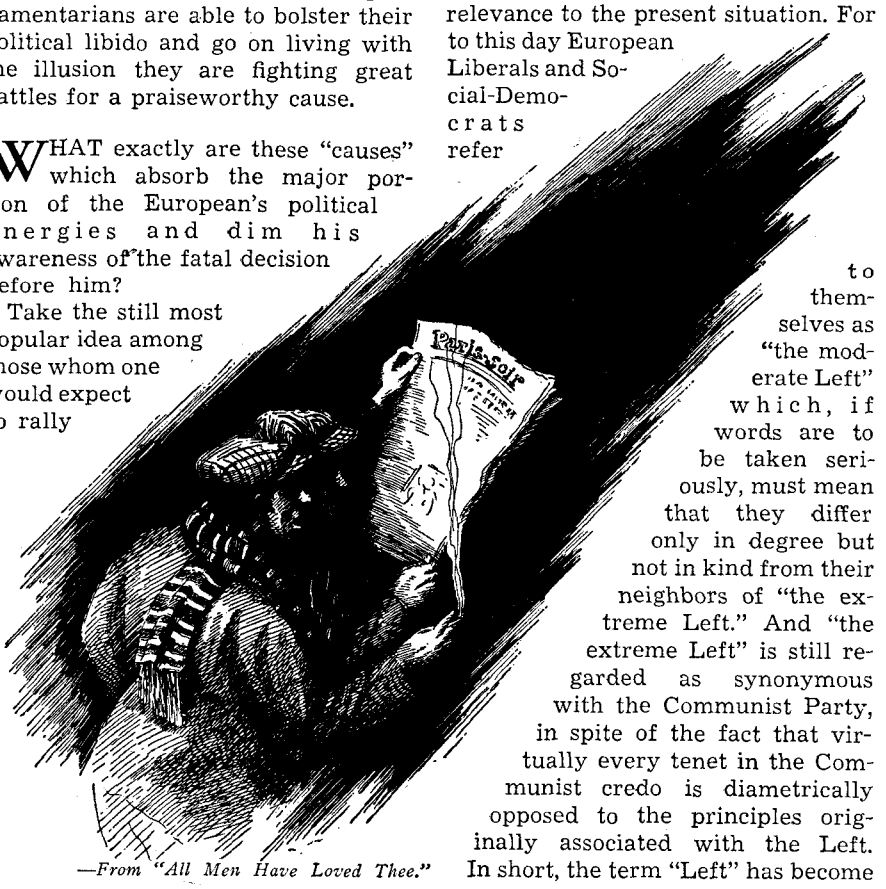
The average European politician cannot live with such an appalling alternative in his mind. Hence his escape into the realm of the false dilemma, where he can continue his lusty, anachronistic battles. By bringing their governments to fall about once a month, or squeezing out a vote of confidence by a majority of 1 per cent, French and British parliamentarians are able to bolster their political libido and go on living with the illusion they are fighting great battles for a praiseworthy cause.

WHAT exactly are these "causes" which absorb the major portion of the European's political energies and dim his awareness of the fatal decision before him?

Take the still most popular idea among those whom one would expect to rally unconditionally to the defense of freedom: the concept of the "political Left." What exactly does it mean?

Originally the expression referred to the distribution of factions in the French National Assembly after the Revolution of 1789. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was applied to that section of a country's legislature which sat to the left of the President's chair and was traditionally associated with liberal and democratic opinions. Gradually the word came to mean the radical or purist or extremist wing of any ideological school or movement, regardless whether liberal and democratic or not. Later on it was used in an even more vague, metaphorical way; and the more it was drained of meaning the stronger became its emotional appeal. At the beginning of the last war there existed about half a dozen political parties in France, all of them conservative to reactionary in their program, all of them seated in the right wing of the Chamber, and all of them carrying the word "Left" in their names!

I mention this development not as a semantic curiosity, but because of its relevance to the present situation. For to this day European Liberals and Social-Democrats refer to themselves as "the moderate Left" which, if words are to be taken seriously, must mean that they differ only in degree but not in kind from their neighbors of "the extreme Left." And "the extreme Left" is still regarded as synonymous with the Communist Party, in spite of the fact that virtually every tenet in the Communist credo is diametrically opposed to the principles originally associated with the Left. In short, the term "Left" has become



—*From "All Men Have Loved Thee."*

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The War of Ideas

Supplementary reading in connection with Mr. Koestler's article:

LE GRAND SCHISME. By Raymond Aron. Gallimard, Paris. Sixteen essays on our times that have brilliantly survived the three years since publication.

THE GOD THAT FAILED. Edited by Richard Crossman. Harper. $3.50. Communism discussed by six famous former Communists or Communist sympathizers: Arthur Koestler, Ignazio Silone, Richard Wright, Stephen Spender, André Gide, and Louis Fischer.

WORLD COMMUNISM TODAY. By Martin Ebon. McGraw-Hill. $4.50. A survey, country by country, of Communist strength, policy, organization, and leadership, documented from original sources.

EUROPEAN IDEOLOGIES. Edited by Feliks Gross. Philosophical Library. $12. A symposium by authorities on Socialism, Communism, Anarchism, Syndicalism, Falangism, Zionism, anti-Semitism, Pan-Slavism, etc.

THE YOGI AND THE COMMISSAR, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $2.75. Brilliant analysis of Soviet myths and realities.

LIBERTY IN THE MODERN STATE. By Harold J. Laski. Viking. $2.75. A vivid interpretation of the issues which confront the contemporary world, plus a perspective to certain aspects of Laski's theory of liberty.

POWER: A NEW SOCIAL ANALYSIS. By Bertrand Russell. Norton. $3. The famous philosopher's brilliant analysis of how power is obtained and maintained. Ranges from "naked power" to economic power, power over opinion, etc.

a verbal fetish whose cult sidetracks attention from the real issues. It is at the same time a dangerous anachronism, for it implies the existence of a continuous spectrum between liberal progressives and the worshippers of tyranny and terror. And such is the magic power of words over the mind that European Socialists who think of themselves as "men of the Left" were unconsciously led from a fallacious verbal identification to a real feeling of solidarity with the Communists. They may feel critical or even hostile towards the "extreme" neighbour of the C.P.; they retain nevertheless an ambivalent neighborly feeling for them, a conviction of "having the same historical roots," of being, after all, "on the same side of the barricades."

A good many American liberals fell into the same emotional trap during the Thirties and even later. The victim of the witch-hunt supplied the whip which scourged him and became an accomplice in his own perdition. However, the relative safety and prosperity of this continent made the confused American liberal gradually accessible to reality and enabled him to get out of the trap, while a major portion of the French and Italian Left and a smaller portion of the British, exposed to the neurosis-forming climate of Europe, have remained in it.

In the past it was always "the Left" who protested loudest against tyranny, injustice, and infringements of human rights. The failure of European "Leftists" and American liberals to lead the fight against the worst regime of terror and despotism in human history created a strategic vacuum on the ideological battlefield. This vacuum was filled by the Christian Democrats in Italy, the Gaullists in France, by Senator McCarthy and his associates in the USA. If everywhere in the world today the parties who claim to represent the "moderate Left" are beaten or in retreat, it is because they were found to be wanting in the most crucial issue of our time.

Europe has developed a political climate under which words are no longer taken seriously. The ideological chaos created a semantic inflation and a semantic black market where words are traded at a meaning value entirely different from their official quotation. At the picnic in no man's land war is prepared by peace petitions, police states are labeled popular democracies, "Leftism" means benevolent neutrality towards despotism.

At first sight the alternative "Capitalism or Socialism" appears much more concrete and meaningful than "Right or Left." But on closer inspection it will be found that the term "Socialism" has suffered a semantic decay similar to that of "the Left." German National Socialism, Russian Soviet Socialism, French Socialism, which is Marxist with a pinch of salt, British Socialism, which is Christian, non-Marxist, Fabianist, and heavens knows what, all derive their emotional dynamism from the fetish power of the same word attached to quite different meanings.

HOWEVER, let us leave semantics aside, though it is an essential branch of political hygiene. If we are not too pedantic, we may hope to agree at least on some rough-and-ready definition of what Socialism really means, and on some common denominator for the aspirations of the various existing Socialist parties.

Let us first turn to the field of *international* politics. One of the basic elements of Socialist thought, from Spartacus's slave revolt to Thomas More's "Utopia," from the primitive Christian communities to Marx, is the brotherhood of man. In the past Socialists have always fought against parochialism, chauvinism, aggressive nationalism and preached internationalism, cosmopolitanism, the abolition of ideological and political barriers among nations. But do they still?

In the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics the word "cosmopolitan" has become the principal term of abuse, and chauvinism has reached a hitherto unprecedented peak. At the same time at the recent Paris Congress of the French Communist Party a banner was stretched across the hall which read: "The true internationalist is he who is prepared unreservedly, unhesitatingly, and unconditionally to defend the USSR." So much for the Russian version of Socialist internationalism.

In the Western world the only great power with a Socialist Government is Great Britain. The Labor Party won the elections a few weeks after the end of the war in the still strongest country of Europe, and just at the decisive moment when it no longer needed a Socialist training to understand that Europe must unite or perish. Never before in history was Socialism offered such a chance. Yet from the moment it came to power the Labor Government has deliberately obstructed every effort towards European unity. The non-Socialist governments of France, Germany, and Italy have proved themselves more international-minded than the Socialist Government in England.

Of course Britain has a particularly difficult position between the Continent and the Commonwealth; and there are always plausible arguments for avoiding decisions which would require a certain amount of historic imagination. But the essential point is that the victory of British Socialism has not abolished British insularism; it has on the contrary strengthened and deepened it. It was Churchill the Conservative, not Attlee the Socialist, who started the United Europe movement which led to the Council of Strasbourg; and when the movement got under way the Labor Party's attitude to it remained consistently hostile. The reason for this was explained in a statement by the National Executive Committee of the Labor Party issued in June 1950. "No Socialist government in Europe," the decisive phrase in the statement runs, "could submit to the authority of a [supranational] body whose policies were decided by an anti-Socialist majority."

What this amounts to is simply a mild British version of the Russian "Socialism in One Country" policy. The Russian veto in the United Nations finds its equivalent in the British veto against the political and economic unity of Europe.

It need not be emphasized that there is a world of difference between the British and the Soviet regimes. Our

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comparison refers merely to one specific aspect: the collapse of the cosmopolitan élan in the Socialist movement. This process started almost a generation ago, in 1914, and has now reached a stage where we can see the paradoxical phenomenon of capitalist America being prepared to make sacrifices in national sovereignity which Socialist Russia refuses, and of British, French, and German Conservatives pursuing a more internationally-minded policy than their opposite Socialist numbers. In other words, Socialism has lost its claim to represent the internationalistic trend of humanity. As far as the integration of our world is concerned the Socialism-capitalist alternative has become void of meaning.

IS IT more meaningful when applied to domestic policy? As regards political and intellectual freedom there is no relevant difference between Socialist Britain and the capitalist United States. And in the domain of unfreedom there is little to choose between Socialist Russia and Fascist Spain. Again the real division cuts across the abstract frontiers between Right and Left. Only one field remains where the alternative is apparently still relevant: the economic field.

Theoretically there is an unbridgable gulf between nationalization of the means of production on the one hand and private ownership, profits, and exploitation on the other. But in fact recent developments have abolished the static trench warfare between the classes and have transformed it into a fluid war of movement. As the question is too complex to be treated here in any systematic manner, I must confine myself to a few remarks in shorthand, as it were.

Firstly, even Marx and Engels knew that nationalization itself is not a panacea. It is useful to recall Frederick Engels's remark that if nationalization were identical with Socialism, then the first Socialist institution must have been the regimental tailor. In fact, the Soviet workers do not own their nationalized factories any more than a sailor of the Royal Navy owns the battleship in which he serves. The people's control over the battleships, railways, factories, coal mines, which they theoretically own, depends entirely on the political structure of the State. In Russia, where the trade unions have ceased to be an instrument of the working class and have become an instrument for the coercion of the working class, the theoretical owners of the factories and of the land have less influence over management and work under worse conditions than their comrades in any Western country. On the other hand,

—*Horace Sutton.*

". . . it is not conceivable that Western Germany should remain a no man's land."

trust managers, factory directors, and "proletarian millionaires" (an official Russian term) form a privileged class just as much and more so than in capitalist countries. To be sure, their income is called salary and not profit, but again this distinction is mainly abstract. Nor is, on the other hand, the factory owner in capitalist countries any longer able to draw unlimited profits from his enterprise or do with his workers what he likes. I refer you to James Burnham's analysis of the relevant changes in the meaning of the term "ownership" in recent times.

Generally speaking, nationalization without an appropriate change in political structure leads not to state Socialism but to state capitalism. The difference between the two cannot be defined in economic terms; it is a matter of democratic controls, of political freedom, and cultural climate. A nationalized economy in itself may serve as a basis for a totalitarian autocracy of the Russian type or for a Fascist regime.

Equally problematic is the question just how much nationalization makes a country Socialist or capitalist? British Socialism nationalized the railways, but France and Germany had state-owned railways long before. The total nationalization of all means of production and distribution has been recognized as unworkable even in Russia. *The alternative is no longer nationalization or private economy in the abstract; the real problem is to find the proper balance of state ownership, control, planning, and free enterprise.* And the search for this delicate balance is again not an abstract but an empirical pursuit. Apparently each nation has to work out its own formula, for there are many imponderabilia which enter into the equation.

As an example of the complex reality masked by the "Capitalism versus Socialism" slogan one may quote food rationing. Food rationing—which means state control of distribution—worked very satisfactorily in puritan England under Conservative and Socialist governments alike. But it broke down completely in Italy and France, both countries with a highly individualistic and resourceful Latin population. Obviously far-reaching inferences must be drawn from this fact concerning the balance of state control and free enterprise appropriate to each of these countries. In short, even in the purely economic sphere we are not dealing with a clear-cut alternative between capitalism and Socialism, but with a kind of continuous rainbow spectrum whose shape and color are largely determined by factors not contained in Socialist theory.

THE FOREGOING should not be misinterpreted as an apology for capitalism or as an attack on Socialism. My point is that this alternative is rapidly becoming as antiquated

(*Continued on page 94*)

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BRITAIN: CULTURE IN OFFICIAL CHANNELS

Does the English Writer Have a Chance?

STEPHEN SPENDER

DURING the war new works of poets, fiction writers, painters, and musicians appeared in England in considerable quantities. There were new reviews like *Horizon* and *Penguin New Writing* which soldiers carried in their knapsacks. These contained stories and poems, by young as well as older writers, and reproductions of paintings.

Looking back now it seems that a good deal of the creative excitement of these years was due to the war itself—a period stimulating the imagination and also producing a mood of general penitence favorable to a collective kind of art. People shared their deprivations and their excitements. In an air raid it is satisfactory to feel that you are no better and no worse off than your neighbor. Those who underwent the passivity of defense of the cities eagerly identified themselves with the pilot, sailor, and soldier writers whose work represented a shared suffering at a point where it had become positive. Most English war writing seemed rather sordidly realistic at the time and pacifist in spirit: but today it looks heroic, because it recalls a period when experiences were shared.

The 1950's find us in a collective social situation but without a collective emotion. The writing of the 1930's, expressing sympathy with the poor, now has as nostalgic an appeal as that of the sympathy with the soldiers into which it was easily transformed in the 1940's. The poor, cared for from cradle to grave by the Welfare State, are no more objects of pity than the rich, living on the remnants of their moldering capital. Despite a few wavering blasts of self-pity from the horn of *Horizon* a few months before its demise, the English upper classes, brought up in their public schools to keep stiff upper lips, are incapable of producing a literature of noble self-pity, such as French and Russian aristocrats produced on the eve of their liquidation.

In the Welfare State class feeling, scarcely noticeable during the war, has returned. The socially insured workers and the tattered upper class stare at each other across a social gulf and do not communicate.

A curious feature of the present English situation is that certain older writers have not only held their own but undergone a transformation of their gifts, so that they mean more to the young than they meant perhaps to their own immediate contemporaries. T. S. Eliot, Dr. Edith Sitwell, and Sir Osbert Sitwell have the appeal of their rootedness in ways of life and traditions that seem impossible now. There is, as it were, an older generation of heroic survivors, living monuments of epochs from which the young are cut off, not so much by time as by mountain range on mountain range of gigantic events—World War I, the modernism of the Twenties, Spain, Fascism, and World War II.

The feeling of the young that they are cut off from events in which their seniors participated is the result not only of the cataclysmic nature of these events themselves (so that the old embody in their lives happenings which to the young are almost unimaginable) but also of a shift in the relationship of the individual to society. The Sitwells, for example, belonged to a ruling class, drawing dividends from the society in which its members lived. Thanks to these dividends they were able to devote themselves to creating works which seemed to have achieved a certain independence from the conditions of the surrounding society. Amongst some of the young there is a romantic yearning towards the social situation of a generation old enough to be their grandfathers. This yearning can lead to a romantic conservatism close to Fascism. The politics of the once lively and vociferous review of those still in their twenties—*Nine*, edited by Peter Russell—are right wing in a counter-revolutionary rather than a conservative sense. The older writers whom Russell most admires are Ezra Pound, Roy Campbell (who fought on the side of Franco in the Spanish Civil War), and Wyndham Lewis (whose romantic right-wing excursions led him to publish a book expressing his admiration of Hitler).

THE middle generation between the young and the old writers was characterized by a sense of political responsibility. The writers of the 1930's might be described in one word as "interventionists." They believed that by intervening in one or other of the decisive crises of that decade (which was characterized by many such turning points—Abyssinia, Spain, and Munich—when the future really did hang in the balance) the war—which they foresaw clearly—could be prevented. The other aspect of the interventionist spirit was the sense of responsibility for events which overtook these writers: responsibility will probably weigh on writers like Auden, Day Lewis, MacNeice, Isherwood, and myself for the rest of our lives—much as for Irish events it weighed on Yeats in the latter part of his life.

The interventionist spirit and the

British Background

Supplementary reading in connection with Mr. Spender's article:

THE CONDEMNED PLAYGROUND. By Cyril Connolly. Macmillan. $3. Masterful, witty essays revealing much about the English literary climate of the Thirties.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF BRITISH CAPITALISM. By Keith Hutchison. Scribner's. $3.50. A history of the economic trend that has brought about "collectivized writing" in Britain.

ASSIGNMENT TO AUSTERITY. By Herbert and Nancie Matthews. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. The British scene since 1945 through the clear eyes of two candid observers—an American journalist and his wife.

THE CAUTIOUS REVOLUTION. By Ernest Watkins. Farrar, Straus, & Young. $5. A discussion of the program of the British Labor Party and its effect on the people.

SOCIALIST BRITAIN. By Francis Williams. Viking. $3. A good survey of postwar Britain, maintaining that the country has passed through a genuine, though bloodless, revolution.

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sense of social guilt seem even remoter to the younger writers than the idea of belonging to a fast disappearing ruling class. For it is impossible for the young, whose only period of action in their lives has been fighting in the war, to envisage a situation in which they could either affect events in a world divided between American and Russian power policies or bear any moral responsibility for them. Politics to them means not controlling social forces but being swept away by them. The Thirties are further from what they can understand than the 1880's, of which it is at least possible to form an attractive dream-picture.

The situation of the young writer in England is characterized by negative or passive attitudes and experiences. His earliest adult life was the Second World War, which put him under orders, but where at least his experiences in the air, on the sea, or on land could be made widely significant. The war having stopped, his feelings have shrunk to mattering to no one but himself and a few friends. This shrinkage is reflected in the decline in the sales of books by younger writers—especially of poetry. Worse even than the falling-off in the book market is the collapse of the literary reviews *Horizon*, *New Writing*, and *Life and Letters*, all of which have ceased publication during recent months. This is catastrophic, since reviews are the means whereby creative writing gets into the news and attracts some of the interest accruing to journalism in an age of journalism.

Without "little magazines" and with all the present difficulties of publishing it is almost impossible for a writer to gain either a living from writing or that minimum prestige which should enable him to enjoy a limited fame among interested readers even during years of struggle.

In parallel (though less grave) circumstances the American writer seeks a job as teacher of "creative writing" in a university. His English colleague is driven into the "official channels" of the BBC, the British Council, and so on, in which he can obtain the status of an advertising agent for collectivized culture. Those who become officialized in this way usually undergo an alteration of their personalities. Formerly the rebellious young writer acquired a sense of responsibility to himself: he came, with maturity, to see himself in a responsible relationship to society and the lives of people around him. But today he comes to see himself as a part of institutions, a kind of public-relations officer, representing their ideals in his creative work. Instead of becoming his own little island of responsibility, he is absorbed into the mass of vaguely benevolent cultural organizations and drawn into their functions of half-educating a public half-interested in being half-educated.

One hopeful sign is that a good many people are aware of the dangers of officialization. Awards offered by the Society of Authors, the Atlantic Awards donated by the Rockefeller Foundation (but the funds for these are now exhausted), the scholarships generously given out of his personal means by Somerset Maugham are all attempts to give young writers financial independence. William Sansom is one of those who have benefited by this kind of generosity. But useful as it is to enable a few writers to travel or to free them from having to take official jobs, these things are no substitute for the ferment which a few good reviews or the kind of literary-social life which existed until 1939 can provide.

PAINTING, like poetry, was immensely stimulated by the war, when Sutherland and Piper produced pictures inspired mostly by burning buildings and Henry Moore his drawings of people in air-raid shelters. Without the visual excitement of war, painting like literature is left with the ill effects and few of the advantages of collectivization. The private collector who buys what he likes because he likes it is disappearing, to be replaced by the buying committees of the Arts Council, British Council, and so on. These committees tend to plump for the representative average of a painter's work, avoiding what is eccentric or untypical. Graham Sutherland told me recently that, reviewing to himself all the public purchases of his paintings, he found that although most of the choices "seemed all right at the time," on the whole the majority of pictures chosen were those which he now wished to destroy.

I come back now to the literary situation, partly because it is my own subject, partly because the position of writers is representative of the whole position of intellectual life.

The younger English writers do, of course, form cliques and groups and have a small social life of their own. This may be ascertained by anyone who cares to visit certain public houses in Soho. Here those writers who are unable or refuse to become officialized hang out in groups whose fringes fray into the "realistic" squalor of spivs and gangs. The characteristic which they share is the feeling of being rejected by, and hence rejecting, so-

(*Continued on page* 80)

—Lotte Jacobi. *—Ralph Steiner.* *—Caskey.*

". . . English literary life is producing its exiles of today—Auden, Huxley, Isherwood."

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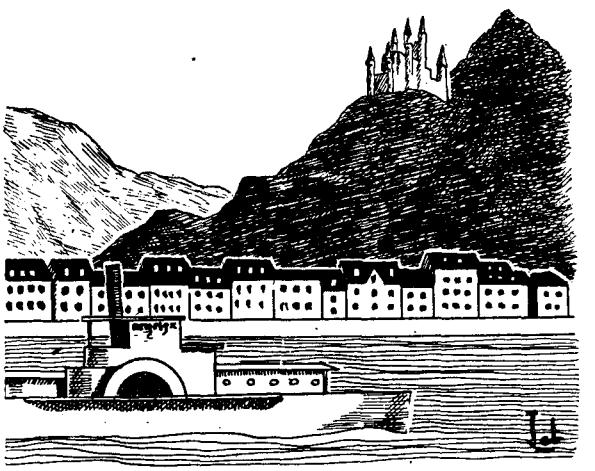
Pilgrims Without Shrines

LEO LANIA

THE "Rossmarkt" was in prewar times one of the picturesque sights of the old part of Frankfurt. Now the narrow patrician houses with their pointed arches and their quaint façades are gone, but a monument still stands in the midst of the square, three bearded burghers in medieval dress looking rather out of place among the scaffolds of the modern bank buildings that are emerging from the ruins. It would have been a minor loss if this too had been destroyed; it is crude and without artistic value. Unfortunately, the furies of war always seem to have a tender spot for mediocrity. Irreparable jewels of Gothic architecture are a heap of rubble; the undistinguished monument of Johann Gutenberg and his two friends survived the holocaust without a scratch.

That trio, partners and associates in the exploitation of Gutenberg's invention, were for three hundred years the patrons of the Frankfurt book fair, until at the turn of this century Leipzig became the center of Germany's publishing industry. Today, with Leipzig under Soviet domination, nearly all the former leading publishers have emigrated to the Western zones. Frankfurt has again become the most important book market in Germany.

But the city is no longer the cultural center it used to be. It lacks the wealthy and erudite bourgeoisie which gave Frankfurt an air of grace and cosmopolitanism. Among that intellectual middle class the Jews played an important role. Jewish bankers and businessmen were the most generous patrons of arts and letters for many generations, a determining factor in the development of a refined way of living and of a humane atmosphere that distinguished Frankfurt's social life clearly from that of other German cities. Goethe was born in Frankfurt and so were the five brothers Rothschild. The Goethe-House, although badly damaged, has been rebuilt, but Rothschild's descendants and kin have either perished in the gas chambers or have been scattered all over the globe. For them there is no resuscitation. The "city without Jews" has become a drab and provincial town.



The book fair, held during the month of September 1950 in the famous Paul's Church, was therefore not merely a business venture but also an attempt to regain for Frankfurt its former position among the cultural leaders of Western Europe. Praiseworthy as this attempt was, admirable as were the enterprising spirit and the craftsmanship manifest in the exhibition, a visit to the fair left me with rather mixed feelings. Four hundred publishers, among them about one hundred from Switzerland, Austria, and France, exhibited more than 15,000 books. In 1949 Germany's output amounted to 5,000 new titles, twice as many as the year before. Many of the publishing firms came into existence after the war and they outnumber today the old well-known houses. They go for loud and colorful jackets, each one trying to outdo the other by giving to his books the most spirited design, luxurious binding, excellent gilt-edged paper, and beautiful type-face, although everyone complains about the lack of paper and its mounting costs. The price of a book is accordingly high; considering the buying power of the mark, it is about 25 to 60 per cent higher than in America. An elderly gentleman who introduced himself to me as an "inveterate book collector" remarked sadly: "Judging by the jackets one would think they offer you perfume or some new nylon product."

Of course, there are exceptions. The old firm of Reclam is again publishing its famous Universal Library series, which offers the best works of world literature in inexpensive but nicely printed editions. Ernst Rowohlt has adopted the pocket-book formula and publishes for the greater part American and British authors—Sinclair Lewis, Hemingway, Jack London, James M. Cain, Faulkner, Alfred Hayes, Kipling, H. G. Wells, Cronin, and Graham Greene. Each book sells at 1.50 DM (30 cents).

IN GENERAL, translations of American novels dominate the book lists. Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" sold 50,000 copies in the first few weeks. French writers — especially Sartre and Camus—also enjoy great popularity. As far as German authors are concerned no book has yet appeared that would indicate the emergence of a new voice in the spiritual no man's land which is Germany today. There is the usual postwar crop of memoirs. A biography of Rommel by a British author heads the best-seller list. Schacht and General Halder pretend to explain the reasons for Germany's disaster by putting all the blame on Hitler and exculpating themselves and the German people of any error or guilt. A novel, "André and Ursula," by Maria Hoefler, dealing with the love affair of a French boy and a German girl, found wide acclaim especially among the youth. The new generation is decidedly Francophile and longs for a Franco-German understanding as a stepping stone to a European Union. The novel expresses and symbolizes that new dream.

A leading literary critic summarized the present status of German literature with the following words:

> Over there [he meant primarily America] you have succeeded in describing chaos, fear, hate, decay, and resistance, the evil and noble forces in man against the background of the vast social and spiritual crisis confronting our present world. We in Germany who have

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experienced all this more thoroughly than any other people seem not to be able to give expression to what we have lived through.

The most important contributions German authors have made during the past three years have been in the fields of popular science, natural history, architecture, and city planning. I saw dictionaries, compendia, maps, and books on art and music which again have reached the high level of pre-Hitler scholarship and thoroughness.

Every publisher complains about the grave crisis that threatens his existence. Immediately after the war, when money was cheap and goods were scarce, the book market enjoyed a veritable boom. Now people prefer to invest what little money they earn in nylon stockings and shoes and underwear. Booksellers find no customers; publishers go bankrupt.

And yet it is wrong and superficial to put the blame for this buyers' strike exclusively on deflation and economic troubles. A well-known novelist of the old school said to me:

> Since books do not sell, booksellers and publishers complain about the lack of new and interesting authors. That complaint is not valid. There are still good books being written, there are still German writers worth reading. What is missing is the reader. Remember the years between 1918 and 1928 when one eagerly looked forward to the appearance of a new drama, novel, or volume of poetry? You felt ostracized if you had not read the new work and could not participate in the discussion of its merits. As a member of the intellectual group you were expected to take an active interest in literature and the arts. That group is dead. One is no longer ashamed of not knowing Thornton Wilder or André Gide. Nobody cares. Already under the Nazi regime an intellectual was regarded with suspicion. Have we been asked to read serious literature in order to become responsible citizens in a free democracy? We are told we must learn to understand the workings of free enterprise. To make a career, to be successful in business, that's all that counts. Day and night we telephone but we do not talk to each other any more. Conversation means to establish an intellectual relationship, to serve the spirit, to suffer from it. We have suffered enough, people say.

While this criticism unfortunately applies not only to Germany, *Merkur*, one of the very few worthy literary magazines, diagnoses the core of a sickness that is typically German:

> It is natural that bad books are being published. But that—under a system of intellectual freedom—people agree to call those books good because there are no better ones available is something new and unnatural. An era which does not produce any great books is nothing unusual. But a period is despicable which has lost all spiritual values and intellectual standards and makes high claims which cannot withstand objective examination. When a whole nation is no longer willing to account for its sins and faults, nor to probe into the causes of its mistakes and failures, then this is much worse and more dangerous than if its creative life disintegrates. Criticism is self-evaluation, the search for the better ego of the individual and of a nation. Where such criticism is lacking the respect of the others will be lost as well.

"EQUAL RIGHTS"

—*H. E. Köhler in* Deutsche Zeitung.

"All right, mister. We are not allowed to bathe together —but we are allowed to lie in the mud together."

The Germans do not want to look into their past nor to question the righteousness of their deeds and ideas. "A strong resentment against being reminded of what happened and why is the predominant sentiment," complained *Die Gegenwart*, another of the few worthwhile magazines.

Die Gegenwart was founded by a group of journalists who were on the editorial staff of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* when it was the leading and justly famous mouthpiece of a democratic Germany. Immediately after the war the weekly had a notable success. Today it is leading a precarious existence despite its efforts to combine literary standards with lively readability and intellectual honesty. The *Rheinischer Merkur* (a Catholic weekly) and *Die Zeit* (lately veering towards the conservative right) are other periodicals that at least make an attempt to discuss the present political, social, and spiritual problems without provincialism and prejudice.

ALTHOUGH in the field of political and literary magazines some progress has been made during the last three years, the daily press is still in very bad shape, especially when compared with the reputable position it enjoyed in former times. Quite apart from the poor content of the editorials, most newspapers don't even meet the basic requirements in make-up, news coverage, and information. With the exception of the *Tagesspiegel*, the dozen dailies published in Berlin look really pitiful. *Frankfurter Rundschau*, *Süddeutsche Zeitung* (Munich), and *Deutsche Zeitung* (Stuttgart) are

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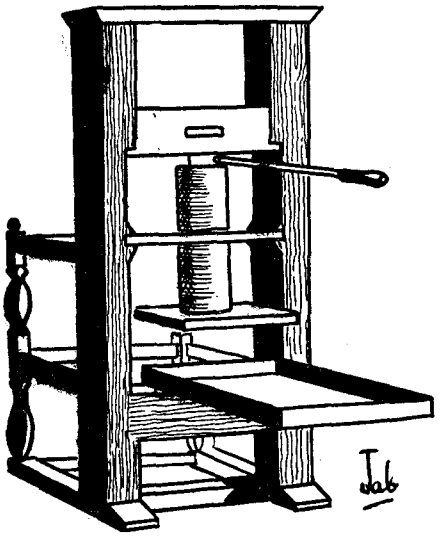

other bright lights trying hard to penetrate the twilight of confusion and frustration. Their struggle is difficult, as the circulation of all newspapers is steadily decreasing. (I am not including in this survey the excellent *Neue Zeitung* nor the stimulating monthly *Der Monat* because, although in German, they are American publications, run by American journalists.)

To be just one must recognize that German journalism and literature have improved considerably in one respect. Style and language have been cleansed from the worst linguistic dirt of Nazism. After my former visit to Germany not quite three years ago I described in *SRL* [July 26, 1947] how the Nazis, not satisfied with torturing and killing all independent thinkers and authors, had mutilated and slaughtered the German language as well. Today most papers and books are at least no longer written in that dreadful idiom which was just as muddy and soiled as the superficially dyed brown shirt the average German was wearing at that time because of the lack of any clean garment.

In Eastern Germany meanwhile the Nazi idiom has been replaced by that double-talk which is the standard medium of intellectual communication in all countries of the Soviet orbit. Ever since Theodore Plievier, the noted author of "Stalingrad," escaped to the West the Communist novelists and poets in the Russian Zone have had a difficult time. The playwright-poet Bert Brecht and Anna Seghers, author of the "Seventh Cross," have been repeatedly warned to abandon their "bourgeois formalism" and to produce works more in line with the ideological requirements of a "positive social realism." At the same time the Communist writers are coddled—or should one say bribed—by a preferential treatment guaranteeing them high income, housing facilities, and social honors. Defa, the huge film trust in the Eastern Zone, is paying up to 100,000 marks for a screenplay, a lot of money even at the present rate of five marks to the dollar.

Of all branches of literature the theatre has weathered relatively best the ice age of Nazism and the hurricanes of war. This is in sharp contrast to what happened to the German film. The theatrical productions—stage design, direction, and acting—are as excellent as ever. Aside from the German classics (Shakespeare and Shaw are counted as such), the modern American and French playwrights dominate the program. The most successful plays of the last two seasons have been "A Streetcar Named Desire," "The Glass Menagerie," "Death of a Salesman," Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth," and Gide's adaptation of Kafka's "Trial."

The political "cabaret," a satirical theatre and once an important factor in Germany's cultural life, has not recovered from the agony into which it lapsed when all wit and satire were banned by Himmler as a Jewish invention. The "cabaret" had its golden age before World War I. The "Twelve Executioners" in Munich then formed the courageous and effective avant-garde in the struggle against the megalomania of the Kaiser and the crudity and narrow-mindedness of the middle class shamelessly kowtowing before their venerated symbol, the Prussian lieutenant. Dramatists, poets, and composers who later were going to put their stamp on two decades of German literature started out from that "cabaret," with *Simplicissimus* as their shield and with Frank Wedekind and August Strindberg as their uncontested leaders.

After World War I the political "cabaret" experienced a new renascence, this time in Berlin, fighting a bitter, but unfortunately losing, battle against the growing militarism and the barbarism of the Nazis.

Today the political "cabaret" is a painful freak. In Stuttgart I met an old friend of mine who was one of the most popular cabaretists in Berlin before Hitler came to power. Later he was in and out of concentration camps for ridiculing the Führer. His satirical poems were widely read, and when he appeared on the stage as a master of ceremonies of his own shows he could make you not only laugh but also think. He had aged, of course. His smile was a little more sad, but he seemed not to have lost his philosophical wit. I went to see his latest show. It was rather disappointing. A few sketches were funny, but somehow I could not laugh. Neither was I aroused to anger or pity. Attacks against jazz, Coca-Cola, Hollywood, the shortcomings of parliamentary democracy were at best superficial and at worst water in the mills of totalitarian propaganda. In order to attack social and political conditions and to kill their representatives by ridicule one must have at least a vision of the goal one wants to attain and faith in a greater and better cause. Instead, the show culminated in this message: "We are in a mousetrap. Now we are waiting for those outside [meaning the Western powers] to join us." The audience roared with laughter and applauded madly. In all the eyes I could detect a sick glint of malicious joy.

Remembering that evening in Stuttgart I feel that I made a mistake when I just said that the German cabaret had lapsed into agony. Maybe my friend and his fellow cabaretists are not so much out of time as it seemed to me. These satirists, who are in fact wary and humorless cynics, these pacifists, who are escapists rather than fighters for any moral conviction, represent maybe more clearly than most other writers the real spirit of the vast majority of the German people.

Leo Lania, author of "Nine Lives of Europe," has just returned from an extensive tour through Germany, where he delivered a series of lectures in the America Houses of the Western zones.

German Background

Supplementary reading in connection with Mr. Lania's article:

AGAIN THE GOOSE STEP. By Delbert Clark. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. A description of the failure of our military occupation of Germany by a two years' observer of it, who takes a cool view of our former enemy's potential as a political bedfellow.

DECISION IN GERMANY. By General Lucius D. Clay. Doubleday. $4.50. The former U.S. military governor in Berlin reports on the Allied Control Council's program to rebuild Germany and how it was impeded by Russia.

THE STRUGGLE FOR GERMANY. By Drew Middleton. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.75. *The New York Times* correspondent in Berlin develops the thesis that Germany is the most important single problem of America's foreign policy, and that the fate of the world may be determined by the direction which Germany takes.

GERMANY: 2,000 YEARS. By Kurt F. Reinhardt. Bruce. $8.50. Crammed with information on literature, art, music, religion, trade, fashions, and manners, with maps, illustrations, chronological tables, and vast bibliography.

PENS UNDER THE SWASTIKA. By W. W. Schütz. S.C.M. Press, London. German writing under the Nazis evaluated.

GERMAN FACES. By Ann Stringer and Henry Ries. Sloane. $3. A surgically precise and true dissection of the postwar German soul through photographs.

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Europe. *In their individual ways each of the new books reviewed here provides insight into the political and cultural condition of Europe at mid-century. Historical perspective is offered by Walter A. Kaufmann in his appraisal of Nietzsche (page 32); the cruelty scientifically developed by the Nazis and still a living European tradition is described in Eugen Kogon's "The Theory and Practice of Hell" (page 31); the work of one of the foremost intellectuals of our time is analyzed in Antonina Vallentin's biography of H. G. Wells (page 31). As we turn to matters even more immediate, a warning of the menace of Communism is furnished by a Czech victim, Jan Stransky, in "East Wind Over Prague" (page 35), while two leading students of public affairs, Barbara Ward and Hamilton Fish Armstrong, analyze the dilemma of the democracies in "Policy of the West" (see review below) and "Tito and Goliath" (page 28).*

Prescription for Safety

POLICY FOR THE WEST. By Barbara Ward. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 317 pp. $3.75.

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer

THIS is one of the first attempts by a European to prescribe for the present crisis in its entirety. So far such attempts have generally come from this side of the Atlantic. As such they have frequently evoked the sarcastic disapproval of superior Europeans still unaware of their own provincialism. In this respect Miss Ward is trying hard to be an exception. She knows the United States—pretty well. Her present prescription is carefully planned and tries to be fair. Its partial failure to be objective is a result of the place and date of her birth.

Miss Ward is an exceptionally fine representative of that generation of Europeans (she is thirty-six years old) who came to maturity during the Great Depression and were indelibly stamped by it. Awareness of the "mystery of iniquity in our midst" (the iniquity that produced Hitler) is primary. The foundation of their political and economic thinking is the failure of capitalism in the Thirties. No proposal that does not start with the maintenance of economic stability and full employment is worthy of their attention.

In yet another way Miss Ward is a typical postwar European. As a Catholic and as a Socialist she represents the two strains that have dominated the political life of that Continent since 1945. Her views seem to reflect both the social encyclicals of the Roman Church and the doctrine of the British Labor Party.

As her answer to the all-dominant question — how can the free world save itself?—Miss Ward combines impressive remedies. Unlike some Britishers she candidly recognizes the size and venom of Soviet ambitions and completely indorses the policy of military containment. To avoid being swamped the West must first become physically strong. Without plenty of armed force the West is doomed. We must be prepared to maintain that force not just for a few years but conceivably for generations. Soviet leaders may react peaceably once "the uselessness of alternative policy has been discarded."

—*Dorothy Wilding.*

Barbara Ward: ". . . freedom, brotherhood, and equal law."

Most Americans will agree on this point; where Miss Ward differs is in her insistence on other elements. To survive, the West must, she feels, build a social order at home embodying "freedom, brotherhood, and equal law," providing "a stable framework for the free world economy."

This is a big order. It means, according to Miss Ward, the more or less integral adoption of Keynesian economics; the welfare state planning for full employment and adequate cooperation is basic. The author does believe that economic depressions are the primary cause of wars and dictatorship. Therefore, particularly in the Far East, we need to raise the living standards by a greatly enhanced Point Four program. Otherwise Asia will continue to look upon the Western nations as "unstable partners." Miss Ward also advocates giving the maintenance of West Europe's exports equal priority with the necessary military program.

Yet military strength and economic stability, she knows, are not enough to defend the West if something else is lacking. That something is unity.

Agreement on a military program is fairly easy to obtain. How obtain economic unity among the Socialized states of Europe and "free enterprise" USA? A very large number of Americans, it appears, still cannot see that reliance on the economic mechanism of laissez faire will promote only misery and despair. Yet without the adherence of the United States there will be no common economic policy for the West and no economic and social stability. Here Miss Ward becomes interesting. She proposes a mixture of planning and freedom.

Yet if the United States insists on sticking to free enterprise, then in the long run Europe—in her view—will have no alternatives but to sink into slumlike misery (which Miss Ward excludes) or to fence off its own planned training areas with the exclusion of American goods. Therefore, Miss Ward pleads eloquently for unity with the

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United States on the basis of a compromise which seems closer to British planning than to American practice.

Finally, she calls on the West to renew its "faith for freedom." What the West needs, she argues, is a "calm fortitude that allays from the Russians fear and their ambitions." Here indeed is the path to safety that may avoid World War III—say I.

If only for its profession of faith in human beings "Policy for the West" would deserve the consideration of all Americans concerned with their country's future. Yet to this reviewer (who has elsewhere set forth his own not too different plan) Miss Ward's book has another equally interesting side. To me it is the symbolization of the state of mind of contemporary Europe. It is more fluent, competent, and plausibly written than most American books. It is also less consistent.

Take for instance Miss Ward's treatment of military containment in Asia. Let us admit that helping to raise living standards for those uncounted millions would in the long run render Communist propaganda less attractive. But who and what are going to prevent Mao Tse-tung's army from overrunning the Far East in the immediate future? On this point "Policy for the West" offers nothing cogent.

Again, if planned economy *à l'anglaise* is inevitable then it is hard to see why West Europe as a whole is moving toward less of it. Obviously, too, economic strength of the United States is such that it could at any time disrupt the European trade area that excluded American products by buying out (offering dollars) to key members of that area. Why not face this fact?

Miss Ward seems to oscillate between economic determinism and Christian faith in the free human soul. How have it both ways? Actually neither World War I nor the dictatorship of Lenin or Mussolini were direct results of economic depression. It is misleading to argue as though they were. Like other contemporary Europeans Miss Ward reveals a divided mind.

This is nowhere more evident than in her discussion of federalism. She admits—like everybody else—that "the national governments of Europe cannot meet men's reasonable demands for either military or economic security." The obvious remedy would be for them to federate so that they could meet both. But here Miss Ward ceases to be European and becomes just English. For she explains that for Britain adherence to a purely European federation would constitute not an enlargement but a shrinkage. Perhaps a North Atlantic federation? Not so. Miss Ward asserts that American public opinion is not ready for it.

Here her logic once more asserts itself. After all, Miss Ward says, "regional things are useful only if they are part of an international system of the whole world." Why not strive for such a system? Nationalism is still too strong. It is also useful as when it caused Tito to break with Stalin. Therefore, after a bold flying start, Miss Ward's "practical federalism" finally lands her on a stale proposal for "functional federation."

Here are two absurdities. The first is that federation on any level is primarily being blocked by Americans. Actually, most Americans are enthusiastic for European unity; are partly sold on the idea of North Atlantic unity; are more ready than any other major people to join a federation with a worldwide aim. The second is that the obstacle of national sovereignty can somehow be sidestepped. It cannot—except possibly in an atmosphere of uninterrupted peace. But national sovereignty and peace are incompatible. Thus the United Nations could develop through functional federation into true federation only if meanwhile it could keep the peace. But it can keep the peace only by becoming a federation. All of us—including Miss Ward—have to choose which we desire more, peace or national sovereignty; we cannot have both. Not to recognize this is the weakness of contemporary Europe.

Where does this leave "Policy for the West"? Let it rather leave us with the following:

> The ideas and aspirations of Western man are still the most startling thing that has happened to the human race. Stalin's views of man and society are, by comparison, mortally static and archaic.

Amen.

Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Pulitzer-prizewinning foreign correspondent, recently published "Challenge and Decision," a program for America.

Grand Heresiarch

TITO AND GOLIATH. By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. New York: The Macmillan Co. 312 pp. $3.50.

By Vincent Sheean

MARSHAL TITO as Grand Heresiarch of the Communist world is the subject of Hamilton Fish Armstrong's new book. It is a superb theme for historical study and meditation, even now when the lines of destiny are still unclear before us. What Mr. Armstrong has done with it is so admirable in every respect, so fully informed and coolly reasoned, that one could wish it under the eyes and into the minds of all who have to deal with foreign policy.

This author by a lifelong familiarity with foreign affairs and with the Balkans in particular is especially qualified for the task he has chosen. He has the theoretical preparation necessary for the understanding of doctrinal disputes also, which is somewhat rare amongst us; and without such theoretical preparation it would have been next to impossible to treat Titoism with the seriousness it deserves or even, in fact, to understand it.

The method is in the main that of historical narrative, although it does not dodge the necessity for interpretation or for alternative guesses when necessary. The narrative is not impeded by incidental dramas of the kind that clutter up Balkan history and blur its outlines (individual violence, complicated intrigues, and the like). Yet when an anecdote is needed it is there, apposite and without undue emphasis. Mr. Armstrong's conversations with Tito, Kardelje, and others as far back as Bukharin are drawn upon occasionally as proof or illustration, but they are not thrust upon us as principal elements. This is the way contemporary history ought to be written if it is to have any authority beyond that of the daily newspaper. In addition to all these merits the book has an excellent index and can be used, as it will be, as an indispensable reference.

The doctrinal question involved is whether a Communist state has any right to reach its goals independently, without subjugation to the imperial needs or ambitions of the Great Russian autocracy. The question has some resemblance—distant in time, shape, and color—to the old arguments of Pan-Slavism as they are to be found in Russian novels (those of Turgenev, for instance). But a century ago it was put the other way round: should Russia unite the Slavs and with them save the world? Under the new re-

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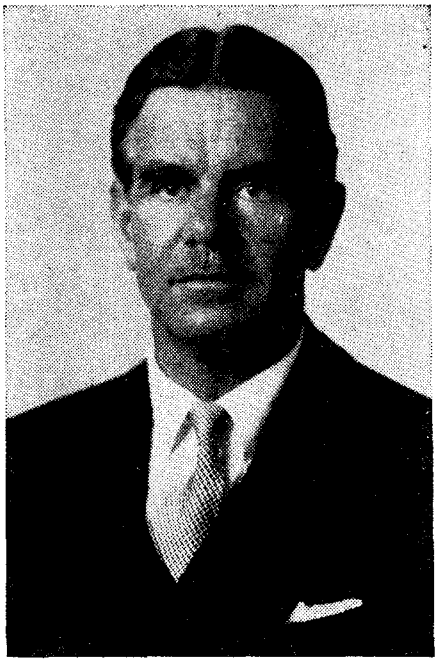
ligion it is assumed that Russia has already united not only the Slavs but all right-minded men everywhere. Any person who attacks the Great Russian autocracy or who even disagrees with it is automatically wicked and should be destroyed.

The new doctrine is boldly, baldly, and badly stated in a considerable number of documents which Mr. Armstrong quotes in the course of his narrative. It is now proclaimed that the first loyalty of any Communist is to the Soviet Union and that if he puts the interests of his own country or people first he is a traitor even to that country and that people. He receives a traitor's judgment, and where the Russian autocracy rules he perishes. This has been the case in Hungary, Rumania, Albania, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. It is not so in Jugoslavia.

Tito's story naturally comes first in Mr. Armstrong's book and receives primary attention even when the scene changes. The special position of Tito's partisans during the war, their successes, and the recognition of those successes even by the Western allies; the geography of Jugoslavia, with its sea-window to the west and its remoteness from Russia; the character of Tito; the pride of the Jugoslavs; the autonomous evolution of the Jugoslav Communist Party in the darkest days—all this put together made Tito's declaration of independence not only possible, but more or less inevitable. On the last page of his book Mr. Armstrong tells us that Tito himself feels this and has said: "It was fated. It could not have been otherwise." Tito's reason for believing that it was fated is then given: "There was one conception there, another here. No compromise was possible, and none is now."

The gradual, although fairly rapid, evolution of Titoism in Belgrade (1948-1950) is Mr. Armstrong's primary story, excellently told. It is then followed by excursions into each of the other Communist states of Eastern Europe with the narrative of how Titoism became the death's head at the Russian feast. Purges and trials, trials and purges, succeed each other and sweep away some of the chief artisans of the new regimes. Mr. Armstrong does not pretend to know whether the Communist satraps who were put to death in this or that country really did share Tito's desire for national autonomy; but he shows that this was the ground upon which the Russians destroyed them. Reason and common sense rebel at the evidence in many of these trials, the most fantastic being that of Rajk in Hungary. And of course every time there was a "Titoist" trial in a neighboring country Marshal Tito himself was pushed further and further—by refutation, denial, argument, and counter-accusation—into a position of open hostility to the Soviet Union. (To get him into that position may have been a Bolshevik plan, as the basis for his ultimate destruction.) His reluctance to get where he is today was obvious. However, Mr. Armstrong feels that the psychological crisis came when Chinese Communist troops invaded Korea. At that point the Jugoslav Government, conscious of what its own fate might be if no collective security existed at all, took its stand at the United Nations for the speedy condemnation of aggression. Mr. Armstrong evidently feels that this (the Jugoslav resolution on aggression) was the point of no return.



Hamilton Fish Armstrong—"time governs."

So the story ends. But few stories in many centuries have had such overtones. When we go with Mr. Armstrong to Poland, to Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Hungary, and Albania, all so different in their national characters, and when we look with him at the separate and distinct preoccupations of each in turn we feel that the Grand Heresiarch *must* have fellow-heretics in every one of those countries and in each Communist Party. The author says Tito has been looking anxiously across Asia for the past two years towards Mao Tse-tung, who used to be a heretic himself. The Chinese evolution, however inevitable, must in that country take much too long to be of any use to Jugoslavia, and perhaps Tito knows it now. But his hope during the past two years is quite understandable in a Communist ideologue who, however proud of his country, must under present world conditions feel extremely naked and alone.

There are one or two implications in Mr. Armstrong's presentation which are all the more important for not being overemphasized. One is that Stalin's doctrinal error in placing the interests of the Russian autocracy above those of any nation or people is or may be disastrous to Communism. The other implication is that the waves set up in the minds of enslaved peoples by the Grand Heresiarch are of themselves favorable to us in other countries who wish to preserve freedom.

I am myself more certain of the first than of the second idea. If a reviewer may make a generalization, I believe that the warp of history, the strong lengthwise threads in the loom, must be time. It is across this warp that the weft or woof of human activity must be woven. Time governs. Time is not the same in China as in Jugoslavia, and it is still different in the United States. Until some such concept of historical reality begins to animate our thought we shall be in danger of all sorts of foolish assumptions—such as that Mao Tse-tung is or might be "another Tito," or that the stage Tito got to in 1948 in Belgrade is going to be re-enacted in 1951 in Warsaw. By the time China reaches its declaration of independence such declaration may no longer be necessary. For the central fact is that the destruction of the Soviet Union as a Great-Russian autocracy may historically occur, as Stalin admitted on May 24, 1950 in the linguistics debate, and if it does occur none of these relations will obtain.

However, I am not saddling Mr. Armstrong with the assumptions which foolish men might make from some of the possibilities he suggests. He only suggests them—coolly and delicately, with admirable skill and detachment. The book is so good and so valuable that it can stand one small word of complaint: it does not show much feeling, except in regard to Czechoslovakia. We do not want or expect a parade of emotion, but sometimes our author seems almost too detached from the segment of humanity he describes. This is perhaps the defect of a quality—the coldness into which coolness can sometimes fall. With this one reservation there is no limit to the wholeheartedness with which one can recommend the book.

Vincent Sheean, novelist and journalist, last year published "Lead Kindly Light," a study of Gandhi. His other books include "Personal History," "A Certain Rich Man," and "Not Peace But the Sword."

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Black & White & Red All Over

THE SOVIET IMAGE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Frederick C. Barghoorn. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 297 pp. $4.

By HARRY SCHWARTZ

"A STUDY in Distortion" is the apt subtitle Professor Barghoorn has chosen for his book. Those few Americans whose business it is to follow the Soviet press and other propaganda media closely have long known of the Kremlin's systematic campaign to vilify and misrepresent virtually every aspect of this country's internal life and foreign policy. This volume makes available in English a scholarly and absorbing analysis of the phenomenon, an evaluation of the campaign's impact upon the Soviet people, and a thoughtful group of suggestions for countermeasures.

It is a grisly and frightening stereotype of the United States that Stalin's propagandists have been so sedulously creating in the minds of their people these past few years. Professor Barghoorn sketches its main outlines accurately and well. Domestically the United States is a land of hunger, misery, and oppression for the great bulk of its people, a country in which savage discrimination is the daily lot not only of Negroes but also of Jews, Armenians, Chinese, Slavs, Italians, and others. Soviet journalists report that, in the author's words, our "cities consist of a few palaces of the rich and a mass of miserable hovels of the poor." American foreign policy aims at the enslavement of the world through "atomic diplomacy."

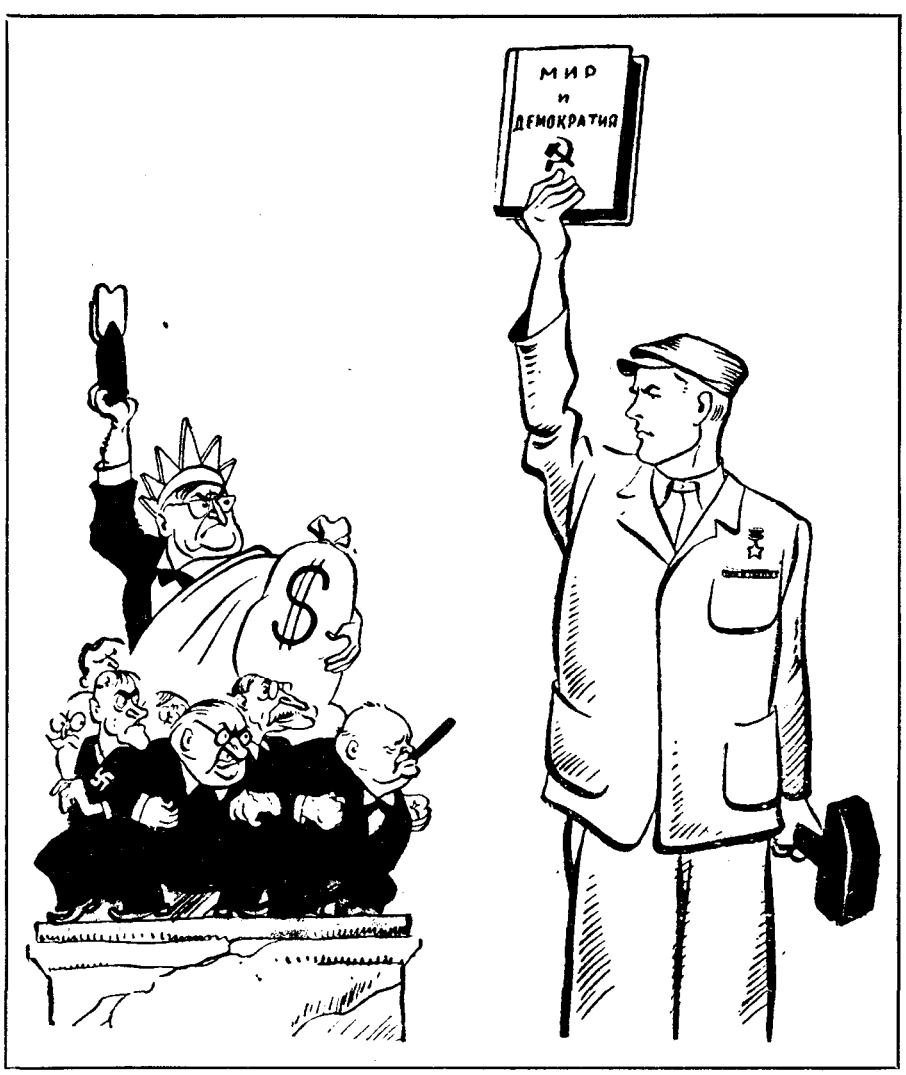
Soviet propaganda has never been friendly to the United States, Barghoorn points out, but in the past the stereotype it fostered had white as well as black spots. In the 1930's American technology was praised by Stalin himself, and emulation of American production methods was a prime Soviet goal. During World War II the Soviet press distinguished between Nazi Fascism and the Western democratic countries allied with the USSR, though it took care to keep alive the smoldering embers of prewar suspicion and mistrust. Even in the first two postwar years Ilya Ehrenburg could hint at our high standard of living. But since 1947 the Soviet image of the United States has been unrelievedly black: our civilization is the quintessence of evil.

Do the Soviet people accept this caricature of us? Obviously many of them must. They have no opportunity to see for themselves; with few exceptions they have no access to material contradicting the official line. But Professor Barghoorn, a perceptive observer who spent more than four years in our Moscow embassy, does not think that anything approaching 100 per cent of Soviet citizens believes the new image of this country. His personal experience during and immediately after World War II was that many people in the USSR knew the true state of affairs in their country and ours and even wished that they could move from one to the other. The legend of America as the country where the streets are paved with gold dies hard, undoubtedly buttressed by the abundance of American food and trucks made available to the USSR by Lend-Lease during the war. But in the Soviet Union today those who are skeptical of the official Soviet picture are also wise enough to keep their doubts to themselves.

Professor Barghoorn believes that the Soviet people are the Kremlin's "Achilles heel," a conclusion in which this reviewer concurs. To counter this campaign of misrepresentation—which carries the implicit threat that some day Soviet citizens will be told that Fascist America has dared attack the USSR and must be destroyed — we must re-establish communication with the Kremlin's subjects. Barghoorn criticizes, and rightly so, our pathetically inadequate utilization of Soviet refugees both to help us understand the dynamics of the USSR society and to ascertain what types of appeals would be most effective in our countermeasures. He thinks that greater stress than heretofore should be placed upon the conflict between the Soviet intelligentsia and the Communist Party apparatus. He urges countering dynamic Soviet ideology by even greater dynamism of democratic ideas.

This is a good book, well worth reading. Would that one could assure that its message and its implicit warning were impressed upon every Congressman in Washington.

Harry Schwartz is associate professor of economics in the Maxwell Graduate School of Syracuse University.



—From "Out of the Crocodile's Mouth."

"Two Worlds" (Title of book: "Peace and Democracy.")

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Inhuman Humanity

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF HELL. By Eugen Kogon. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 307 pp. $3.75.

By JULIAN BACH, JR.

IN A MORE liberal era most of us were incorrectly taught that a "Rose Garden" was a place of beauty, that a "Skyride Wagon" was a novelty in an amusement park, and that "14 f 13" was probably Lou Little's latest touchdown play. Apparently our education was remiss. At Buchenwald "The Rose Garden" was a cage filled almost solidly with barbed wire in which special victims were wedged to starve or freeze to death in temperatures that sank below zero at night. Throughout the camps "The Skyride Wagon" was a cleverly contrived pressure chamber in which altitudes of 70,000 feet could be simulated and into which more prisoners were shoved for the sake of "scientific experiments." And, finally, throughout Germany and Occupied Europe "14 f 13" was the innocent code number that disguised deadly euthanasia.

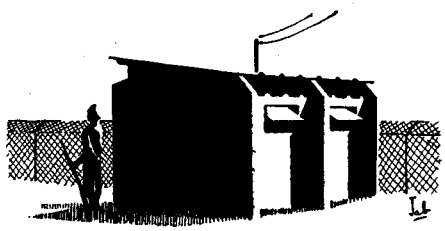
These picturesque labels were part of the special language that was spoken in the concentration camps. By the time it was all over the camps were a state within a state, a complicated, hideous world unto themselves, in which some 10,000,000 human beings suffered this newer education. Of these at least 7,500,000 met death.

Yet although the camps were and will remain the final reality of twentieth-century politics most of the civilized world prefers to know very little about them. With the exception of "The Wall" no book or film dealing with the ghettoes or camps has enjoyed the slightest commercial success. As Janet Flanner once put it, we are merrily forgetting the dead at the rate of a couple of million a year.

If, by some miracle, there are still people left who can take their reading straight a book finally has been translated into English which will give any thoughtful citizen a working knowledge of the camps in one uneasy lesson. Sardonically entitled "The Theory and Practice of Hell," it is the American edition of Eugen Kogon's "SS State," which was first published in Germany in 1946 and has sold 150,000 copies since. [See Melvin J. Lasky's article on page 42.]

Kogon spent seven years a prisoner in Buchenwald following his arrest as a devout Austrian Catholic writer and businessman engaged in anti-Nazi activities. After the war SHAEF enabled him to sift its material on the camps and to contact survivors. Finally, Kogon is by training a sociologist.

As a result of this training and these experiences Kogon was admirably suited to the task of giving the world the best single study on the subject. "The Theory and Practice of Hell" is very much the "Middletown" of the concentration camps. It is not the best book that could have been written—for one thing, it is primarily about Buchenwald—but it is without



doubt the clearest and most important account so far. Step by step he takes up every aspect of camp life from daily routine to money and mail, from sanitation to sex. He describes the terrorism of the guards and explains the almost equally deadly rivalries between various prisoner elements. And he attempts, without complete success, to analyze the psychology of both the SS guards and their prisoner "candidates for death."

At Buchenwald two miles of barbed wire enclosed as many as 100,000 captives at a time, while across the way the SS lived in fine homes, with large gardens for the top brass, hothouses, parks, stables, and clubs. In tribute to Goering the SS built a falconry court for themselves, and Frau Ilse Koch constructed a riding hall, 120 x 300 feet, with a tanbark ring and mirrored walls. Although she rode for only fifteen to thirty minutes at a time an SS band was required to furnish music. Lord Acton in his admonition about the corrupting influence of absolute power was never more correct.

Elsewhere at Buchenwald a large zoo provided enjoyment for the SS and their kids. "As late as 1944, when there was a serious food shortage in camp, the bears, monkeys, and birds got a daily ration of meat subtracted from the prisoners' mess." When an animal died a "voluntary" collection was taken up from among the Jewish prisoners to purchase a replacement. Sometimes Frau Koch had a victim thrown into the cage with the bears. The world's greatest books (confiscated from German homes and libraries by the Nazis) were doled out to the prisoners as their chief source of toilet paper. In the middle (literally) of this horrifying jungle stood the famous Goethe Oak!

Mere decency demands that people who have never suffered hell should at least be willing to read about it.

Bellicose Utopian

H. G. WELLS: Prophet of Our Day. By Antonina Vallentin. New York: The John Day Co. 326 pp. $4.

By HARRISON SMITH

H. G. WELLS is not likely to be included among those prophets who are without honor in their own country when their warnings of disaster have been fulfilled. The first biography of this astonishing man by Antonina Vallentin will be followed by another this year by a young English novelist, Anthony West. Others will soon attempt to unravel the threads of his intense personal life and the flood of ideas he poured out in seventy-five books—novels, history, science fiction, and world politics. If the reader of this review is in his forties or older and has followed the literature of his time, he is likely to be aware of the debt he owes to two great British writers who have recently died, H. G. Wells and George Bernard Shaw. Both in their separate ways have educated at least two generations in this country and abroad, leading them out of nineteenth-century provincialism into a new and profoundly disturbing world.

Wells died three years ago at the age of eighty after finishing his final message to mankind, "Mind at the End of Its Tether," in which he recalled the optimism of his earlier years and confessed to his despair of man's chances for survival. The years that intervened between his poverty-stricken childhood and the final recognition of his genius he described later in a single sentence: "I came up from the poor in a state of flaming rebellion, most blasphemous and unsaintly."

Mme. Vallentin tells the story of his struggle for an education, his agonizing efforts to gain a reputation as a writer and to find human love and security. The first part of the book contains characters and incidents as moving as any novel: the wretched, stunted boy whose whole life was colored by his memories of his mother, an incompetent housekeeper in a great country house; his shiftless father; his servitude in a shop; his years as an underpaid teacher; and finally his marriage to a frigid but pretty girl who could never give him the understanding and the reciprocal passion his ardent nature demanded. He described these years in many remembered novels, "Love and Mr. Lewisham," "Tono Bungay," "The History of Mr. Polly," and others. Through his whole life they colored his personality with a painful inferiority complex which resulted in his hatred of complacent upper-class so-

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ciety and the greedy rich and led to his outraging the sexual taboos and social conventions of the day.

His dissatisfaction with the poverty and the fate of the lower classes in late Victorian England produced on a creative, logical, and searching mind the visions of the future which are now so startlingly prophetic. He expressed them first in the series of science-fiction novels which are even today the best of their kind. "When the Sleeper Wakes" and "Tales of Time and Space" are examples of his foreknowledge of the inventions that were to make the world a better place to live in. They were mixed with nightmare stories of human cruelty and worldwide wars fought with gas, bombs, and airships that had not yet been invented. "The Island of Dr. Moreau" and "The War of the Worlds" are examples of the three aspects of his science fiction which proved that he was one of the most imaginative and prophetic writers of the day. When in 1913 he wrote "The World Set Free" he developed the total horror of the atomic bomb more than thirty years before its invention, "a great ball of crimson purple fire, like a maddening living thing whirling about amidst a chaos of falling masonry." By that time his imagination had invented before their time motion pictures, airplanes, dirigibles, motor highways, prefabricated houses, electric stoves and washing machines, armored tanks, radar.

Wells's later development was in the realm of political, biological, and social ideas. He was temperamentally an idealist and an optimist, so that while his logical mind told him that there were more reasons for the approaching destruction of civilization than for the establishment of the world state he saw as the only means of escape, he could not bring himself to give up hope. At the end of his final and most pessimistic book he adds: "My own temperament makes it unavoidable for me to doubt . . . that there will not be that small minority which will succeed in living life out to its inevitable end." The prodigious success in 1920 of "The Outline of History," which he boasted had sold more copies in one year in America than the Bible, had given him financial security. He was able to disregard at last the loudly expressed disapproval of his ideas about the Catholic Church ("Undying Fire"), birth control, and free love ("Ann Veronica" and "The Passionate Friends") and of his own widely discussed love affairs.

Mme. Vallentin analyzes clearly, without any recourse to the jargon of psychiatry, his hatred of conventional ideas and the reticence of the upper class, as results of his early fight for a place in the sun. He appeared in society as a short, bellicose, and outrageous little man with a bristling mustache and anxious eyes. He carried off his love affairs as if he was waving a red flag in the face of society. Mme. Vallentin does not explain, and perhaps it is impossible to do so exactly, what his attraction was for the various women who loved and lived with him. His second wife, Jane, whom he had met in his biology classes, shared his life for years before he was free to marry her. She gave him what he wanted—love and understanding. After Jane's death a series of women followed, two of whom broadened his intellectual horizon and sharpened his avid curiosity for knowledge of Europe and the East.

Shaw, who lived fourteen years longer than Wells, felt at the end that he had had enough of life. Wells was still fevered with impatience at the stupidity and cruelty of mankind. He knew that all his books, his powers of persuasion, his warnings, had come to nought. If he had lived for another decade he would have continued his indomitable pursuit, in the midst of increasing chaos, of a utopia, an organized, peaceful world state run by men trained in science and human behavior.

The book is not only one of the most readable of modern biographies; it is also the study of a mind through which flowed the ideas of the present and the future. Mme. Vallentin concludes: "The very intensity with which he responded to every summons of contemporary events, the passionate eagerness with which he flung himself into the struggle, made him the confluent of all the currents of his time, of all its hope, of its distress, of its victories, and of its defeats."

—*Ego.*

Antonina Vallentin — "all the currents of [H. G. Wells's] time."

Heir of Socrates?

NIETZSCHE. By Walter A. Kaufmann. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 409 *pp.* $6.

By Crane Brinton

"CRITICISM of Nietzsche is rife, understanding rare." Thus W. M. Salter, one of the first American expounders of Nietzsche, prefaced his book nearly forty years ago. Salter himself was a kindly progressive who, if he did not soften Nietzsche into a Socialist, did try to equate him with the great American tradition of democracy. H. L. Mencken, one of whose first books was on Nietzsche, swung poor Nietzsche quite around into a Menckenian lover of good living and hater of the boobs who somehow hindered good living. Paul Elmer More found Nietzsche wrapped in the Nessus-shirt of romantic naturalism. And so Americans have gone on "understanding" Nietzsche right down to the present. Just before Pearl Harbor George Morgan published in his "What Nietzsche Means" a loving analysis of a system of thinking essentially humanist—or better, a synthesis of the best of human thought, culminating in "luminousness, peace, *no exaggerated* longing, joy in the *rightly employed, eternized moment.*" I myself at almost the same time and with the same publishers brought out a brief and, I admit, rather ill-tempered analysis of Nietzsche in which I found some of his ideas congruous with those of the Nazis, and Nietzsche himself a somewhat unpleasantly pathetic intellectual ("decadent" was the fashionable term Nietzsche used of himself) crossed with the descendant of a long line of Lutheran ministers.

Now comes Walter A. Kaufmann with one of the very best books on Nietzsche I have seen. I should not dare to say that this is the final interpretation of a thinker whose interpreters have already boxed the compass of human horizons. But Mr. Kaufmann has avoided the tendency to put Nietzsche back together too neatly according to some notions in Mr. Kaufmann's mind, but not—or only most fleetingly—in Nietzsche's. He refuses to build for Nietzsche a "system" which he shows convincingly Nietzsche deliberately avoided making. Nietzsche, he notes, "is like Plato, not a system-thinker, but a problem-thinker." Nietzsche does not so much solve his problems as by examining his premises—and those of others—"outgrow" them.

No attempt at paraphrase could bring out the compact richness of this book. It is not one with which to begin the study of Nietzsche. Mr.

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Kaufmann, like a good epigone (that word ought to have a purely descriptive sense), deals almost wholly with those matters scholars, critics, and—since Nietzsche is one of the few modern philosophers whose name has been news—all sorts of commentators in press and pulpit have disputed about. So he makes but the sketchiest of outlines of a complete biography but discusses at greater length—and most judiciously—the case of Wagner, the Foerster business, the Lou Salome-Rée-Elizabeth comedy, the final madness.

Mr. Kaufmann finds my Jamesean adaptation classifying Nietzscheans into "tender" and "tough" inadequate for fine work, though he does make use of it to dismiss the simpler attempts to convert Nietzsche to political use. Indeed, in a footnote Mr. Kaufmann takes William James himself to task for his abandonment of pluralism in an innocent dualism which comes out as "take your choice of Royce or me." But surely James meant this classification of tough and tender as no more than a tool, as one kind of measurement? As we refine our measurements and our classifications we reach more and more complex equations, but from time to time the original simple one is useful. To my mind Mr. Kaufmann is—marginally, of course—a "tough" Nietzschean. His Nietzsche comes out in the end the heir of Socrates, the educator who sought to draw out of men their endless variety and endless potentialities, at bottom an experimenter, even a pragmatist. But he comes out so only after a good deal of twisting and turning through pages of good clear expository prose, and no doubt Mr. Kaufmann himself would demur at this summation.

Mr. Kaufmann is convinced that the Nazis did not so much quarry in Nietzsche's work as deliberately pervert it, deliberately use his name to cover ideas he never had. Ten years ago I came to the conclusion that Nietzsche had in fact tossed off many notions which were quite fitted for Nazi use, even though it was almost certainly true that had he lived he would have found the Nazi regime intolerable. Mr. Kaufmann will have none of Nietzsche's being half a Nazi. He dismisses early in his book the common notion that Nietzsche's work is composed of disparate aphorisms, often quite inconsistent, from which anyone can choose what he likes. Mr. Kaufmann finds not quite as neat a pattern as did Mr. Morgan, but a unity, a searching for refinement of problems.

He cannot, of course, avoid exegesis, and indeed one of his most effective bits is on that most central of exegetical points in Nietzsche, his use of the term "war," as in the famous quotation from "Zarathustra": "You should love peace as a means to new wars—and the short peace more than the long." Mr. Kaufmann does not follow the most innocent of commentators, who here suggest that Nietzsche means a nice spiritual warfare, a war of prophecies and preachings. But he does say that Nietzsche is "surely not speaking of 'war' in the literal sense any more than he is speaking of soldiers." He is, in fact, speaking of dialectic, of education, of the war of thoughts, not a nice polite one but a nasty one, perhaps like the one Wilamowitz-Moellendorff unleashed on him; hence the figure of war. So when Nazis like Haertle or Baeumler quote him on war they quote the words but distort the meaning.

Now all this may be true; Mr. Kaufmann makes quite the best case for it, and similar points of exegesis, that I know. Actually, my own book on Nietzsche was not concerned so much with the congruence of Nietzsche's ideas and those of certain modern anti-democratic groups as it was with Nietzsche as an example (not altogether of the kind Julien Benda was thinking of) of the *trahison des clercs*. To me the unforgivable thing about Nietzsche's career was its irresponsible intellectualism, its neurotic refusal to accept anything at all for long. Mr. Kaufmann himself goes so far as to admit that Nietzsche was "difficult." I used a much stronger phrase—"not housebroken." Nietzsche tempts the most prosaic to paradox, and there can hardly be harm in another: this Socrates behaves strangely like Thersites.

Crane Brinton, professor of history at Harvard, recently published "Ideas and Men," a history of Western civilization. His book on Nietzsche was published in 1941.

Rosie Knows Everybody

EUROPE BETWEEN THE ACTS. By R. G. Waldeck. New York: Doubleday & Co. 329 pp. $3.

By JOHN GUNTHER

AT A DINNER party in New York a couple of years ago our hostess suddenly asked a question which produced much ferment: "Who is the most interesting woman you have ever met?" Then this developed into another question: "Who are the five (or six) most interesting (or fascinating) women in the world today?"

Candidates were immediately named by the boldest guests, and we assembled a formidable small list. Of course Eleanor Roosevelt was chosen by almost everybody. So was Greta Garbo. So was Edna St. Vincent Millay. And we argued hotly the merits of Dorothy Thompson, Rebecca West, and Eve Curie. Somebody nominated Frau Mahler, the wonderful Viennese lady whose life has been largely given to the nurture of genius, and words were spoken for Mrs. Pandit, Evita Peron, and the fabulous Baroness Moura Budberg. Then I suggested someone else—Countess Rosie Waldeck. This name was less familiar than the others, and I remember giving a brief (and I hope succulent) account of Rosie's life and works.

Countess Waldeck was born of a distinguished banking family in Mannheim, Germany; her name was originally Goldschmitt or Goldmark, I forget which. She grew up in Berlin in the period following World War I when Germany, numbed and frenzied by defeat, closely resembled Rome under Heliogabalus.

Rosie, if I may call her so, made a series of spectacular marriages, after getting a Ph.D., *summa cum laude*, at the University of Heidelberg. One of her husbands was a celebrated Berlin physician; another was head of the House of Ullstein, the greatest of German publishers. (About Count Waldeck, her third husband, I know little, and I have a private joke with her that he never quite existed.) Rosie had everything. She was rich, she was naughty, she was as bright as a new cherry, she was wise, she was a good comrade, and she was wildly pretty.

Rosie—but perhaps I had better call her Countess Waldeck, since this is a review of a serious book—undertook adventures which carried her all over the world. She was accused on one occasion of being a spy, and was triumphantly cleared after a trial which, in its smaller way, was almost as explosive a cause celèbre in the Berlin of those years as the Dreyfus case in France. She wandered to many

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places—Moscow, Timbuctu, Mukden, Bucharest, and even such an exotic hotspot as Westport, Connecticut. She formed a great friendship with a distinguished German diplomat, about which she wrote startlingly in a book published anonymously some years ago. Countess Waldeck knew absolutely everybody.

Presently she became an American citizen and turned to writing books. (Previously, in Europe, she had done a good deal of journalism.) A novel, "Luster in the Sky," which never got the attention it deserved, showed the author in what might have seemed a new light to those who did not know her well—the book was so serious. It dealt with Talleyrand and was the product of arduous research.

The first thing to say about Countess Waldeck's new book, "Europe Between the Acts," is that it is by an extremely worldly, witty, and observant woman. It is somewhat patchily written and is full of mildly annoying colloquialisms like "mad" for "angry" and so on. Countess Waldeck is, however, to be forgiven for this, since she is writing in English—not her native tongue—and it is in fact astonishing that anybody not born to our language should have learned to handle it with such sharp skill. But her editors might have given her help in some minor terminological details. Parts of the book seem to me to be dated, and I also found it hard to be patient with some of the political discussion. These demerits aside, "Europe Between the Acts" seems to me to be one of the most discerning and sophisticated works of reportage that I have come across in a long time.

Countess Waldeck starts out with the contemporary austerities of England. "I was always convinced," she writes, "that in order to write a book about a country one must stay in it ten days or ten years. Only, after ten years one no longer dares to write the book." Perhaps the author did not stay in London long, but she has a seeing eye and what she reports has wit. She describes the great ladies of society with their "droopy, jelly-colored evening gowns" and the gardens growing out of volcanic ash left in the bomb craters; she observes that many men physically resemble Mr. Attlee but that no one resembles Mr. Churchill and vouchsafes the belief that all the British can hope to get out of their austerity is that in time they can manage to afford austerity without American aid.

Then France. The French, far from having been ruined by the war, seem richer than before—even though some ancient aristocrats can only live "by eating their Rembrandts." There are lively vignettes of palaces on the Seine and landscapes in Burgundy and an eloquent historical passage about the Place Vendôme.

—*Elli Marcus.*

Countess Waldeck—"a seeing eye."

Almost in the form of footnotes are lines to the effect that Nazism was simply the fulfilment of the traditional German death wish and that only Protestant peoples with a sense of individual responsibility can afford the luxury of parliamentary democracy. We also learn that Marshal Pétain continued to like to make love at an extremely advanced age.

"Don't you know that there is a post-war on?" is Countess Waldeck's *leitmotiv* in her chapters on Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium. I was astonished to discover that Von Papen and Dr. Schacht are still not merely alive but going strong, and that Napoleon once wrote a novel called "Clisson et Eugénie." I liked portraits such as this in description of an Italian gentleman: "There was about his . . . small head with the sucked-in cheeks that elegant dryness which is so becoming to old men," and the quotation from Lord Castlereagh, "The miracle of Europe is the tenacity with which all the powers cling to the smallest point of separate interest." And I was impressed—all cynicism aside—by the statement that Communism appeals to many Germans because (a) Chinese man power may be useful; (b) the Russians had enough technical know-how to make an atomic bomb.

There is considerable danger, Countess Waldeck thinks, that Germany may join up with Russia. She believes that the Atlantic pact is useless but that we in America seriously underestimate—even now—the potential power and usefulness of Western Europe. The great difference between Stalin and Hitler, she says, is that Stalin doesn't need a war, whereas Hitler did.

Measure of Our Souls

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ART. By André Malraux. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. New York: Pantheon Books. Vol. I, "Museum Without Walls," 155 pp. Vol. II, "The Creative Act," 223 pp. 220 illustrations, 36 in color. $25 the set.

By R. H. WILENSKI

IT IS ALWAYS a pleasure to have contact with a fine French mind playing freely on the whole range of art history—from, say, Egyptian portraiture to Goya, Chinese landscape to Constable and Corot, and the Lascaux and Altamira grottoes to Provençal pottery by Picasso. For the best French critics are marvelously attuned to the subtlest essences in works of art, and in their books we meet a generous outpouring of their sensibilities, their enthusiasms, and their ideas. Élie Faure was, of course, an outstanding French critic of this type, and the five volumes of his "History of Art" have informed and delighted thousands since they were written more than thirty years ago. And now André Malraux has given us a brilliant interpretative essay in two volumes.

Ninety years ago John Ruskin wrote to Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "I have come to see the great fact that great Art is of no real use to anybody but the next great artist"; and in our own time Einstein has referred to the "positive motive which impels men to seek a simplified synoptic view of the world conformable to their own nature, overcoming the world by replacing it with this picture." Commenting on Einstein's dictum I wrote in 1927 in "The Modern Movement in Art": "Man displays a thousand different aspects of this desire to convert vaguely realized formal experience to precise, concrete, and ordered form. The original architectural artist [i.e. the artist who enlarges his experience of form by his work] displays this desire and his satisfaction of it when he achieves contact with formal order and creates a synoptic symbol of that order by his work." I now give these three quotations because, although there is no evidence that M. Malraux has encountered any of them, he does in fact start from some such nexus of ideas.

His own theory is set out in his second volume, "The Creative Act," and the following points from it, even extracted from their expanding contexts and deprived of the apposite and beautiful illustrations (in black-and-white or in color), may give some notion of the multiple incitement

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Ambassadors-of-Will

EAST WIND OVER PRAGUE. By Jan Stransky. New York: Random House. 245 pp. $3.

By Budd Schulberg

IN 1934 this reviewer—then a nineteen-year-old undergraduate—stood in the Red Square and watched the Red Army demonstrate its power and precision. He saw the banners which proclaimed in a dozen languages the determination of the Soviet Union and the world proletariat to brake or break the power of the Fascist imperialists. He listened attentively, for he was an impressionable and impressed young man, to his buxom, carrot-haired Intourist guide's explanation of Red Army democracy: no difference in uniform between officers and men; none of the humiliating subordination of enlisted men to brass that characterized our Western capitalist armies; and a Red Army man was not merely a soldier, he was the cream of the new Soviet Youth, intellectually as well as physically. "Should he ever have to go forth to fight Fascist aggression," said this comrade-guide in precise English, "he will be an ambassador of good will for international Socialism."

In 1945 this reviewer — now an American officer—watched a Russian army moving into Berlin. Perhaps, as Soviet apologists hastened to explain, the ambassadors-of-good-will had fallen in defense of Moscow and Leningrad, Stalingrad and Smolensk. Those who survived to carry through the occupation of Central Europe were clearly ambassadors-of-will.

Jan Stransky describes this same phenomenon with graphic sarcasm (and with a hatred that smolders but never flares up out of control) in "East Wind Over Prague," a personal account of his experiences and a tempered appraisal of the Communist force that swept over half of Europe and drove him for the second time in a decade into exile.

There came—as Stransky saw it in Czechoslovakia—the Red tank divisions, the paratroopers, the cyclists, the motorized artillery, the striking force, well-disciplined and looking far better dressed and fed than the weary, ragged foot soldiers who moved along slowly, inexorably, followed by the women with great bosoms and ready grins who did the cooking, washing, office work, and whatever else was asked of them; these followed in turn by Russian officers, some of them in uniforms of Czarist splendor, their German luxury cars loaded with war booty and complete with secretary-mistresses; and behind them the vehicles of the Agit-Prop with Russian-inscribed posters, "We Welcome the Liberating Army" and of course "Long Live the Great Marshal Stalin."

Watching them roll in from the East, one could understand the loss of precision, for they had been mangled and bled in a savage war. But the democracy? At any moment this eyewitness expected to see young Rostof dash up on his horse and hail the feudal army of Alexander on its way to Austerlitz. Somehow, it seemed the great wave of Old Russia had rolled up and over the revolutionary ideas of a "new democracy," and sucked them down. A gulf between officers and men as wide as in the days of Suvorov, a brutal disregard for the dignities of other nationalities that belied the noble sentiments of the Agit-Prop, a preoccupation with self-indulgence that made a mockery of Socialist ideals—this is what we saw in Berlin, what Stransky saw in Prague.

In Stransky's case disillusionment struck closer home. He had escaped from his village to fight with a legion of Czech exiles against the Nazis in France. Like so many of his generation, he was hurled from his peaceful prewar life into a nightmare of running and fighting, fighting and running. Finally, after years of patient struggle he could return to his native land, by way of Moscow. Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin had agreed that the liberated countries were to be free to choose their own form of government. But "the president was billeted in an isolated house and surrounded by a triple cordon of Red Army soldiers and policemen; the real master was Mr. Zorin, the Soviet Ambassador." Still, he hoped "when we got to Prague, we should be more free."

We should be more free . . . man's hope eternal, millennium on millennium.

But over Prague, Stransky found, hung a cloud of fear. No longer did Communism appeal, as it had in its formative period, to revolutionary idealists who dreamed of a better world free of economic hardship and social inequality. Not hope but fear was the lever now. The people of Eastern Europe, if they could no longer respond to utopian promises, understood all too well the meaning of "a vital and in fact natural force," as personified by Mr. Zorin and backed up by the "shabby . . . slow . . . antediluvian" but massive and overpowering Red Army. Sold out, occupied, beaten-down, war-weary, facing long, hard years of reconstruction and rehabilitation, Czechoslovakia was no longer the stable democratic force it had been in pre-Munich days.

Under constant pressure, because "they could not spit against the wind" rather than for sound social and economic motives—Stransky informs us—Czechoslovakia "turned the way the wind was blowing." From the first days of the new republic, that might have been the vital link between East and West up to the bridge-burning putsch of '48, Stransky blueprints painfully, step by step and with many vivid examples, the ways and means by which one of the world's happier experiments in democracy plunged downward, like its spokesman Jan Masaryk, through a cloud of fear to smash against the new reality.

In his recent essay on political forces A. A. Berle describes such a force as having two components—a centrally attractive idea or group of ideas and an apparatus that can organize and implement the abstract ideal. But in the course of the revolution that brings this ideal to power an antagonism develops between the original principles and the apparatus. In time the "attractive ideas" are merely window-dressing for the apparatus. The apparatus becomes its own *raison d'etre*. How one after another of Stransky's friends and acquaintances—with a few notable exceptions—succumbed to the apparatus makes disturbing reading.

As an attack on the cynicism of Russian-Communist power politics, whether directed against a single village farmer or a popular national party, and as a report on the instability, confusion, and amorality of much of Europe's non-Communist population this book glows with conviction. It manages to cope with a complex, inhuman problem in a way that is consistently human and simple.

Its weaknesses can be traced to a familiar lapse in our own approach to world problems and foreign peoples. Stransky, like our own spokesman, is much more specific and therefore much more convincing about the evils of Communism than about the benefits of democracy. The people of

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When America Speaks

En Route to Japan.

WHAT should Americans say to Europe? How do we—and that means not only the Voice of America but our writers and publicists—tell the American story in a way that makes good sense and is believed?

The easiest way to find out is to put the question to Europeans themselves. The answers, based on what we have done to date, are far from reassuring. Consider, to begin with, the reaction of people whenever they feel they are being instructed by Americans on the nature and menace of Communism.

"I'm about ready to blow my top every time I read an American newspaper, magazine, or book, that urges America to dramatize the dangers of Communism for other peoples," a French friend told me. "We're put in the position of being politically underprivileged and illiterate. Apparently we have to be sold, as you put it, on the dangers of totalitarianism.

"Where do you think we've been these last thirty years? We've had to stand up to totalitarianism and pay out in blood and wrecked homes. Ours is no far-off, high-and-dry, theoretical knowledge, born of sudden insecurity and panic, but a hard-and-fast working knowledge of what the danger is and how best to face it.

"And so, when I read that America is engaged in this mighty effort to tell me the facts of life, I am no longer amused; I just grit my teeth and hold on to the sides of my chair."

The same feeling—with varying boiling points—is reflected in much of the press of Britain and the Continent. This does not mean that Europe resents or resists American initiative. As Raymond Aron points out in his article in this issue, such American leadership is a "product of historic forces rather than of human will," and the people and the statesmen are "forced to recognize it whether they like it or not." But it is also clear that there is a general feeling that the techniques of such leadership leave much to be desired. Europeans—especially those who had to carry the brunt of the last war—don't like to be patronized by being lectured to on the meaning of freedom. They don't like to be put in the position of dubious window shoppers unable to make up their minds between Bolshevism and democracy.

Even more basic than this, perhaps, is that there is genuine bewilderment abroad about events inside the United States. The voices coming from America are more and more strident, more and more contradictory. What people abroad seem to sense is a deep and frightening split within the country on basic issues confronting America and the world. Instead of the unity that befits a people attempting to unite the forces of freedom, there is a weird splashing about. The emergency facing the country has triggered all sorts of partisan eruptions. And at precisely the time that peoples of the world are trying to hear America speak with clarity and resonance and conviction on our role in world affairs they hear mixed cries and catcalls. They hear political war-whoops for the scalps of Government officials. They hear the same political group which demanded the ouster of the Secretary of State because they felt he was not resolute in facing up to militant Communism gleefully applaud one of their own spokesmen for demanding that America pull out of the world struggle altogether—thus giving Communism a clear field.

All of which raises some fairly disturbing questions for other peoples: Who speaks for America? Mr. Acheson? Mr. Hoover? Mr. Truman? Mr. Dulles? Mr. McCarthy? And just how seriously are other peoples to take American "leadership" in making the free world secure, for all our sermonizing to them about the dangers of totalitarianism? If America is to get into another one of its prolonged isolationist-internationalist arguments, what happens to everyone else in the meanwhile?

Apart from these questions it is increasingly difficult for people abroad to understand how America can fight totalitarianism abroad by cultivating totalitarian postures at home. They read of states and great universities falling all over themselves in a clumsy effort to stamp out the Communists, the paradox being that the real subversives get lost in the confusion while free institutions are the real sufferers. They read of legislative bodies using anti-subversive measures as a battering ram against legitimate and essential viewpoints. They read of Senators stripping the Senate of its dignity, using the body as the forum for political headline hunting and crass exhibitionism—all in the name of saving the Republic. They read of the work of the Government being virtually halted for days in the middle of a great crisis because one or two crackpots have decided to exploit the current hysteria by bringing false charges against a responsible public servant. They read of the widespread campaign against the United Nations flag as "a cheap and dirty banner which has no place in this grand and sovereign United States of America" and are astounded that the board of education in the largest city in the world should actually hold hearings to listen to such claptrap. In reading this they know that the problem of Communism is as real in America as it is elsewhere. But they know that the wrong way to combat Communism, here or anywhere, is to use the term to bludgeon anyone into silence who is even faintly humanitarian.

"I WISH you would tell me what it is you Americans think you are opposing when you oppose Communism," my French friend remarked. "Surely it must be something more substantial than Mr. Stalin's handlebar moustache or the bleak architecture of the Kremlin. If what you oppose in Communism is a brutal disregard for fundamental human decency or the complete denial of man's inner self or an annihilation of those human rights on which all progress must ultimately rest, the destruction of political freedoms—if this is what you are opposing in Communism, then why in heaven's name are you in such a mad rush to take on those same ugly trappings for yourselves?

"That is why I get so disturbed when you try to tell us to stand up against Communism. We'll stand up, all right; but what about you? We'll fight for our freedoms, don't worry about that; but what about you? At least we're not going to toss them away one by one in the name of trying to save them. You're like the man in the rowboat who in a desperate effort to

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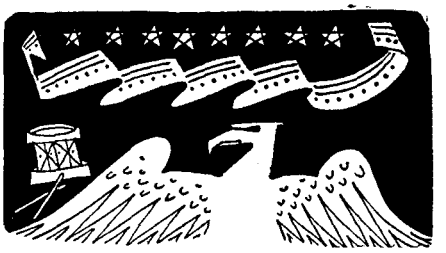
avoid hitting an iceberg suddenly started to gulp down huge chunks of ice.

"I don't want to do to you what you've been doing to us—professing to have all the answers about democracy. But I can tell you this much: the rest of the world is going to judge your capacity to lead the fight against Bolshevist totalitarianism or any other type of totalitarianism not so much by what you say as by what you do; not so much by your exposures of the weakness of Soviet Communism as by your day-by-day demonstration of the vitality of your own democracy; not so much by your anxiety over human rights and political freedoms abroad as by your determination to keep those same freedoms safe and healthy at home. Democracy is as democracy does."

ALL THIS—and no doubt a great deal more—should be taken into account by America in telling the rest of the world where we stand and what we stand for. We must recognize first of all that what we say is after all only a reflection of what we do or propose to do. We are not engaged in a vast advertising project in an effort to convince peoples that we enjoy a more abundant life. Our effort must center instead around a definition of American purpose—clearly but imaginatively conceived and spoken. That purpose must not be theoretical but visible.

Next—and this is where American writers and travelers have both an opportunity and responsibility—we can attempt to counteract the effect of the raucous and conflicting sounds coming from America by dramatizing the fact that America is first of all diversity. It is a nation which at times may give the appearance of being at sixes and sevens, but the surface confusions must not be allowed to obscure the fact that underneath there is a single pulse beat to the real America. For despite the surface flailing and the bouncing and the apparent triumph of cross-purposes the American people do maintain an even course. We may run up blind alleys and we do a lot of doubling back over our own tracks. But there is a sense of both destination and destiny which other peoples can respond to and respect.

Basically, as Woodrow Wilson said, America is a human community built around human values. These values are under attack in the world today. The closer America can get to expressing those values and reflecting those values the closer it will get to other peoples. —N. C.



Bookmarks

A FRIEND of ours was a member of a group which recently toured the plant of the *Times* (London). Our friend took particular note of the library shelves in passing. One book looked used above all others. It was battered and sagged in the binding, which was held together with copious lashings of Scotch tape. Our friend bent down to get the title of this weatherbeaten old *vade-mecum*. It was Burton Stevenson's "Home Book of Quotations."

* * *

Is there any experience more tantalizing and infuriating than to read a book, or read at a book, that keeps hinting it may turn into something worth one's time and attention and which comes to an end without having quite made it? "Without having quite made it" is of course comparable to leaping across an abyss and missing the other side by a quarter of an inch.

* * *

The jacket of C. S. Forester's "Randall and the River of Time," first unit in a new chain novel—and a good one—says: "C. S. Forester has been hailed by critics on both sides of the Atlantic as the peer of Marryat, Cooper, and Nordhoff and Hall in storytelling. He has been accredited with the capacity of Conrad, the ability of Masefield, and the adventurous spirit of Lever." In case you have lost track, that's Mr. Forester over there at the end of the back row—the one with the glasses. He wrote the book.

* * *

Mnemonic for resolving the Lancester-York white-red confusion, as offered in "Here's England," by Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten (this particular entry is by Miss McKenney):

> The first thing to get in order about the Wars of the Roses is the color scheme. . . . I lose my grip over which rose is which. I have a private code, which Richard denounces; he says it is more trouble than remembering in an ordinary way. But for readers as easily confused as I am, I suggest: Blood (red) comes before water (white). . . . The Lancastrians alphabetically come before the Yorkists, blood comes before water, therefore the Lancastrians are *Red*, and the Yorkists are *White*.

We hereby join Richard as co-denouncer. Miss McKenney's method seems to us to be as needlessly involved as counting cows in a pasture by totting up their feet and dividing by four. We suggest (1) remembering simply that L, R, W, and Y are in alphabetical order, and to hell with that blood-and-water business, or (2) simply fixing LancesteRed in the old bean.

For people who enjoy making the thing as complicated as possible, we further offer: (3) Yorkshire is north of Lancashire, hence probably has more snow; therefore York equals white; (4) York-white sounds something like bob-white (be careful not to confuse the bob-white with the cardinal); (5) "Here Is New York" is by E. B. White.

* * *

It is still possible to read a novel in which a character says "or my name's not Smith." The locution is commoner in the cruder fiction, where it is usually employed as a device for disclosing identity, but it occasionally insinuates itself into the upper brackets. Exhaustive inquiry among our friends has failed to turn up a single one who ever heard the formula used in what is popularly referred to as real life.

* * *

Did any publisher ever announce a second *small* printing?

* * *

The hero of James Aldridge's "The Diplomat," an Englishman who is a member of a mission to Moscow, meets a group of press correspondents at a vodka brawl. McGregor—that's the hero—"guessed [one of them] was an American because he wore both braces and belt to hold up his trousers." This is the first time we have ever seen this phenomenon, usually interpreted as the sign manual of arch-conservatism, raised to the stature of a national trait. Come, Mr. Aldridge, what is your evidence?

* * *

There's an everything-else-of-the-year—why not the book-jacket of the year?

* * *

Much writing, like many women, suffers from too much make-up.

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week* SRL *turns over its* LETTERS *pages to a selection of Letters to the Editor culled from the British press. On the Continent there are almost no regular Letters to the Editor columns; in the British Isles, however, correspondents have thus been airing their views for two centuries.*

What America Needs to Know

To the New Statesman & Nation

SIR: The American public, by increasing the Republican strength in Congress and ousting most of the progressive elements (those who understand the advantages of the Welfare State) has demonstrated its lack of appreciation of the world situation from the European's point of view. By the European's point of view one cannot mean so much what French, British, Italian, and other statesmen have to say to the press, but what is discussed at the work-bench, in the pub, or over the glass of wine.

It is becoming more obvious than it ever has been before that the one way to defeat the infiltration of the Communist line of thought is by the raising of the living standard, by the increasing of the welfare of the worker; by, in fact, that sort of domestic policy carried on by the British Socialist Government between 1945 and February this year. It is of the utmost importance, too, that Americans understand this.

By following the American line of increased rearmament against the "threat of Communism" the Western Powers are falling, gradually, into a neat Communist trap. The Communists will achieve in Europe without war what America thinks Russia can only achieve with one, and because of the very policy the Western Powers are using to stop it. As more money is spent on arms and armies and less on domestic welfare the seed of the Communist line will grow—through agitation over the cost of living, purchase and other taxes that hit the workingman, and the general "wartime footing" of life and liberty.

As things stand at the moment the future leaves only two courses open. Either we go on getting militarily stronger and economically and domestically weaker or we have a war. Both courses will turn Europe Communist—the former gradually, the latter quickly and devastatingly.

JOHN W. TOOP COOPER.

London, Eng.

Faith for the West

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sir Reginald Leeper was active in Great Britain's foreign service from* 1917 *until his retirement in* 1948. *His last post was as Ambassador to Argentina.*

To the Sunday Times

SIR: Your leading article urges the need for political warfare in order to win "the war of the mind." Having been closely connected with our political warfare during the first three years of the last war, may I offer a few observations?

—*Punch.*

"Yes, the Army have just derequisitioned it."

Stalin draws strength from the immense demands he makes because he stirs the spirit of sacrifice for some cause beyond self to which human nature has always responded. To us it seems amazing that men should respond to so inhuman a cause, yet the North Koreans sacrifice their lives for a purpose which, if successful, would deprive them of any real national independence. Whether the men of the Kremlin are self-seeking cynics or fanatics, they have inspired others with a fanatical faith.

What is our answer to this? Those who are asked to do political warfare will need an answer. It is a commonplace for people to say that we must defend our Christian civilization against atheistic materialism. Do we pause to consider what that means? Our religion, if sincere, makes demands on us as great as any made by Stalin on his followers. We are told to take up our cross and follow and that he who loses his life will gain it. Yet it is not the custom for speeches made by our leading statesmen to put the Christian faith first, although we must know that it is only in this faith that the Communist faith will be defeated and Europe will come together again.

Are not people as a whole in this country dissatisfied with materialism? Would there not be a wide and deep response to a statesman who spoke with the same fervor of the Christian faith as Communists do of theirs? Political warfare would be more effective if such a lead were given.

R. A. LEEPER.

London, Eng.

On Teaching French

To the Sunday Times

SIR: A blow for boredom has been struck by Lord Verulam, who wishes to prevent English children from learning French.

"Not the language of business," says Lord Verulam. English is of course the language of business, and all foreign business men speak it perfectly. But what about conversation? There is no greater pleasure than chatting with a Frenchman in French; the language is compounded of jokes, and he who speaks it is carried along on a stream of wit impossible to translate. Must the children be deprived of this joy?

"Not the language of the future," says Lord Verulam. But, sir, we have it on the authority of Joan of Arc that French is the language spoken in heaven.

NANCY MITFORD.

Paris, France.

Chinese in Korea

To the Manchester Guardian

SIR: It seems rather strange to a student of Far Eastern affairs to find so many people surprised at the incursion of volunteer Chinese troops in Korea. Intimation of the possibility of some such action was given when the Chinese Government warned the United States that it would take unkindly to the crossing of the Thirty-eighth Parallel. This warning was ignored or, worse still, looked upon as face-saving. Now we are told that the encouraging or permitting of volunteers is dictated by the Kremlin!

When we have the courage to admit our blunders we shall be nearer the truth of the situation. The first was the appointment of MacArthur as the head of the United Nations forces. The *Manchester Guardian* was, I believe, alone in its doubt about the worth of this appointment. Yet our Foreign Office must have known of the nature of the MacArthur regime in Japan and its ill-effect upon relations between the East and the West. The second blunder was the bombing of the towns and industrial centres of North Korea. Have we learned so little from Coventry, Hiroshima, and Cologne? These savage attacks had momentary military value but the lasting result will be that only a dictatorship will hold down Korea. Mac-

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Arthur makes way for MacArthur and the democratic nations produce a conformity which will lead to barbarism.

When I sat down to write this letter I knew there was grave danger that, in spite of my long association with the Labor Party and my work for Fabian societies in the North, I should be labeled as a fellow-traveler and a pro-Communist. So effectively has criticism of our foreign policy been silenced in Britain! This, surely, to all liberal-minded men and women is a distasteful and abhorrent situation, but it is especially shocking to those who have given a lifetime to the establishment of Socialism in this country. This lack of criticism is ominous. It bodes ill for the Labor Party and its future. It inhibits enthusiasms because it destroys conscience.

WILLIAM HODGKINS.

Southend-on-Sea, Eng.

To the Manchester Guardian

SIR: When, on June 25, North Korea attacked South Korea the United Nations Security Council unanimously denounced this breach of the peace, called for the immediate cessation of hostilities and the withdrawal of North Korean forces to the Thirty-eighth Parallel, and urged all member States to "render every assistance to the United Nations in the execution of this resolution." During the next few days fifty-three of the United Nations solemnly endorsed this action. And in the ensuing three months about a dozen of these nations, headed by the U.S., have implemented their votes by dispatching armed forces to Korea.

A few weeks ago it seemed that the high purposes of the United Nations were in sight of attainment. Korea would soon be free and united and, still more important, the United Nations had at last become a reality. Henceforward, many of us hoped all the small nations of the world could look for protection to this body and there seemed good hope that peace and justice might soon be established on the permanent foundations of unchallengeable military power.

However, in the closing stages of the Korean campaign we are confronted with a new aggression by Communist China. This aggression is more flagrant even than that of North Korea against South Korea. This time it is not one small country which is being attacked: the lawless challenge has been thrown in the teeth of the United Nations.

If the United Nations were to blanch before this wanton and outrageous affront everything that has been gained in Korea would dissolve overnight. For it would immediately be plain that the actions of the United Nations were based on timorous expediency instead of courageous principle and everywhere, particularly in the Kremlin, it would be noted that aggression is only to be halted and punished when it is the work of small nations and that more powerful malefactors are to be allowed, as in the past, to go scot free.

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

London, Eng.

In Memoriam: GBS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sarah Gertrude Millin is the author of a biography of Field Marshall Smuts as well as many novels.*

To the Spectator

SIR: In his article on Shaw Mr. St. John Ervine writes: "'Lady Chatterley's Lover,' if he had read it, would have horrified him." I don't know positively that Shaw ever did read "Lady Chatterley's Lover" or what, in his deep heart, he thought or would have thought about it. But when he was at the Cape, in the early Thirties, I invited him and General Smuts to meet one another at lunch, saying to myself: "Here will be historic talk." Each tried conscientiously to produce it. Smuts told a story about his guerrilla work in the Boer War, which did not interest Shaw. Shaw, to enliven us, brought the conversation round to D. H. Lawrence (I don't remember how) and then said: "Every schoolgirl of sixteen should read 'Lady Chatterley's Lover.'" As Smuts seldon read novels and had never read Lawrence or heard of "Lady Chatterley's Lover," he saw no reason why every schoolgirl of sixteen should not read it, and, in his eager, polite way, he said: "Of course, of course." So nothing was provoked there.

Then Shaw tried another subject. He said that for a country to go off the gold standard was simple robbery. South Africa, committed too long to the gold standard, was at the time pining away, and Smuts (though I don't know whether Shaw had been in the country long enough to notice it) was going from platform to platform passionately preaching "Off gold." Here was no nonsense about novels, lovers, and schoolgirls; Smuts gripped his lips thinly together and made no response. The lunch soon ended.

Shaw was one of the first people I ever met in England. I knew almost nobody, but he asked me to his flat in the Adelphi; came in shyly; told me about his investments and Sir Horace Plunkett; told me another time that his best work was "Man and Superman"; that he began to fade in his sixties; had a renewal in his seventies; "but what can you expect (he said) from the eighties?"

SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN.

London, Eng.

To the Times

SIR: The Prime Minister and Mr. Nehru have found time to issue their tributes to Mr. Bernard Shaw. The lights on Broadway have been dimmed

Shakespeare on Russia

To the Sunday Times

SIR: What quotations from the works of Shakespeare can be most aptly applied to the world situation created by the intractability of Soviet Russia? I suggest the introduction to the Second Part of "Henry IV," in which Rumour ("I, from the Orient to the drooping west") says:

Upon my tongues continual slanders ride
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports,
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety wounds the world.

GEOFFREY D'EGVILLE.

London, Eng.

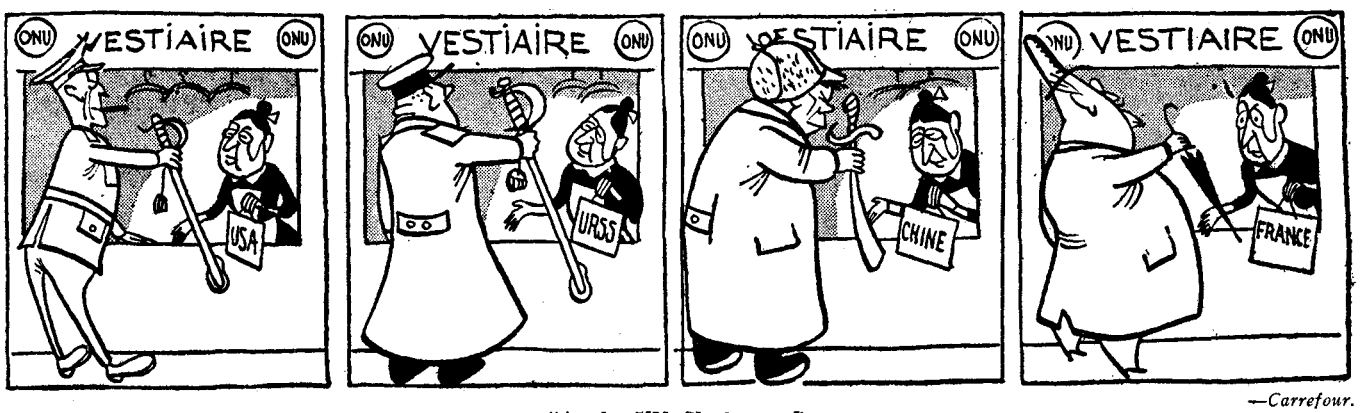
To the Sunday Times

SIR: I choose as a quotation aptly applied to the present world situation the following lines from "King John," Act V, Sc 1:

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror. . . .
. . . Shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

J. O. YOUNG.

Bolton, Eng.



—*Carrefour.*

"At the UN Cloakroom."

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Using the Atomic Bomb

To the Times

SIR: We who have signed this letter are not actively concerned in politics, and probably differ widely among ourselves in such political opinions as we hold. We are all profoundly convinced that in no circumstances should our country associate itself with the use of atomic weapons against people who have not used them against us, and that, without sacrifice of our honor or security, our Government should take the lead in a new and realistic endeavor to resolve by mutual agreement the international conflicts which now imperil the peace of the world and human civilization itself.

LESLIE BANKS, ARNOLD BAX, ADRIAN C. BOULT, BENJAMIN BRITTEN, LEWIS CASSON, E. M. FORSTER, CHRISTOPHER FRY, LAURENCE HOUSMAN, LESLIE HURRY, AUGUSTUS JOHN, ROGER LIVESEY, COMPTON MACKENZIE, MILES MALLESON, HENRY MOORE, VICTOR PASMORE, SYBIL THORNDIKE.

London, Eng.

To the Daily Telegraph

SIR: As we all know, in the field of manpower and conventional weapons (other than battle fleets) the Soviet Union and its satellites—I include China—have an immense advantage over the Atlantic Powers. In the field of atomic weapons, on the other hand, the United States, most fortunately, has established a marked lead, which it can almost certainly maintain for a number of years at least.

Hence the Politbureau's bogus peace campaign, designed to outlaw atomic weapons. Such weapons are all the Politbureau has to fear—and it does fear them.

The Politbureau believes that its campaign is very near success. To realize how real that danger is, it is only necessary to study the gloatings in the Communist press and wireless over the outcry that greeted President Truman's recent statement on the bomb. Humane and well-intentioned people here and elsewhere are so prone unwittingly to play our enemies' game.

The true aim, surely, is to outlaw not weapons of mass destruction, but war itself. Atomic weapons are not more inhumane or more destructive than conventional weapons; it is merely that they strike with more terrible swiftness.

Our enemies will never be the first to use the atomic bomb—their aggressions will take other forms. The atomic bomb may or may not be a war winner, but as a deterrent to would-be aggressors it is matchless. If, therefore, the free nations would remain free and at peace they must retain unfettered right to use it in response to naked aggression of any and every form.

LT.-GEN. H. G. MARTIN.

London, Eng.

in his honor. Distinguished men have tried to redeem their debt to him in the press and over the wireless and television. Individual actors and actresses have said affectionate things about him; and, doubtless, if there is a memorial service, they will all be there. But from the London theatre as a whole . . . not a movement, not a sign. When a king dies all the other courts go into mourning. When some great warrior dies the armed forces half-mast their flags. When a statesman dies both Houses of Parliament and all parties offer some gesture of respect. How is it that when Shaw dies the theatre, which of all professions should best understand a final curtain, has so far remained silent?

MICHAEL BURN.

London, Eng.

To the Times

SIR: We understand that notice has been given of a question to be asked in the House of Commons to elicit information upon any proposals there may be to perpetuate the memory of Mr. G. B. Shaw. It is, therefore, opportune that we should make preliminary mention of a proposal to erect in Welwyn Garden City a theatre to his memory. George Bernard Shaw was at all times keenly interested in the work of the late Sir Ebenezer Howard in founding and developing the second garden city, and he was a substantial shareholder in the developing company. From his home at Ayot St. Lawrence near by, which he gave to the National Trust, he paid constant visits to the town to do his shopping and inspect the development of the town.

We feel that in no manner could Shaw be better remembered than through a theatre and that in no place could he be more aptly remembered, so near to his home and to London, than in the town wherein he showed such interest.

J. N. O. CHEAR.
R. G. GOSLING.

Welwyn Garden City, Eng.

Man and Science

To the Sunday Times

SIR: As one of the body of workers referred to in Mr. L. L. Whyte's article "Is Science Destroying the Dignity of Man?" I feel that some of the views expressed should not go unchallenged.

Many, if not most, of the physicists and engineers engaged in the "drab teamwork" are by no means scientific slot machines, but have devoted careful thought to the problems mankind will inherit from their activities. They are far from the attitude ascribed to them by Mr. Whyte, namely, that it is the scientist's business to discover new facts and the duty of some amorphous and unspecified body to direct their application for the good of mankind.

In discussions on this subject it is as well to get into perspective the "atom neurosis." There have been few periods in the past in which man was not on the point of being overwhelmed by some real or imaginary terror; some of these occasions seem, in retrospect, not without a touch of humor, as when a wave of indignation and despair swept the country on the introduction of chain-shot in naval warfare by the unscrupulous French!

Meanwhile the statistics for the expectation of life creep inexorably upwards; a proof beyond contradiction that our much-maligned science is adding to human welfare.

This is no apologia for the prostitution of scientific effort which is taking place all over the world under the instigation of the primitive emotion of fear; it must be remembered, however, that the scientist is contributing in no small measure to the ultimate reduction of war to the absurdity it really is. The resources which now have to be deployed to kill a single man in battle are about fifteen times as great as in the First World War, and a hundred times those of the Boer War.

In addition, the number of Powers that can stage a modern war has been reduced to two; in fact to the point where mankind can see in the not too distant future, some faint but positive hope of universal agreement.

F. N. SCAIFE (B.Sc., M.I.E.E.).

Portsmouth, Eng.

Is Music Propaganda?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The interrelationship of art and politics is a recurrent controversy. Not long ago the correspondence columns of* SRL *were occupied with the Ezra Pound question. Here is a similar controversy in England over the composer Shostakovich.*

To the Sunday Times

SIR: Your report that Mr. Rudolf Schwarz proposes to exclude the music of Shostakovich from his programs because he considers it to be "Communistic propaganda" is very disquieting. The suggestion that a symphony can constitute propaganda for a political party is preposterous. Moreover, the banning of the "Communist Shostakovich" by Mr. Schwarz recalls the similar treatment meted out to the "Jew Mendelssohn" by the Nazis. It is not a question of approval or the reverse for Communism as a political creed. A principle is at stake. Art is above politics, and Mr. Schwarz cannot be unaware that the degradation of the arts for political purposes under the Hitler régime aroused the disgust of the civilized world.

A. HARRISON ELT.

London, Eng.

To the Sunday Times

SIR: Mr. A. Harrison Elt is wrong in assuming that the reason I exclude the music of Shostakovich from my programs is because it is "Communistic propaganda," or because "Shostakovich is a Communist."

My animosity towards Shostakovich arose when he went to the United States of America, one or two years ago, in order to make a political speech there on behalf of his régime. He then ceased to be just an artist, but made himself an active politician and a propagandist for Communism, which in my opinion is incompatible with his artistic integrity.

RUDOLF SCHWARZ.

Bournemouth, Eng.

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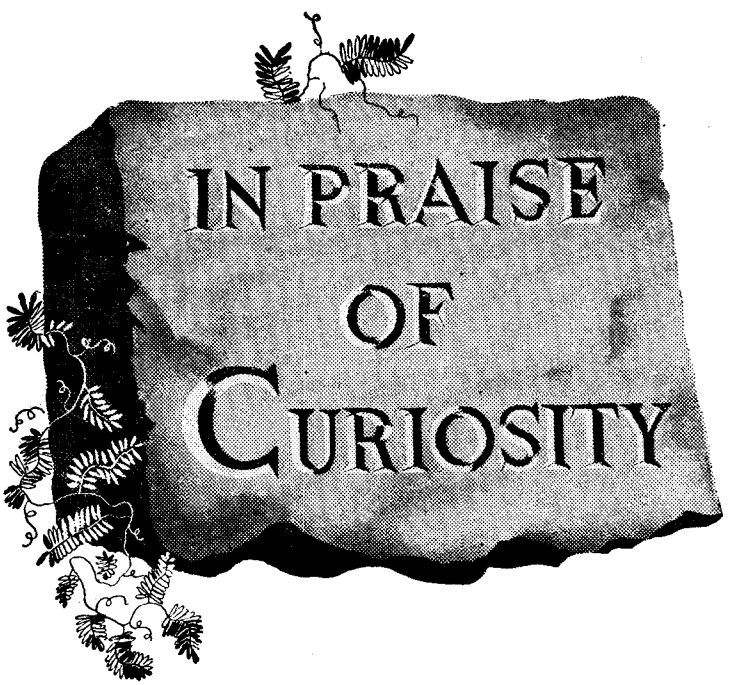

Perhaps it started with Eve—and humanity was thrust from the garden of Eden because **of it.**

Certainly the men of the Renaissance had it—Pasteur had it—Einstein has it.

Call it an itch, a restlessness, a divine afflatus. Point or waggle your finger at it, with talk of Prying Peters or dead cats. Blame it on genes, a bracing climate, an extra convolution of the brain.

But without it—nothing.

Without it, mothers dying of puerperal fever and men living in caves—without it, robotism and stagnation and the dead end.

May men always have it—a curiosity which will not be satisfied with dreams or appearances, but must probe until the lands are charted, the germ isolated, the truth exposed.

May men always prize it, always have the freedom to follow it and the means to nourish it.

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Transatlantic Letters—Restoration But Not Renaissance

MELVIN J. LASKY

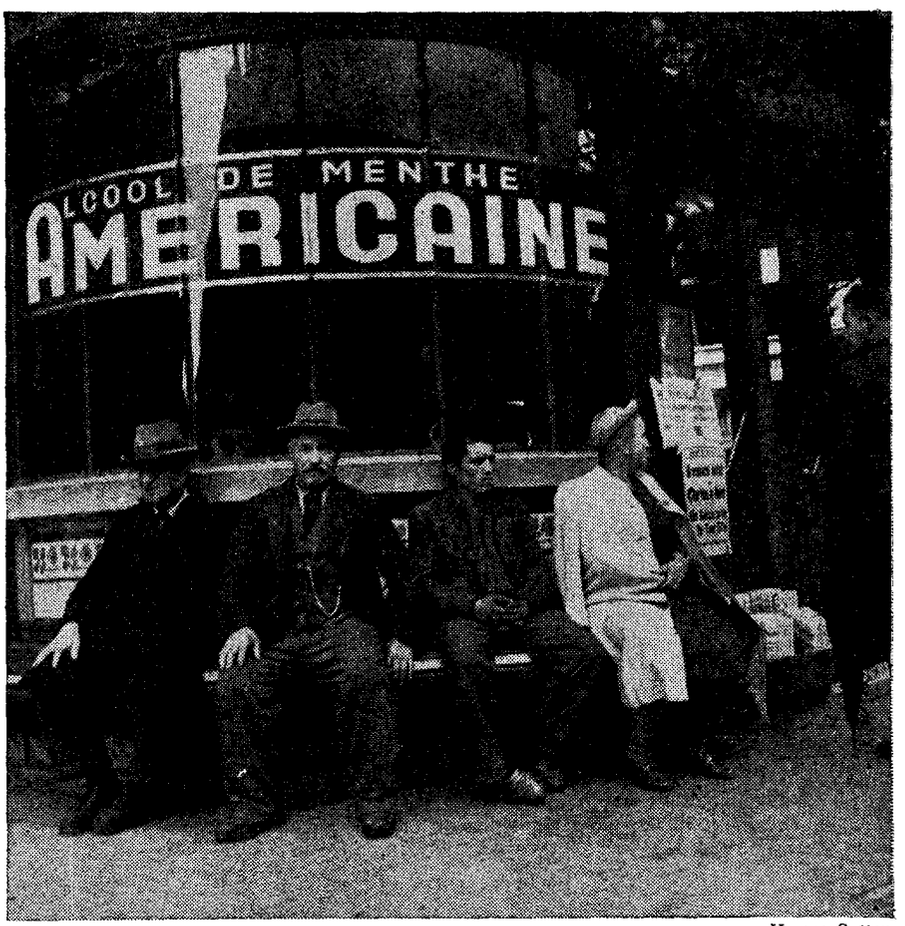
ON THE last day of the war, about a hundred miles southeast of the Dachau concentration camp, I picked up two young liberated inmates, a Dutch - Javanese Eurasian and a fair - haired, pretty Italian girl, both shouldering curiously crammed rucksacks. We drew up that evening before a little Austrian inn, and while I took out of my own bags the bottles of Riesling that I had brought across from Alsace they dumped onto the table a hundred or so small, musty, golden-brown volumes. An SS-Kommandant with a cultivated touch had looted them from some of the best private libraries of Europe; my companions, in their turn, had "repossessed" them. And as we drank through the night a strange sort of ritual took place. Following each toast the dark young man, with determination and love, would divide and distribute the books. He gave me volumes one, three, and seven of a seventeenth-century Montaigne, volumes two and four of an eighteenth-century Pascal, odd volumes of Rousseau, and other broken treasures. Somewhere in a wooden box I have them all today, including the first volume of a sixteenth-century Bible in Luther's translation.

In the five years that have elapsed the European spirit has come out of its rucksack, but if the melodrama of the resurgence has vanished there still remains the pathos and even the grotesquerie. Much has been changed; there has been renewal and recovery and a seeming return to normality. Universities have been reconstituted; the book stores are full; theatres have illustrious premieres; writers publish their novels and poetry; critics have resumed their polemics; European culture has come alive again.

Was there, then, no catastrophe? I remember, in those early days in Paris, Etienne Gilson, the historian of medieval philosophy, pushing open the door of his concierge's lodge to show me the little American flag planted in the flowerpot in the window. (Today Gilson in *Le Monde* preaches "neutrality" against the North Atlantic alliance.) I remember an afternoon in the Black Forest, talking with Heidegger about Santayana and Dewey and Morris Raphael Cohen, and thinking afterward as I drove through the timber road-blocks that this brilliant evil philosopher would never come down from the mountain (today his influence, with that of the equivocal Ernst Jünger, is almost the dominant one in German intellectual life); or staring at the rows of barbed wire in front of Karl Jaspers's house in Heidelberg (the barbed wire is no longer there, but then neither is Jaspers); or listening to George Orwell in an ugly little London flat with warped walls and floors (but Orwell is dead, and there is no one to take his place as the watchdog of the European conscience).

There are, I think, three main aspects to a "report on the recovery of European culture." First, the degree of emergence of a new European Idea. Second, the challenge of Soviet totalitarian Communism. And third, the new prominence of America.

No doubt about it, the recovery of European cultural and intellectual activity has been phenomenal. But then the Continent is old and resilient, and perhaps it is only we American believers in the apocalypse who think that little things like war destroy civilizations. The broken pieces have somehow drawn together again. *Le Temps* is now *Le Monde*, and André Gide still lives in the Rue Vaneau. The Left Bank cafés and bars are crowded as always with a transplanted American Bohemia. The *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* continues from its Swiss stronghold to read the rest of Europe stern lessons in conservatism. The famous Vienna Burg-Theater (now managed by Max Reinhardt's wife) is on a Continental tour. The



—*Horace Sutton.*

". . . the shadow of the New World across the old Continent?"

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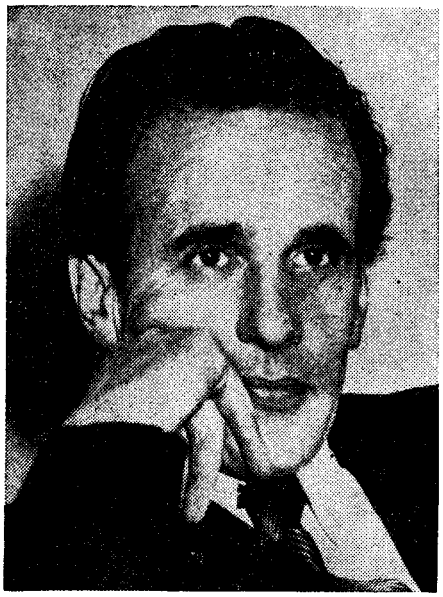
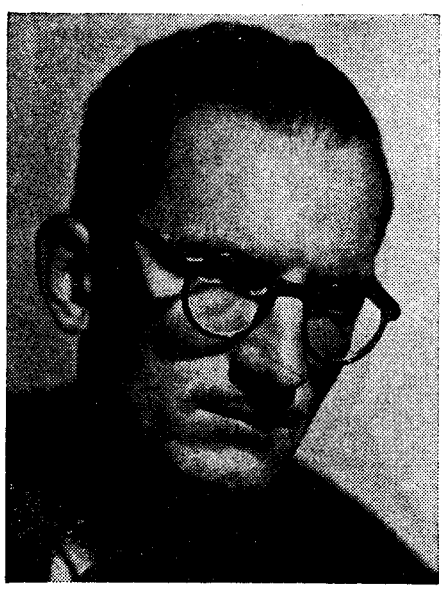


Hans Richter—"only strident apologia."



—*Facchetti.*

C. Virgil Gheorghiu—"end-of-the-worldism."

—*Harcourt.*

Albert Camus—"historical amnesia."

aged Croce still comes up with regular numbers of *Critica*, with that traditionally magnificent table of contents in which every contribution is signed B.C. (except possibly one, and that will be L.C., his daughter). Even in Berlin, a hundred miles behind the Iron Curtain, you can walk into the local gallery and look again at the Botticellis and Holbeins that were collected generations ago for the Kaiser Friedrich Museum.

THIS is the European surface; how deep it goes is hard to say. In so far as it has restored its physical foundations it has shown a will to survive and to flourish. Its spiritual content is another matter. The restoration has proceeded as if the past were no more than a golden memory and the future held no promise except that of a humdrum continuation of the present. Just as Europe's national states have resumed their national economies and nationalist politics, with only so much supranational tinkering as is necessary for survival, just so have cultural and intellectual activities been revived in the old framework. There is no "European university" other than Hendryk Brugmans's forty-student classroom at Bruges. There is no "European literature" beyond the reciprocal translation of novels and plays; no European history texts, no European plan or idea or enthusiasm (apart from vague fun in the name "Winston's drawers" given to the so-called European flag with its E in the middle that flies at Strasbourg). Paul Valéry, who saw so many things clearly, wrote toward the end: "We have lost our sense of the future."

And the sense of the past? What seems to have happened throughout all Europe is a kind of historical amnesia. "Those who cannot remember the past," Santayana had warned, "are condemned to repeat it." But here the crimes and the horrors have been repeated so often, why should anybody be condemned to remember them? In Germany the amnesia is total. There is no serious intelligent history of the Third Reich, no critical biography of Hitler, scarcely one honest, open-hearted reckoning with the past. There is Eugen Kogon's factually detailed "SS-Staat" (translated as "The Theory and Practice of Hell"), a sincere but confused book by Friedrich Meinecke translated as "The German Catastrophe," and that slim, penetrating volume by Jaspers, "Die Schuldfrage" ("The Question of German Guilt"), which nobody reads. Hardly anything else. The shelves are full of diaries and memoirs, but they are apologia, not history. Whether the author be the scholar Gerhard Ritter, the opportunistic financier Hjalmar Schacht, or the former bureaucrats Paul Schmidt, Erik Kordt, and Ernst von Weiszäcker, the story is the same: we expect revaluation and get only strident apologia. Even the most substantial and interesting of the new novels—Herman Kasack's "Die Stadt Hinter den Strom" ("The City Behind the Stream"), Bruno Werner's "Die Galeere" ("The Hulks"), Hans Richter's "Die Geschlagen" (published in America as "Beyond Defeat")—do not alter the picture. We can, you see, manage to escape history.

So far as I am aware this general situation obtains for the rest of Europe. Where is the Italian work on Fascism or the corporate state, the good keen biography of Mussolini? Where are the French reconsiderations of the disoriented Twenties or Thirties, the valid account of how France fell and why? "The deed of which the history is told must vibrate in the soul of the historian" (Croce). Who besides Marc Bloch has so vibrated? But he did not survive to see the Allied victory. In the book "Strange Defeat," which was this notable French historian's last testament (he was shot by the Gestapo), he wrote: "The generation to which I belong has a bad conscience. . . . We have our excuses, but I have long ceased to believe that they can wash us clean of guilt." This noble honesty is rare in Europe. American critics may be unhappy about the lack of "European depth and range" in writers like Steinbeck, Farrell, or Dos Passos; the Old World wishes it had them. Italians like Malaparte and Moravia, a Rumanian like Gheorghiu, a Frenchman like Sartre—all are poor substitutes.

IT HAS been a restoration; it has not been a renaissance. There was once an international avant-garde, and it grouped itself creatively around a number of extraordinary European journals: Gide's *Nouvelle Revue Française*, the German *Neue Rundschau*, T. S. Eliot's *Criterion*, Ortega y Gasset's *Revista del Occidente*, Max Rychner's *Neue Schweizer Rundschau*. This avant-garde retired gracefully in the Thirties, not in failure but in triumph. Today Europe refuses to allow its leaders to think of themselves as superannuated. Translations of Eliot appear on the literary pages of dozens of mass-circulation papers. Crowds mob Gide, Eliot, and Ortega as if they were film stars. Must there always be an avant-garde? I don't know. But there isn't a real one today. Shortly before the recent demise of *Horizon* Cyril Connolly lamented: "We have witnessed a continuous decline in all the arts. Literature has

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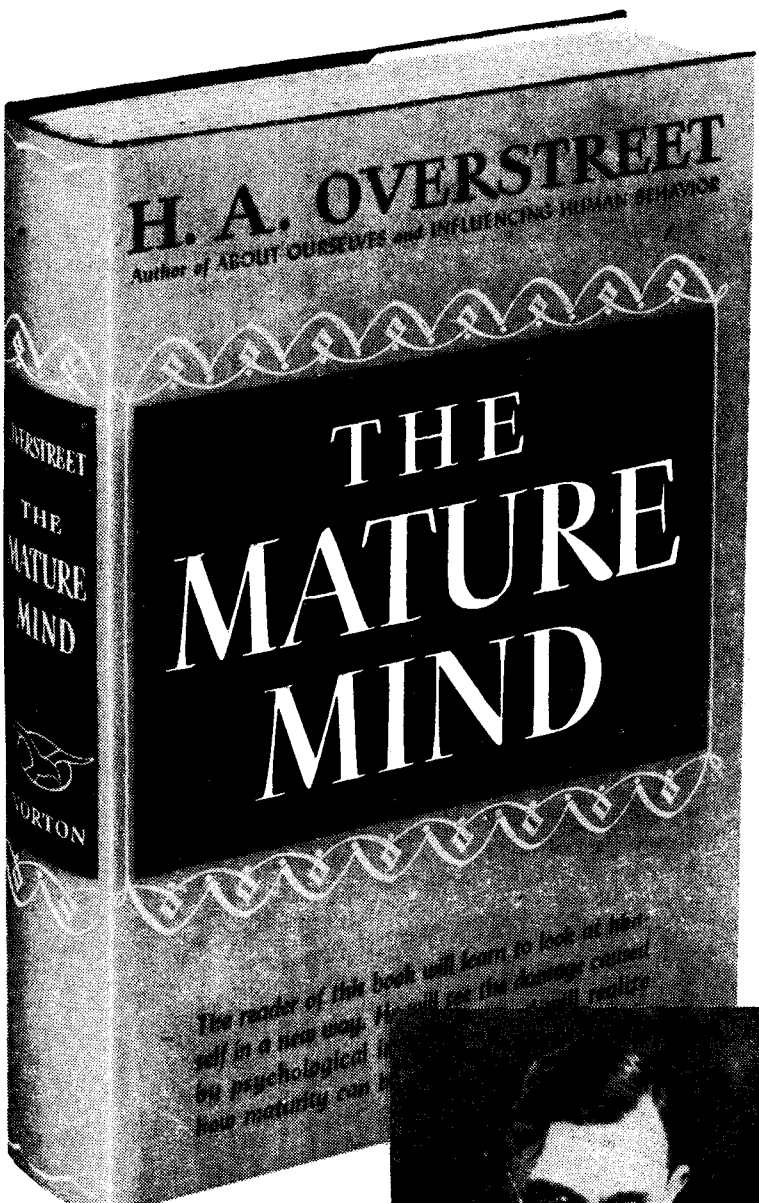

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—CLIFTON FADIMAN, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

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France

Few postwar European books of any worth whatsoever have failed to find American publishers. In this and the other lists accompanying Mr. Lasky's article are some representative examples of postwar European writing readily obtainable from domestic sources.

THE BARKEEP OF BLEMONT. By Marcel Aymé. Harper. $3. A brisk, violent, often amusing picture of the conflicting political tides in post-liberation France.

THE CENTURY WAS YOUNG. By Louis Aragon. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3. This early novel reveals Aragon's style if not his contemporary concerns. The author is today probably the most influential literary spokesman of the Communists in France. His most widely read and newest work, "Les Communistes," has not been translated into English.

STRANGE DEFEAT. By Marc Bloch. Oxford. $2.50. An analysis of the fall of France witnessed at first hand by a distinguished historian.

THE PLAGUE. By Albert Camus. Knopf. $3. Publicly disassociated from the existentialists Camus shares their resignation and despair as he mordantly views the follies and ills of modern man.

THE COMPANY OF MEN. By Romain Gary. Simon & Schuster. $2.75 (paper $1). Dickensian humor overlying the pathos of a Resistance orphan's adjustment to postwar anarchy.

WISDOM OF THE SANDS. By Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Harcourt, Brace. $4. A melancholy and instructive example of the confusion raised in a noble mind by the failure of French democracy.

THE AGE OF REASON. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Knopf. $3. First of three novels magnificently analyzing the progression in France from Resistance to Communism to disillusionment.

been robbed of Joyce, Yeats, Virginia Woolf, Wells, Valéry, Freud, [Sir James] Frazer, to name but a few, and their places are not being filled. This is not because there is a decline in talent, but rather owing to the gradual dissolution of the environment in which it ripens." The long-ripened national talents have now won readers and prestige beyond every frontier; but a new, genuinely international environment has not yet been created.

Such internationalization as exists is as synthetic as the OEEC — the European board that deals with Marshall Plan questions. It is touching and erratic. In the past year I have pushed my way with crowds into theatres to see plays by Tennessee Williams in Paris, Sartre in Zurich, Arthur Miller in Vienna, Lorca and Kafka and Fry in Berlin. Hemingway's new novel becomes a subject of national debate in Britain, of philological-pornographic disputation (and black-market business) in Germany, of a dog-fight between Moravia and Vittorini in the pages of *Il Mondo* in Italy. Kafka becomes a new Continental discovery, after the Kafkaesque absurdity that his books are reimported in their original German edition from New York. The masterly novels of the Austrian Robert Musil become popular again in Central Europe after the London *Times Literary Supplement* notes their neglect. Paradox, ambiguity, confusion. A Sartre play, written as a manifesto of the resistance against the German occupation, gets performed in Allied-occupied Germany without anybody saying, "But Germany too is occupied!" There is a similar short circuit in the reception of English opinion on the Continent—for what should Continentals make of Graham Greene's reminder (in "Why I Write") that Tom Paine said, "We must take care to guard even our enemies against injustice," they who are still struggling to find out who their enemies are and what is just and unjust? Europe is uncertain and contradictory, groping to attach itself to new allegiances. It is not yet an "environment," though it is perhaps the beginning of one.

Or do I mean the end of one? I write from Berlin, subject to the atmosphere of this politically isolated but culturally magnetic capital. When we consider that the Europe of which I have been talking is only a rump-Europe, a fragment of the heartland, without Goethe's Weimar and Luther's Wittenberg, without the traditionally fructifying cultures of the Slavic East, the inadequacies and perils of the present situation become apparent. Opposite the house of Schiller in Weimar stands (or stood when I was there last) an MVD headquarters. Behind the Iron Curtain a terrible spiritual drouth is withering the roots of all that was European in those lands. A philosophy student in the Soviet Zone of Berlin told me he would no longer be able to borrow Plato and Aristotle from the library; the risk of suspicion by the "thought control" police was becoming too great. A history student in Leipzig could no longer get the texts of Carlyle and Edmund Burke for a paper on the French Revolution; bourgeois commentaries were considered "methodologically superfluous" and "scientifically unnecessary." Meanwhile German culture itself, physically divided as it is, seems to be suffering from shock. For almost a century, after all, it had been a kind of mediator between Eastern mysticism and Western rationalism. India was a major subject of German cultural concern, not merely of German scholarship. As for Russia, in the last fifty years some 800 books on Dostoievsky alone were published in Germany. Through Germany, though also directly, Russia sent rich and stimulating cultural currents into Western Europe. If it's true that Russia needs Europe politically as well as spiritually it is also true that Europe needs Russia.

HAS the European spirit faced the challenge of Communist totalitarianism? Hardly. Neither in the sense of comprehending the new ravages which that spirit is suffering in the East nor of recognizing its persistence in the West. It was somehow characteristic of this weary irresponsibility that UNESCO should recently have abandoned its inquiry into "cultural freedom" the moment it became a matter of peering behind the Iron Curtain; the satellites were suddenly sacrosanct; they were, after all, member states. Nor could the German PEN club, even over the protest of such distinguished figures as Theodore Plievier, author of "Stalingrad," and Eugen Kogon, editor of the distinguished *Frankfurter Hefte*, be dissuaded from freely re-electing as chairman one of the most wretched of the Stalinist cultural commissars in Eastern Europe, Johannes R. Becher (who thereupon reassured them of the real "humanitarian character" of the Soviet concentration camps). In Austria not one literary personality could be found last summer willing to accompany Silone and Koestler to the international Congress for Cultural Freedom in Russian-surrounded Berlin. (But who was there left anyway?

(*Continued on page* 68)

Britain

THE HEAT OF THE DAY. By Elizabeth Bowen. Knopf. $3. Miss Bowen's only novel published here since the war explores the problems of personal and national loyalty.

A FEARFUL JOY. By Joyce Cary. Harper. $3. Writing in the picaresque tradition, Joyce Cary covers seventy years of English life as lived by a memorable gallery of minor characters.

TWO WORLDS AND THEIR WAYS. By Ivy Compton-Burnett. Knopf. $3.50. A comedy of manners composed mostly of dialogue full of hostile wit.

BACK. By Henry Green. Viking. $3. Arresting style, though the characters seldom engage one's emotions.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER. By Graham Greene. Viking. $3. The struggle between good and evil as seen by a modern Catholic moralist.

NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR. By George Orwell. Harcourt, Brace. $3. A bitter and frightening view of the totalitarian world that threatens.

THE LOVED ONE. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. $2.50. A raging and hilarious reduction to absurdity of the highest reaches of American salesmanship.

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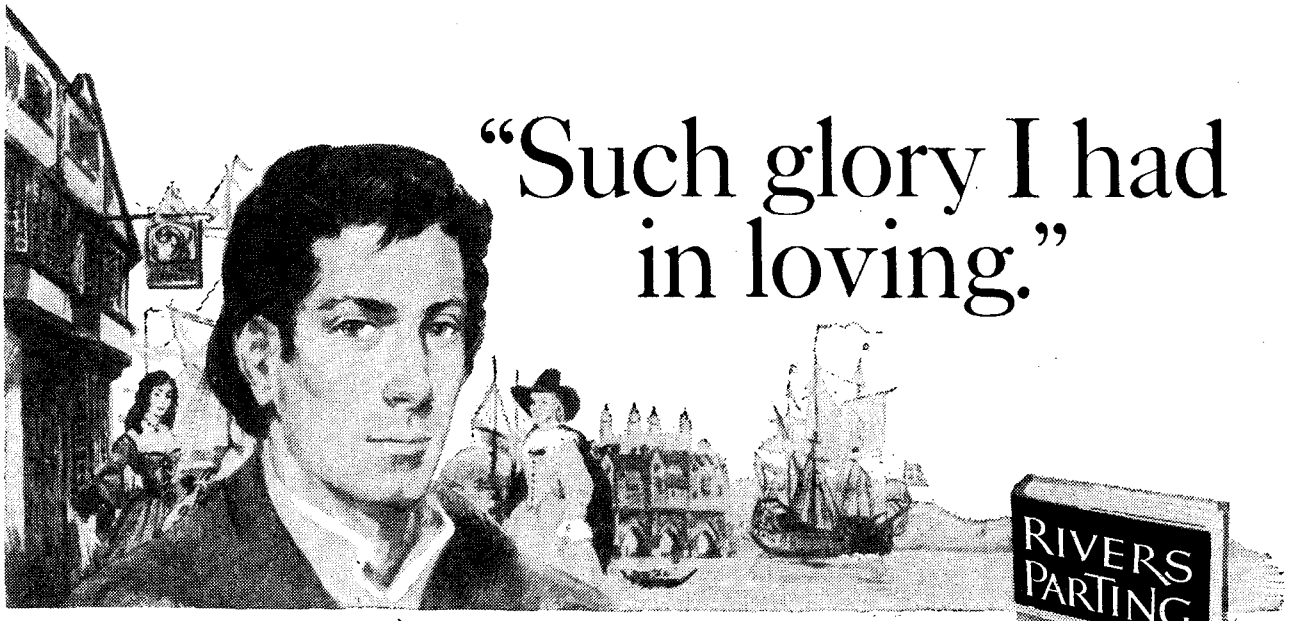

"Such glory I had in loving."

IT IS in the rye hills and saffron meadows near Sherwood Forest, when the memory of Robin Hood's men was still green, that the story of the Scarlocks begins.

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Here is New Hampshire in America, where the king's men build a happy land that honors both the spirit and the flesh—until the godly men of Massachusetts come with laws to still their neighbors' laughter. Here a strange little girl named Nan boasts that her mother was the first harlot in Portsmouth. And here Joan bears John a son, and calls him Will.

Here is London, when young Will returns to his father's England in the year of the plague . . . when a girl in a scarlet dress plays her lute to keep her city gay while the street-voices cry "Bring out your dead!". Here is the goose-fair wedding, old as England, and ill-omened, where Will and the lute-girl, Doll, are joined together in haste and carnival joy. Here is the Great Fire of London, when all the living gather to watch the mighty timbers of St. Paul's burn and totter . . . when Will finds Nan again, and knows the glory of loving and the sin of hoping that his wife is dead in the flames.

And here is the story of the strange, unholy happenings in New Hampshire when three who love come home to live out their strange destiny, hoping still for "happiness in spite of Hell".

RIVERS PARTING is a love story magically told . . . written with such superb compassion for human love, both sanctified and illicit, as only a finished artist can put into words. Throughout 1951 it will be read by hundreds of thousands. We know that many will be drawn to it because of *Peace, My Daughters,* Shirley Barker's exceptional first novel, which awakened the literary world to a new star among writers. Some will be drawn by what they may hear of its unconventional, though reverent treatment of the life of the spirit and the life of the flesh. Many will read it because it is a novel showing the beginnings of the American spirit as it put down its first roots. But all will realize that somehow, through her fervor, her simplicity, and her storytelling wizardry, Shirley Barker has made each of her readers experience the intense emotions of the people she has brought to life.

The Literary Guild has chosen RIVERS PARTING for its January selection, and it is the general opinion among advance readers that it is destined for the top of the bestseller lists.

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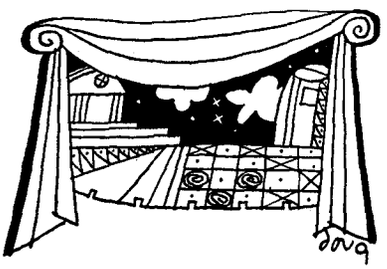
New Voices and Old

JOHN MASON BROWN

THERE was that nun, Hroswitha by name, who in the tenth century at the Abbey of Gandersheim in Saxony was secular enough to write plays filled with those scenes of "unlawful love and the insidious sweetness of passion" which moralists seem fated to rely upon to make their points. "The strong voice of Gandersheim" she called herself. I name her only because the need for strong voices, which is great in the world of terrible reality, is great even in the world of make-believe.



Playwrights are the theatre's voices. Like all authors speaking to large audiences they are at once voices and echoes. They speak for others while speaking for themselves. Yet strong or weak as their voices may be just now, it is largely upon the playwrights who made their names in the Twenties or Thirties that the theatre on both sides of the Atlantic is forced to depend for its fare in the Fifties.

This is a melancholy fact. Count it first among all the ills of the present-day stage. It is more serious by far than the prohibitive and ever-rising costs of production; the decline of the road; the troubles with the unions; the shrinking number of playhouses; the sad conditions which have come to mean that every play which is not a hit is condemned to be a flop; the talent-snatching of Hollywood, radio, and television; and those other familiar woes which are always being enumerated. This lack of young blood explains much. It explains why the heat and the daring one hopes for are missing. It is the reason for the more than middle-aged conventionality of so much contemporary playwriting.

The major cause for this absence of replacements is plain enough. Everyone must nowadays understand as never before the meaning of the civilized man who said he trembled to think that Shakespeare and Cervantes could have been exposed to measles at one and the same time. The toll in talent of two world wars is tragically beyond calculation. The survivors of World War I who thought of themselves as belonging to a "lost generation" were not among that generation's losses. No one can guess at the number of potential dramatists in the millions who were silenced in both wars. If the governments of the world have by common admission suffered in the quality of their leadership because of the possible leaders snuffed out in these wars, all the arts, including the drama, are bound to have sustained their irreplaceable casualties too.

How great the theatre's loss has been is made clear by considering the new playwrights, foreign and native, heard from since Pearl Harbor whose voices can be described as either strong or important. I speak only of those dramatists whose works have been produced in New York. The list is pathetic in its brevity. It is likewise pathetic because so few of its scant entries are young, so many are middle-aged, and because two of the "new" names it includes are not really new at all.

The Americans I would put on such a list are Tennessee Williams (age thirty-six), Arthur Miller (thirty-five), and Gian-Carlo Menotti (thirty-nine), in spite of the fact that Mr. Menotti only lives here and is not a citizen. France's candidates are Jean Anouilh (forty), Jean-Paul Sartre (forty-five), and Jean Giraudoux (who died six years ago at sixty-two). England's representatives are Christopher Fry (forty-two) and the erstwhile St. Louisan T. S. Eliot (sixty-two). It is not without saddening significance that the average age of these newcomers, real or arbitrary, is forty-five.

Let me give my reasons for including Giraudoux and Eliot on such a list; a list, I repeat, which is based on New York productions alone. To be sure, Giraudoux's extremely interesting "Siegfried" ran for twenty-three performances at Miss LeGallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre in 1930, and seven years later the Lunts scored a personal triumph in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of his "Amphitryon 38." It was, however, with "The Enchanted" in 1950 and most especially with "The Madwoman of Chaillot" in 1948 that American playgoers in large numbers became acquainted with the mind and heart of Giraudoux. In the same way T. S. Eliot, so long established as a poet and critic, was first represented on Broadway in 1936 with "Murder in the Cathedral." I dare to enroll him among the new voices not only because he undertook a new kind of dramatic verse in "The Cocktail Party" but certainly reached his widest audience with that play.

These "new" voices are of mixed

Drama

Postwar drama from Europe is well represented in American book catalogs. For those who missed the stage productions this selected reading list may be useful.

ANTIGONE. By Jean Anouilh. Translated by Lewis Galantière. Samuel French. 85c. Great tragedy presenting the clash between moral purpose and political opportunism with skill and eloquence.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace. $3. A modern "morality play" in the form of a social comedy, and the object of much critical praise and discussion.

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING. By Christopher Fry. Oxford. $2.50. A comedy in verse, rich in verbal conceits, by a playwright currently acclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic. The same publisher offers Fry's "Venus Observed" and "A Phoenix Too Frequent."

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT. By Jean Giraudoux. Random House. $2.50. An enchanting satiric fantasy on materialism in the modern world. Written during the occupation of Paris, but first performed after the war.

COLLECTED PLAYS. By Sean O'Casey. Macmillan. $5. Major dramas by Ireland's outstanding living playwright.

SEVEN PLAYS. By J. B. Priestley. Harper. $5. A sampling of one of England's most popular and prolific dramatists.

NO EXIT, AND THE FLIES. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Knopf. $2.50. Two arresting melodramas by a prominent existentialist. For a guignol on the American South see "The Respectful Prostitute" in Sartre's "Three Plays," also published by Knopf. $3.

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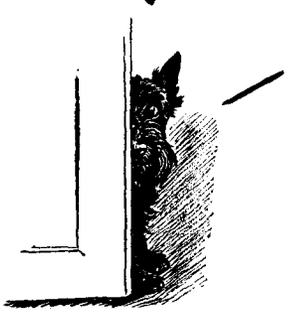
merits and speak for talents of very different kinds and dimensions. Nonetheless, their possessors are men who are not cautious followers of old formulas. They have dared to dig channels of their own. They have not been content to pass the time by bypassing their times. That is why they have been welcome and exciting, and have commanded attention.

Yet the shortness of the list is disturbing. So too are geographical omissions. Three, and only three, nations are represented on it. Twenty-five years ago the normal expectation would have been to hear from new playwrights in Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Spain, and Germany. A heavy silence seems to have engulfed the stage in these countries. Although their theatres may be active locally, they have produced no dramatists in the last decade well-known beyond their boundaries. Even Italy, which has contributed magnificent films, has been voiceless theatrically.

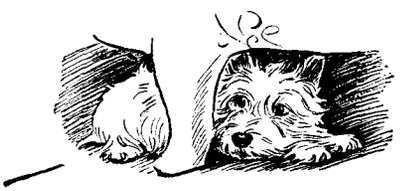
The strange peace in which we have found ourselves has been more responsible for this silence than the war. Dictatorship, Communist suppression, fear, uncertainty, poverty, the pressures of ceaseless crises, all these are among the numbing factors. Even in the free lands the number of important young playwrights is shrinking. The talents drawn away from the drama in certain countries by the larger and steadier rewards of the movies and radio may account for a portion of this falling off. But its causes run deeper, I believe, than the natural hopes for financial security. They reach down to the basic insecurities of the present-day world.

Goethe in a famous passage once asked himself, "What are the conditions that produce a great classical national author?" The emergence of such an author, Goethe decided, depends upon several things. He must be born in a great commonwealth. That commonwealth must, after a series of great and historic events, have become a happy, unified nation. The author must find in his countrymen loftiness of disposition, depth of feeling, vigor, and consistency of action. The national spirit must thoroughly pervade him. Through his innate genius he must feel capable of sympathizing with the past as well as with the present. In order to encounter no difficulties in obtaining a high degree of culture for himself, he must find his nation in a high state of civilization. The spade work in literature must already have been done. Much material must already have been collected and be ready for use, and his predecessors must already have made a large number of more or less perfect attempts. Finally, conditions must be such that,

They'll always find Us



"WE'RE TOO WELL KNOWN TO STAY HIDDEN LONG, WHITEY!"



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instead of having to pay too dearly for his mistakes, he will be able in the prime of his life to see the possibilities of a great theme and to develop it according to some uniform plan into a well-arranged and well-constructed literary work.

No wonder, considering the enormity of these "musts," that Goethe had to admit the emergence of such an author is the result of what he described, with immoderate moderation, as "a happy conjuncture of outer and inner circumstances." Certainly those outer and inner circumstances are not in happy conjuncture at the present time. Nor is there any likelihood of their being so in the unpredictable future.

A few weeks back London's Alan Pryce-Jones was pointing out in *The New York Times* the novelist's dilemma in the contemporary world. "To write a good novel," said he, "the one thing necessary is to keep perfect control of a subject. Yet if the subject is itself changing all the time this becomes impossible. And in a period when social backgrounds, personal relationships, even living conditions, are never static, subjects for fiction split and come together again and dart away, like mercury. . . . The great novelists of the past have always known just where they stood. Now, however, no novelist knows exactly where he stands. And so his chances of conveying any clear notion of a world which is itself in motion are small indeed. Most of the time he will be too busy focusing."

The novelist's dilemma is today shared by the dramatist. If he is content to be a mere entertainer and can close his eyes to reality, his task remains comparatively simple. But if he is a big man, alert to what is happening and anxious to come to grips with a large theme, he will run into countless difficulties. No play he writes can hope to compete with the tragic drama of the world around him. All make-believe pales before its ugly facts. His subject is apt to slip away from him. He too faces the problem of finding the right focus and of functioning as an artist at a moment when most people, including many artists, are tempted to regard the arts as irrelevances, if not impertinences.

The difficulties faced by dramatists in the world that now confronts us are many. Being of a kind to test to the utmost their powers of concentration and challenge their highest talents, they explain why the number of new playwrights with strong voices is small. But the fact that such a list can exist at all is not without meaning or totally devoid of encouragement. It is a proof of how stubborn and resilient are the stuffs of civilization.

Marcello Pagliero and Anna Magnani in "Open City"—"a grim living-on."

THE MOVIES

European Films & American Audiences

RICHARD GRIFFITH

THE LIBERATION of Europe from the Nazis ushered in what promised to be a golden age of the European film. After five years of occupation the hunger for film was such that America was able to flood the market with productions which, even when they were five and ten years old, were bound to make a fortune. This hunger seems to have had a specific source. Energies which formerly had been absorbed by the Resistance were pouring into new channels. All over Western Europe "ciné clubs" sprang up, private groups which eventually formed a sort of extra-theatrical distribution system of their own. The members of these clubs were mostly young people—intellectually advanced and often politically radical young people. To counterbalance the films about the far-off dream world of the USA they sought and screened films dramatizing their own experiences and aspirations. For a time such films were prodigally forthcoming.

The first postwar films were remarkable indeed. Old molds were broken, new ones formed. The camera loves actual life, and Rossellini's "Open City" and "Paisan," René Clément's "La Bataille du Rail" seemed to bring us closer to actuality than films had done in years. I wrote in 1947 that in these films "ideas arise from the material, they do not control it, they hardly shape it. The line between documentary and fiction disappears as we watch ordinary men and women enact experiences closer to them than even the Revolution was to Eisenstein's workers and peasants. . . . Little of this comes from learned skill. Rossellini and his team were men mainly without film experience until a few years ago. The men and women who people their films are innocent for the most part of any facility beyond doing things they know from their own lives. It all comes out of war and death and the release of passionate emotions. Such an art seems bound to follow the chain of events which brought it into being, just as has happened in Russia during the last thirty years. And there are signs that this is about to come to pass."

The signs appear to have been right. The French and Italian effort to make the experience of the Resistance a symbol of militant democracy petered

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out within two years. Both Clément and Rossellini held up the image of the Partisan as the "new man" who might shape the future toward some more human scale of things. The Partisan as hero has now entirely disappeared from French and Italian films, just as he disappeared from life itself when the Resistance, which had united all sorts and conditions of men, expired in factionalism. Rossellini after making one picture about postwar Europe—"Germany, Year Zero," the coldest film on record—involved himself in the mysticism of "The Miracle" and the romantic escapism of "Stromboli." The films of other Italian directors reflect other forces in the jungle of post-Fascist Italy. Luigi Zampa's "Angelina" raised all the political issues and then solved them by having a magnate turn over his luxury housing project to the proletariat and offer his son in marriage to the daughter of a laborer—along with, presumably, half his kingdom. Zampa's earlier film "To Live in Peace" described and idealized that peasant inertia in the face of tyranny which Carlo Levi records with some complacency in his book "Christ Stopped at Eboli." Pictures such as "A Bullet for Stefano" and "The Mill on the Po" remove the scene of political and economic struggle to the nineteenth century; their proletarian heroes meet tragic ends, after toying for a while with the idea of going to America (they never do go; perhaps it would not be tactful to let them, since these pictures are made for the Italians who stayed at home). Most of the films touching on contemporary problems provide a ready-made "solution," tacked on to bring the plot to a close. Only De Sica's "Bicycle Thief" stands out as mute indictment of a society grown indifferent to the fate of most of its members. Honest film that it is, it can suggest no answer except a grim living-on.

In France the effort to bring contemporary life to the screen hardly had a chance to come into being. "La Bataille du Rail" is its only outstanding example. Under the Occupation French film-makers had perforce to turn away from realism; theirs were films without hope for the future, devoted to conjuring up the image of a half-imaginary historic past. Such were "Les Enfants du Paradis," "Les Visiteurs du Soir," "L'Eternel Retour," and a host of others—"tasteful commercial films," Nicole Vedres called them, inaugurated by the Vichy Government. After liberation another motive for the continuance of such production appeared, a motive we have encountered before: in 1919, and after, the banks of Berlin spent millions of marks on big-scale fantasies and cos-

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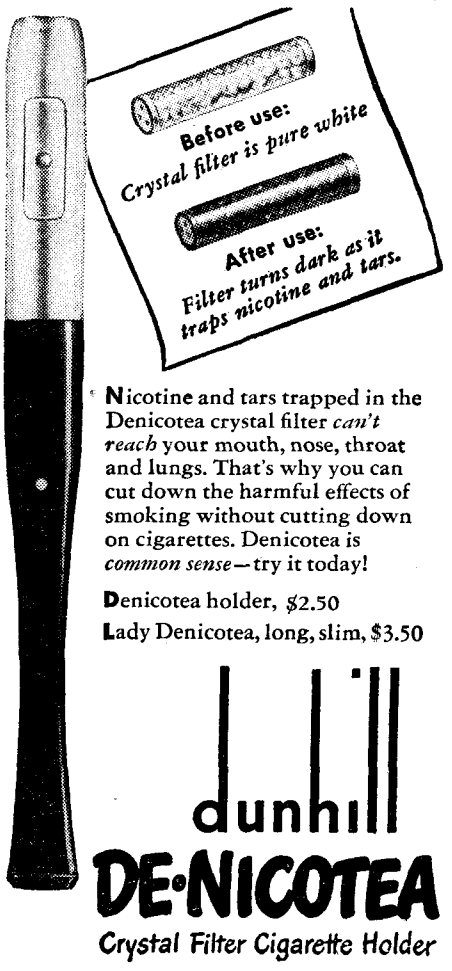

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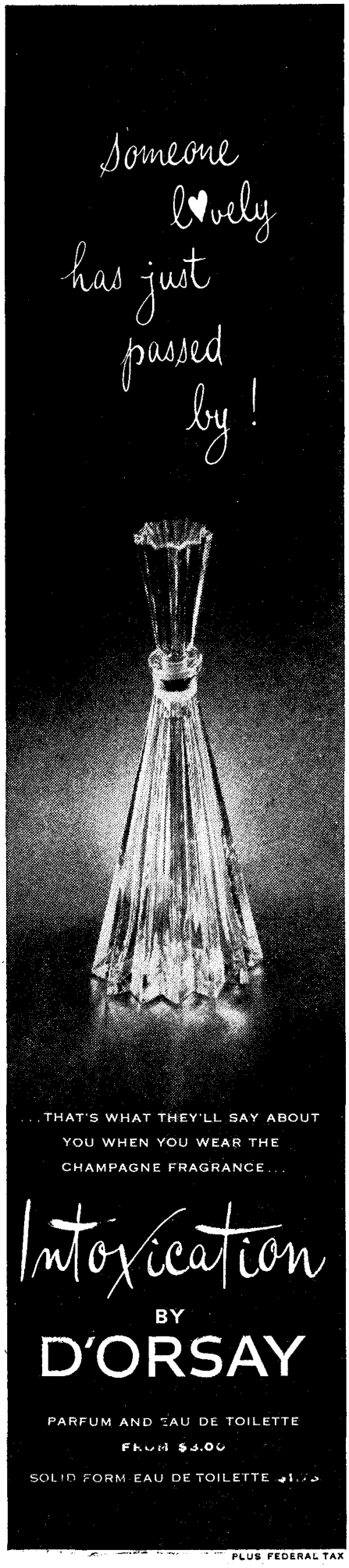
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tume dramas in an effort to remove the stigma from German films by associating them with Art. At the end of 1945 Jean Cocteau, on location for "La Belle et la Bête," was visited by a film magnate who told him, "We are counting on this picture to restore the world prestige of French films." The producers of France still believe that fantasy, nostalgia, and artiness are the keys to prestige—and M. Cocteau and others like him continue to receive apparently unlimited finances with which to film their "Orpheuses" and "Terrible Parents" and "Two-Headed Eagles." Of France and the French as they are today we seldom catch a glimpse.

In England production policy has followed a similar line. Having decided that the American market alone could make possible the development of a healthy British film industry, J. Arthur Rank set out to capture it with a series of super-productions which might be summed up as Good Taste in Technicolor. Britain's film-makers, who during the war had approached British life more closely than ever before, now found themselves engaged on "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Hamlet," "Great Expectations," and other academic recordings. The case of Carol Reed is crucial. In 1939 he directed "The Stars Look Down," an unprecedented and uncompromising account of working-class life—a film of monumental reality. His film of the British Army, "The Way Ahead," written by Eric Ambler, was as intimately human and at bottom as socially oriented as its predecessor. "The True Glory," on which he collaborated with Garson Kanin, was one of the great achievements of wartime documentary. The first post-Rank film of this realist was "Odd Man Out," a postured illustration of a passé metaphysical thesis which was cousin-german to "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Having fallen out of the hands of Ambler into those of Graham Greene, Reed has subsequently offered the pretentious psychologism of "The Fallen Idol" and the melodramatic pseudo-realism of "The Third Man."

"The Third Man" was one of the few foreign films of recent years to be liked by the American public (the trade attributes its box-office success to the popularity of the theme song). For the rest, the British super-productions, the French fantasies, and the Italian amalgams of sex and ideology have found few audiences outside New York. And here their audience—at least their vocal audience—has been composed of the intelligentsia. Contemplating the reactions of this group to foreign films, one feels like con-

(*Continued on page 85*)

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Festivals and the Twelve-Tone Row

NICOLAS NABOKOV

DESPITE a widespread fear and sense of helplessness, despite a sense of cultural disintegration due to a loss of faith in the values of European culture, despite a feeling of guilt about the past and gloom about the future, despite destruction and impoverishment and innumerable other destructive factors, European cultural life has, by and large, resumed a kind of prewar normality.

In certain of its aspects this cultural life has even become broader in scope, more varied, and more intense.

This is certainly the case with music. In France, England, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and the Benelux countries musical life seems to be having an unprecedented boom, crowded with music festivals of all kinds, sizes, and caliber, with important productions of new works and revivals of old ones.

One has only to look, for example, at the list of music festivals held last summer in France to grasp the scope of this activity. France, which before the war had no festivals to speak of, is now one of the leading countries in international festivalry. France runs, or rather ran last summer, three major festivals (Strasbourg, Aix-en-Provvence, Bordeaux) and a host of minor ones (Versailles, Besançon, Biarritz, etc.), not counting the annual spring season in Paris, which is a festival in itself, and the Bach festival at Prades, which was mostly an American venture, designed to pay homage to Pablo Casals, and which had only a tenuous connection with Europe's musical life.

The same festival frenzy has to a greater or lesser extent penetrated most of the countries of Western Europe—in particular, Italy and Switzerland. A part of all this is, of course, a happy device to attract native and foreign tourists. In this sense festivals are pure business, a facet of the European tourist trade. The festivals cater to the deep-rooted cultural snobbishness of international touristry, and are intended to become focal points in summer sightseeing campaigns. To some tourists the festival has replaced the sedate spa of the nineteenth century. Music has taken over the therapeutic role of Vichy water, which soothes, not the liver, but the troubled mind or soul.

Yet the most important side of the European music festival boom is the result of a genuine desire to stimulate understanding of, and revive the love for, the great musical traditions of Europe. Although worried and doubtful about the value of their culture, and especially about its ability to revitalize itself and again play a leading role in human affairs, Europeans are particularly proud and in need of their musical traditions. In a curious and very tangible way music appears to be a living image of their culture much more than any of the other arts. When so much of Europe seems to be a vast, endless museum relegated to the past, where palaces, castles, cathedrals, tapestries, pictures, statues, and even books and ideas, seem to be reduced to only a memory of days past, a reminder of what European culture has been—music alone seems alive, active, unaged.

The most attractive side of the European musical scene is its abundance of music-making. Wherever you go in Europe you find an interesting opera performance, a symphony concert, a choir festival, or the recital of some first-rate instrumentalist. The average standard of performance is as good, if not better than before the war. There is a whole new generation of excellent instrumentalists in Europe, as well as newly established or completely revamped symphonic orchestras and opera companies. Only a trickle of these new performing ensembles or young artists reaches the concert managers' closely guarded American market. For, despite the great influx of fresh talent to the United States since the war, the American music market continues to thrive mainly on those European artists who made their reputation here before 1940 or during the war.

Dinu Lipatti (with his wife)—"one of the authentic musical geniuses of our time."

THERE exists in Europe, for example, a remarkable postwar generation of pianists, only a few of whom have succeeded in coming to the United States. Unfortunately, the greatest and unquestionably the most important figure of this new generation, the young Rumanian pianist Dinu Lipatti, will never be heard here, for only a few weeks ago he succumbed to a merciless disease, a kind of cancer of the blood. The brief story of Dinu Lipatti's life is a profoundly tragic one. For to all those who have heard him play he was without the shadow of a doubt one of the most authentic musical geniuses of our time. Lipatti's playing was a mixture of penetrating intellectual powers and genuine, tender-hearted sentiment. It had in it the special attractiveness of a mellow Eastern European musical world, with none of its "gypsy" sentimentality. Anyone who has heard him play Mozart or Schumann or Bach will inevitably compare any future performances with the standard set by Lipatti.

Among other important pianists on the Central European horizon is the young Hungarian Geza Anda, whose reputation has been growing in Europe for the last five years. Then, there is the whole constellation of young French pianists, so many of whom studied under the famous and venerable Marguerite Long. Here we have heard only two of the youngest—the admirable Nicole Henriot and the excellent, if somewhat erratic, Samson François. The most important of these are Monique Haas, Yvonne Loriod, Yvette Grimmaud, Renée Joy, and, of

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the somewhat older generation, Yvonne Lefébure and Jacques Fevrier. All of these artists have their own particular talents, but the surprising thing about them is the flawlessness of their technical equipment. This is perhaps the most characteristic phenomenon of the European artists of our time. It has its parallel in America. The ease with which these young people read and memorize complicated scores and perform what to a layman would seem insurmountably difficult music has, I believe, never been matched by pianists of the past.

The same proficiency can be found among the new generation of conductors. Young men like Markevitch, Fricsay, Previtali, Celibidache, Kletzki, and Karajan are formidable musicians, with a cultural training that often surpasses that of their predecessors. One of the most interesting of these is the young Hungarian conductor of the American Radio Orchestra in Berlin, Ferenc Fricsay. In a year and a half Fricsay has built up one of Europe's best symphonic ensembles, while at the same time conducting many performances of the Berlin Opera and the Berlin Philharmonic, playing a variety of programs which ranged from new American music to the latest works of modern German composers. To my taste Fricsay is one of the most promising of the young conductors; studious, cultured, confident, he is always at the service of the music he performs and in that he typifies the best characteristics of the new European artists.

YET behind this abundance and apparent health there is a tragic emptiness or rather a sense of fear and insecurity, of precariousness, of the inevitability of disaster which pervades all aspects of European creative and performing culture. Musicians are confronted with terrible problems. The most obvious is, of course, the division of the body of European culture into two separate and irrevocably hostile parts. It is not only a geographical division; for the Iron Curtain in matters of culture cuts through all of Europe like a surgeon's knife. The very essence and novelty of the great renaissance in music which took place roughly between 1900 and 1930 was its vigorous and profound internationalism, which the two anti-cultural currents of our time tried to destroy. The first of the two, although causing vast damage, has on the whole failed, while the second has so far succeeded in that Europe today is cut into two halves, with little or no connection between them.

Another problem faced by European intellectuals is their fear of losing cultural, as well as political and ideological, leadership in the Western world. Europeans, chiefly continental Europeans, are as everybody knows extremely proud of their great cultural tradition and today cannot envisage the possibility of losing leadership in this realm. Uneasiness on this score is one of the sources of irritation with America and of their sometimes ironic, despondent, self-conscious, and even violently inimical attitude towards America. It is also one of the reasons why it is so difficult for Americans to find a *modus operandi* with European intellectuals and establish an active, working partnership.

In music, where America has only a very recent tradition of its own—largely unknown in continental Europe — disquiet among European musicians is particularly acute. "How can you compare our ancient, rich musical tradition to yours?" ask the French, Germans, Italians, and Austrians. "What do you have in the way of music? Is the music of X or Z really so good? Is the B Orchestra really worthwhile?" These are all more or less stereotyped questions which, with a polite but incredulous smile, Europeans ask of American travelers. There is also an ill-concealed undertone of regret when European musicians inquire about their famous artists who have been living in America for a number of years. "Don't they belong to *us*? Why are they staying in America?" they ask. A number of European musicians have suggested to me that Stravinsky's, Bartók's, or even Schönberg's music deteriorated after these composers settled in the United States. "Their music has lost some of its meaning, and has become popularized in spirit." What they really imply is that music in the American cultural environment "inevitably" deteriorates; artists are bound, they suggest, to succumb to "mass-production culture" and to cater to "The Tin-Pan Alley taste of the average American."

And while the fact that a number of the most prominent European composers now live in America is usually only a source of regret, few Europeans ask themselves whether the presence of such masters of modern music as Stravinsky, Schönberg, Bartók, Hindemith, and Milhaud has had any influence on the young generation of American musicians.

Part of the trouble lies, of course, in the fact that most Europeans still know very little about America and American culture. Unfortunately, this is just as true about European intellectuals as about the man in the street. The French, for example, have a frozen image of the United States based on a set of worn-out symbols of the early 1920's. America is still to them the land of skyscrapers, gangsters, and the "Revue Negre." They are by and large unaware of or unresponsive to the profound changes that have occurred in American life since the Depression and the Roosevelt era. Their incomplete or incorrect image has been formed by biased reports, by irresponsible journalism, and, last but not least, by anti-American Communist propaganda.

IN music, for example, they are unaware of the tremendous change that has occurred in American culture. While in the Twenties American music or, perhaps more correctly, music written in America was ten years behind European music, both ideologically and technically, today the music written in America is completely in step with European developments. In certain respects composers in the United States are in advance of European composers—however foolish the idea of advance may be in matters of art. In short, new music here exhibits the same tendencies, the same esthetic schools of thought as European music. It functions on the basis of the same traditions and techniques established in the beginning of this century.

"Nowadays I don't expect great revolutionary masterpieces," said the

(*Continued on page* 83)

Music

The following are suggested as supplemental reading to Mr. Nabokov's article:

MUSIC SINCE 1900. By Nicolas Slonimsky. Coleman-Ross. $7.50. A day-by-day account of the musical half-century. Fine reference material.

MUSIC IN OUR TIME. By Adolfo Salazar. Norton. $6. A history of twentieth-century music and its late-nineteenth-century antecedents.

MUSIC HO. By Constant Lambert. Scribner. $3.75. Fifteen years old and highly opinionated, but still one of the most brilliant commentaries on modern music.

THE MUSICAL SCENE. By Virgil Thomson. Knopf. $3.50. A collection of reviews by the *New York Herald Tribune's* music critic, containing much worthwhile analysis of contemporary music. The companion volume, "The Art of Judging Music," should also be consulted.

SCHONBERG AND HIS SCHOOL. By René Leibowitz. Philosophical Library. $4.75. A detailed musical study of Schönberg, Berg, and Webern by a leading twelve-tone proponent now resident in France.

IGOR STRAVINSKY. By Alexandre Tansman. Putnam. $3.75. A cogent examination of the works and the esthetic behind them.

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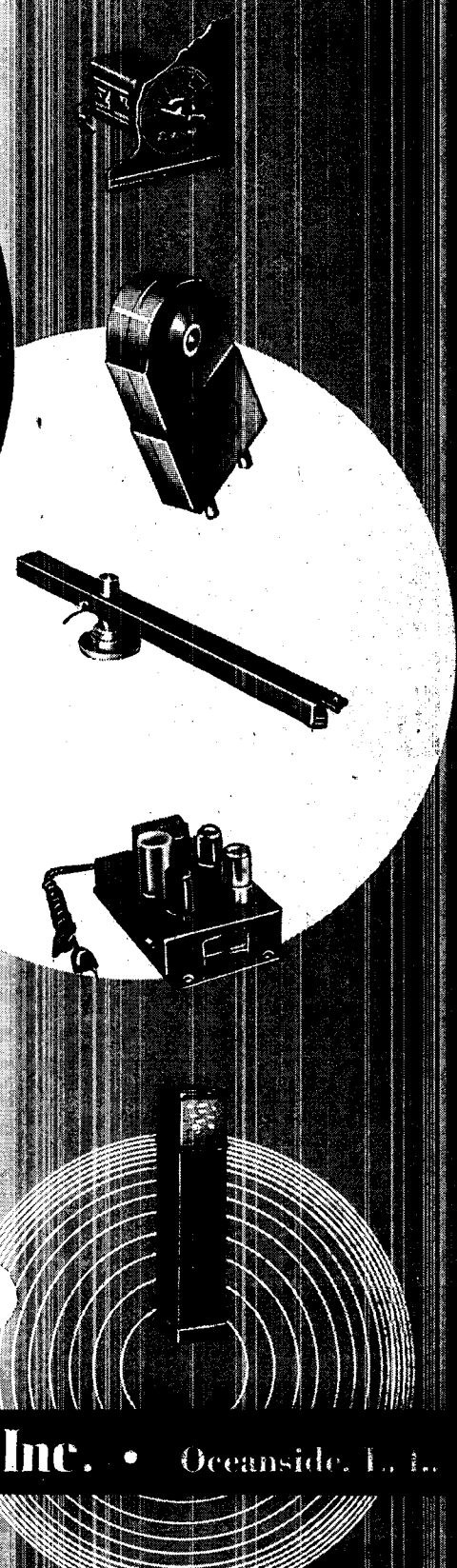

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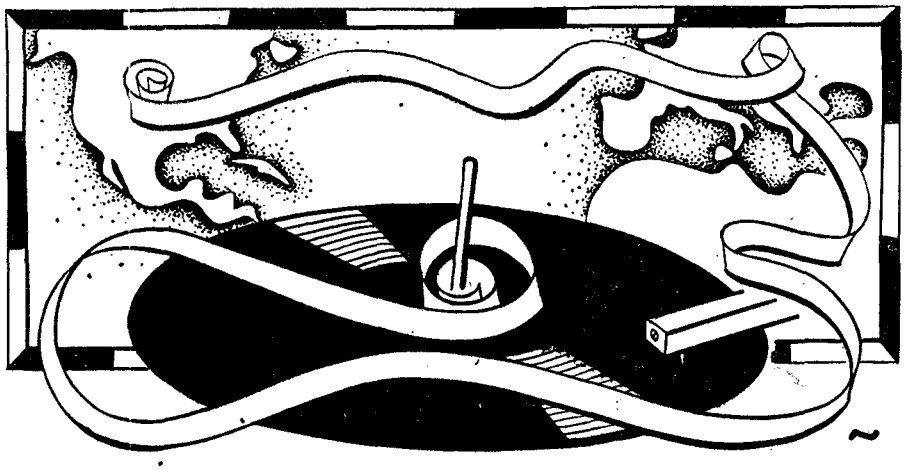

RECORDINGS

Magnetic Tape and European Talent

IRVING KOLODIN

IF ALL the magnetic tape utilized in postwar recording in Europe were stretched end to end it would quite likely reach from the Minnesota Mining Company, which makes it, to Vienna and back to St. Paul. Going east, of course, it would be blank; coming back west it would stretch for miles and miles under the weight of symphonies and sonatas, operas and oratorios that have made people in Upper Darby, Pennsylvania, as much aware of what is happening musically in Turin and Vienna, Zurich and Leipzig as most of those native to the areas themselves.

Perhaps the most remarkable part of this interchange is the reciprocity of means employed. Most of the capital and virtually all the mechanical means have been American or English, virtually all of the talent Continental. (The principal exception would be France, where some large productions have been undertaken at Government expense.) Magnetic tape is as easily transportable as a spool of film; it can be "exposed" with as much facility and processed for any disc speed the market desires. In modern practice the results have appeared in the American market preponderantly as long-playing discs, for that is the discriminating public's choice. It is that public whose interest has made possible such things as a "Fledermaus," "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," and "Idomeneo" from Vienna, "Elektra" from Florence, "Falstaff" and "Ernani" from Turin, not to mention such other projects in being as "Fidelio," "The Flying Dutchman," "Samson et Dalilah," "Contes d'Hoffmann," "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" with "Rosenkavalier," "L'Amore dei Tre Re," and others to come.

Opera takes precedence in this survey merely because it has traditionally been the most expensive kind of recording to make, and the postwar production from Europe has been something of a cloudburst. While domestic sources have moved cautiously—if with revolutionary initiative—to produce such maiden efforts as "Hansel and Gretel," "La Bohème," "Madama Butterfly," and "Rigoletto" the connoisseur as well as the common music lover has been served from Europe by oddities of Donizetti and Rossini, Beethoven and Verdi, Strauss and Mozart which in other days might each have required the intervention of a subscription "society."

If the insight thus provided into the resurgence of such postwar European performing talent as Taddei and Tebaldi, Gueden and Lipp, Koreh and Klarwein and Kunz has been stimulating at one end of the musical gamut it is matched at another extreme by the names of those who have given us in the same period remarkable experience in chamber music. Both the French and the Austrian ways of expressing artistry through wind and string instruments have been liberally represented on discs, leading to such unprecedented happenings—from both sides of the ocean—as three versions of a Beethoven octet never before recorded and as many different performances of Schubert's "Forellen" Quintet, du-

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plicate endeavors with Bach's "48," three or four complete sets of the Bach "Brandenburg" concerti, as well as recondite gleanings from the literatures of Hummel, Stamitz, Dvorak, and Rimsky-Korsakov. Some of these suggest that a history of music in living sound would be somewhat different from its formulation in words by the musicologists.

Between these extremes stretches a vast amount of other matter, including such specialized endeavors as the programs of the Haydn Society (which did not disdain to give us Mozart's "Idomeneo"), the Bach Guild, the Oiseau Lyre firm, and the Italian endeavors on behalf of Vivaldi —each invigorating in its own way. Capitol-Telefunken has revived the art, if not the person, of Willem Mengelberg by its reissue of some masterful performances by that questionable character, and the swirl of sound as the tape unwinds speaks of Krips and Krauss, the wanton wiles of Von Zallinger in Vienna, Previtali and Rossi in Turin, Reinshagen in Zürich, Désormière in Paris (his solid reputation has been made even without general circulation of his fine "Pelléas et Mélisande"), Tor Mann in Oslo, Mogens Wöldike in Copenhagen, not to mention such others as Rafael Kubelik and Victor de Sabata among conductors and Victoria de los Angeles, Hans Hotter, Paul Schoeffler, Ljuba Welitch, Gerard Souzay, Rafael Arie, and Kathleen Ferrier among vocalists—most of whom have followed the first impression of discs with second, third, and tenth impressions in our own halls.

THE rather remarkable thing about all this is the commercial framework in which it has managed to shape itself; no subsidized funds are engaged so far as I know, and there is certainly no philanthropy at work even in the Haydn Society, with its staggering project to complete finally the publication of that master's works, in addition to recording many of his neglected *chef d'oeuvres*. No doubt some rash investments have not paid off, and never will; but many more have, and will continue to do so as a consequence of quality, of durability, of skilful execution, and thoroughgoing estimation of bona fide interest.

The whole trend may work something of a transformation in common thinking about the practicability of this project or that. Reliable opinion is that the cost of a chamber-music project can be liquidated by the sale of 2,500 sets on LP, and that the range between 4,000 and 5,000 represents gratifying profit. In the larger ventures such as "Fledermaus" public response indicates an eventual, satisfying sale of about 10,000 sets (2 LP discs). For our larger domestic companies with their imposing overheads such figures would hardly do; but there may emerge from all of this a clearer conception of what may properly be done, by whom, and how.

If there was anyone unhappy with this situation it could only be James C. Petrillo of the American Federation of Musicians, contemplating so much production without fee or benefit to his personnel. If so he can blame nothing else than the high cost of union talent in this country, which has driven so much capital abroad for ambitious projects. However, even Petrillo cannot be too glum about this generally bright report. The musical appetite is insatiable, and a Mozart palette stimulated by "Idomeneo" from Vienna still craves the crumbs of the same composer's "Impresario" made in New York, as the broad stride of a Turin "Ernani" makes place for RCA Victor's "Rigoletto." It might look otherwise on the ledgers of the fees paid to the Musicians Union, but in a larger sphere the musical community is closer knit, more of a single mind than almost any other one can think of.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

NOTE: This column bears weekly evidence of our return, in the recording field, to European founts of culture. The causes, however, are largely economic. A highly favorable exchange and differing living standards—the unenvied American musician priced out of his own market by European music cost often a tenth ours; the versatile portable tape recorder and cheap, easily shipped master tapes (there's already a gray market in them); above all, cheap US LP, still rare on the Continent, waiting here to absorb all the music Europe can record, plus dozens of older recordings for cheap LP reissue. These factors channel Europe's music to us in floods. And as with other exports, the Europeans themselves have little access to this, their own music-making. A rich yet wry commentary on our present dislocations. E. T. C.

Austria

STRAUSS: "AUS ITALIEN," OP. 16. Vienna Symphony, Swoboda. Westminster LP: WL 50-32	Austria—where music is cheap and good—has given us the most music and the best recorded sound. These records represent, for the type of music, the finest high-fidelity recording now being done, bar none. Acoustical conditions chosen to perfection, musically; instrumental balance always right; a warm, natural, unexaggerated sound with clean, undistorted highs yet no false "steely" quality, as in many a "hi-fi" recording. A most gratifying and wholly musical sound and the better your equipment the finer it will be. (Processing for all of these is done by Columbia.)	From Vienna we've had a flood of new Haydn and Mozart, some excellent earlier Baroque, numerous large sacred works (the choral parts tired but musical), and Westminster's series of minor Romantics. Both the Strauss and Dvorak here are surprisingly listenable for early works; unbombastic, well worth recording. The Vienna Groups, somewhat unpolished (rehearsal lack?), cannot be beat for intelligent, musical approach, notably to 18th c. music. The Haydn symphonies are superbly understood and played, as are the harpsichord concerti—at last in their proper and most enjoyable form.
DVORAK: SYMPHONY IN E FLAT (1873); SCHERZO CAPRICCIOSO, OP. 66. Vienna Symphony, Swoboda.		
HAYDN: SYMPHONIES ♯7 ("MIDI"); ♯8 ("SOIR"). Vienna Chamber Orch., Litschauer. Haydn Society LP: HSLP 1016		
BACH: CONCERTO FOR THREE CLAVIERS; VIVALDI-BACH: CONCERTO FOR FOUR CLAVIERS. Vienna Chamber Orch., Heiller; C. Fuhrmann, B. Seidelhofer, E. Heiller, K. Rapf, harpsichords. Haydn Society LP: HSLP 1024		

Switzerland

BEETHOVEN: "PROMETHEUS" BALLET MUSIC, OP. 43 (COMPLETE). Winterthur Symphony, Goehr. Concert Hall LP: CHS 1063 (2)	Concert Hall and London bring us regularly the German and French Swiss. These latest Winterthurs are superior to earlier releases. The Vivaldi (made in Winterthur) is excellent—wide range, well balanced, with natural liveness. The Beethoven's strings are a bit edgy, rather close, with slight distortion. Still, not at all bad; some parts are tops.	All sixteen numbers of "Prometheus." Much more to it than the books have it—vigorous, true-Beethoven ballet music, an obvious testing ground for big, middle-period ideas, episodically breath - taking here. Warm playing, a bit uneven in ensemble. The eight Vivaldi concerti make a monument of recording, with astonishing variety and originality, beyond our previous concept of Vivaldi. Kaufman's tight vibrato a bit off-style.
VIVALDI: VIOLIN CONCERTI, OP. 8., ♯5-♯12 ("CONFLICT BETW. HARMONY AND INVENTION"). Louis Kaufman; Concert Hall Symphony, Dahinden. Concert Hall LP: CHS 1064 (2)		

Germany

COUPERIN: "CONCERT DANS LE GOUT THEATRAL." TELEMANN: "TAFELMUSIK." Wiesbaden Collegium Musicum, Weyns. Capitol LP. P-8111	Small hall, close-to acoustics, rather dead. Quite suitable for the music, though perhaps not as splendid as the fancier livenesses we so often hear!	Two modest suites. The Telemann pseudo-French ("dinner music"), the Couperin *echt*-French, even in this rather careful, Germanic playing. Nice 18th c. listening, decidedly.
BEETHOVEN: PIANO CONCERTO ♯2. H. Schröter; Bavarian Radio Orch., Altmann. Mercury LP: MG 15013.	Basically an excellent recording with fine, big piano—but marred by bad pitch (tape) flutter that spoils piano!	Rather heavy-footed orchestra, the pianist quite good. A pleasant, softish performance, lacking the conventional intensity. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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AMBASSADORS-OF-WILL

(Continued from page 35)

Europe and Asia need more than our *military support; they need to believe* in us as unselfish champions of social welfare and democratic progress. It is not merely Red propaganda—as Stransky implies—that leads so many Europeans and darker-skinned peoples to look upon us as decadent or reactionary. It is our schizophrenic attitude toward Germany—talking democracy while encouraging the same old German cartelists and militarists. It is our failure to convince our yellow- and-brown-skinned brothers that we are finally ready to welcome them as fellow-members of the human race. By trying to correct the abuses of democracy at home, by using our influence to support and extend democracy abroad (yes, even democratic Socialism), by re-establishing ourselves as a moral force and not just as a force with so many jets and so many A-bombs we may yet come up with the real No. 1 weapon of the twentieth century, a dynamic blue-print for international democracy that will appeal to the millions waiting for acts of democratic morality rather than pronouncements. In the long run this could be a greater source of strength than arming German divisions.

Unless we can first win this moral victory it would seem to this reviewer that Stransky's and the democratic cause is severely if not fatally undermined. Even with our tremendous material strength we need to win the people of the world genuinely to our side—and we need to know more clearly than we know today exactly what that side stands for—before we launch the shooting war that Stransky urges in his closing pages. It is strange so soon after a genocidal world war to read an appeal couched in such disconcertingly human terms and not be more horrified, more indignant, more repelled. Perhaps we are partly atom-shocked before even the first fateful bomb has fallen.

While still pinning a tiny star of hope to the top of the drooping little tree of peace (like the Christmas pine we still cannot bear to dismantle) one cannot help respecting Stransky as a decent, displaced, perhaps too vaguely "democratic" European who already has declared personal war on the East and urges us, with more valor than discretion, to abandon our last, best hope of peace and to press on into the teeth of the gale.

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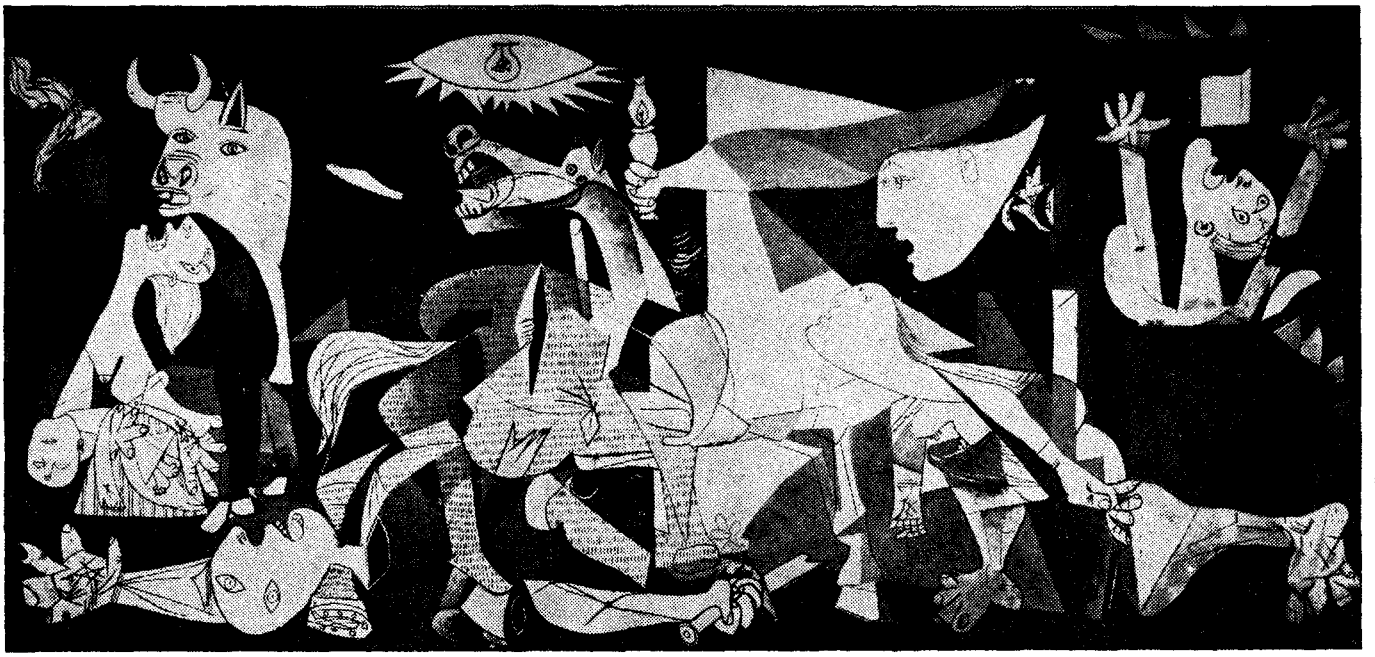

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In the Shadow of "Guernica"

JAMES THRALL SOBY

IN THE program of certain newer European artists for a more direct and frequent expression of social conscience Picasso's famous "Guernica" plays a central part. Completed in June 1937, less than two months after the German air force had shown General Franco how to reduce a Basque village to bones and dust, Picasso's vast composition emerges today as perhaps the most forceful work of art of our time. It has become, too, the principal source of reassurance for many younger painters abroad who believe, or would like to believe, that the idiom of "modern" art can be adapted to public proclamation without sacrifice of private conviction and accompanying idiosyncracies of style. There is no other twentieth-century painting to compare with "Guernica" in this regard, no other work that resolves with such mastery the conflict between art's hard-won autonomy and the demands of a more explicit relationship to the contemporary world's events. Certainly there is no other picture so often cited by advanced, politically-minded artists when asked how they propose to retain their creative freedom and at the same time be effectively understood in a social sense. This is not to say, however, that "Guernica's" lesson has been unanimously accepted by vanguard painters or that this lesson has always been given a political reading. Indeed, there is something to be learned about the climate of postwar art abroad by considering where, why, and in what degree "Guernica" has been hailed or rejected.

Let's begin with England. In that country "Guernica's" impact has been considerable. But this has been true not so much because of its vigor as a social tract as because of its inclusiveness as a glossary of inventive forms. Since the war two of the dominant trends in English art have been, first, a continuation of abstraction, second, a rising emphasis on what may be described as romantic naturalism —that intensification of existing shapes in nature which in earlier times was eloquently practised by men like James Ward, Alexander and John Robert Cozens, Thomas Girtin, John Martin, and Turner. But British artists have now again looked hard at natural forms. In fact it is only a slight exaggeration to say that nature *is* the politics of some of the very best contemporary British painters: of John Piper and Graham Sutherland overtly, and of others less directly.

There have been several factors contributing to the shift in nature's direction. There was, to begin with, the long isolation imposed by the war, which threw British artists back on native tradition in art, reminding them of this tradition's persistent celebration of the poetry of place. Then we should remember that London just before the recent war had gone through a period of extraordinary enthusiasm for Parisian surrealism. This was an enthusiasm for which the English may have been prepared by the strong currents of exotic custom that for a long time had flowed into London from the Empire's outposts. At any rate the British were no new hands at fantasy; the subconscious cannot have seemed to them an entirely alien land. But with the outbreak of war, followed by the terrible months of the Battle of Britain, surrealism's strangeness must have consisted largely in its irrelevance both to the matters at hand and to a lyric nature threatened with extinction. Yet if surrealism was no longer much discussed among artists, it had left its mark. It had touched an old and disused chord—the chord of instinctive British responsiveness to the uncanny and the supernatural.

Since the war English painters, remembering their landscape tradi-

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tion and not forgetting surrealism's psychological bias, have turned increasingly to an animistic conception of nature. But they have replaced the earlier romantic panoramas with abstracted close-ups of natural forms, as in "Thorn Head" by Graham Sutherland, or with arbitrarily organized vistas in which patterns of color and texture are more important than the landscape itself, as in John Piper's "Rocks Beyond Ogwen Lake."

The pictorial means of modern British artists relates to the discoveries of the School of Paris; it has been affected by Picasso's work of the past fifteen years. Indeed, in purely stylistic terms the sketches for "Guernica" and the picture itself have in some cases influenced the newer British naturalism. On the other hand Picasso's works on the Spanish Civil War have contributed nothing to the art of the one leader of the postwar English generation who is concerned with civilization's present-day anguish —Francis Bacon. Bacon's remarkable vision of modern man's torment is expressed by essentially private symbols; its protagonist is sometimes a single, monstrous figure, center of carnage, ludicrously protected by Mr. Chamberlain's or some other umbrella. Though Bacon's art often takes its point of departure from news photographs it does not summarize specific events or recognizable causes; its theme presumably is the dehumanization of the individual under the pressure of universal, mechanical forces. Like his colleagues in the postwar British school Bacon keeps out of the political arena in which many artists on the Continent are warring for supremacy, with the future of art as the prize. In England there is no official pressure whatever for artists to enter that particular fray.

WHEREAS English painters and sculptors have been in fairly constant communication with Paris except for the interval of the war, the Italians lately have had the arduous task of catching up with the artistic discoveries made in the French capital after the March on Rome. The esthetic isolationism of Fascist Italy has been exaggerated by some postwar commentators, as has the repressive role in the arts of Il Duce, who several times, we might well remember, fell in love with ladies engaged in the fine arts and took their not inestimable advice. Nevertheless, there is no question that most Italian artists were more or less cut off from their foreign confreres for twenty-five years. Only an affluent few were able to escape by travel the pervading chauvinism encouraged by Mussolini's instinctively pompous neo-

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classic taste and by his belief that Italy, the center of a very great tradition, had no need of imports in art. There were a few successful uprisings against the mediocrity of official taste, notably the "Roman School" of Scipione and Mario Mafai, which in the late 1920's urged a revival of direct emotional response in painting, as opposed to the prevalent inspiration by fiat. And the solitary research of Giorgio Morandi, who remembered Cézanne's loneliness, carried with it its own protection against the extremes of academic sluggishness and posturing. But for the most part Italian artists moved backward in time, abandoning the gains of the Futurists and the painters of the Metaphysical School, falling back on native versions of impressionism or holding a mirror to the blue lips of local neo-classicism, hoping for a breath of life. Since the war the Italians have shown impressive energy in re-establishing their lines with the rest of Europe.

At the same time postwar Italy has been the scene of a crucial political struggle in which the majority of Italian artists have supported the Communist side. To a unique degree, therefore, these artists have had to absorb simultaneously two powerful and diametrically opposed developments in thought: the political (Communism) and artistic ("modern" art). The most vigorous recent movement is the *Fronte nuovo delle arti*, whose members include Renato Guttuso, Armando Pizzinato, Giuseppe Santomaso, Emilio Vedova, and Alberto Viani. For all these artists abstraction has been extremely important; all have learned much from one or more foreigners such as Picasso, Braque, Mondrian, and Arp. The *Fronte nuovo* has been opposed by individual painters of talent like Cassinari and by the one Italian artist whose current production is internationally pre-eminent — the sculptor Marino Marini. But only the small, extremely youthful "Portonaccio" group at Rome (its title from the railyard quarter where its painters live) has proposed a cohesive counter-esthetic: a deft neo-romanticism in which despair and tenderness replace the aggressive modernism of the *Fronte nuovo*.

Since the 1948 elections in Italy, however, Party pressure (occasionally reinforced by a change in individual conviction) has forced some artists to strive for a more immediate comprehensibility. The most conspicuous case is that of Renato Guttuso, leader of the younger Communist painters, a man of decided intelligence, the single Italian artist in whom Picasso takes a patronly interest. Lately Guttuso has drawn closer and closer to realism, approaching it gingerly but steadily. The tonal elisions and woodblock contours that gave his earlier work its distinction are not often found in his art today. His ideal perhaps is still Picasso's "Guernica," of which a plate was prominently hung in his studio a year ago. But from the evidence of photographs of his latest paintings (I have not seen the originals) it seems that he has made his choice between social and esthetic responsibility; apparently he has given up hope of reconciling them.

IN France the dilemma of politically-minded contemporary artists is less complicated than in Italy, and for a simple reason. The greatest advances in twentieth-century art have nearly all been made in Paris. They have been known to artists there for a very long time so that, quite apart from the political question, many of the younger men are eager for counter-rebellion. When immediately after the recent war a group of painters stormed into the Picasso exhibition in protest, they did so, I think, partly from despair that this colossus should once more be blocking their path to fame. And if since that early postwar time there has been a strong revival of abstraction, claiming such adherents as Pignon, Manessier, Hartung, Bazaine, Tal-Coat, Marchand, Estève, and others, there has also been an attempt among newer artists to repudiate entirely their elders in the School of Paris. The baroque route of Delacroix, for example, has been followed by Lorjou, though only with moderate success. But that is really a side issue (there are several others) to the main struggle. The main struggle is between abstraction and realism, using both terms in their broadest sense. It would be absurd to name a single supreme commander for each camp. Nevertheless, it is worth noting that many of the abstractionists revere the seventy-five-year-old cubist Jacques Villon, while some of the newer realists owe much, if grudgingly, to Balthus, the most vigorous heir to Courbet's tradition in France.

The struggle reached a high point of intensity at the Salon d'Automne of 1949. At that vast exhibition nearly all the best new abstractionists were represented, but their claim to public attention was challenged by a number of social-realist works, chief among them the large "Hommage à Houlier" by André Fougeron. The picture depicts the martyrdom of a Communist who had been killed by the gendarmes while putting up posters for peace. Its style, as I pointed out in these pages at the time, reflects the influence of Balthus, particularly as to the mannerist counterpoise of the figures. Precisely why Fougeron should have used mannerist devices to express so passionate a subject remains rather a mystery, for of all the great styles mannerism is perhaps the least heartfelt. A possible explanation may lie in the fact that the ambition of political French artists, unlike that of unregenerate Italians like Pizzinato, is not to catch up with modern developments but to circumvent these developments by various routes to the past. In Paris, where it was painted, Picasso's "Guernica" is probably a less effective bellwether of the new political art than anywhere else on the Continent. Indeed, a number of the Communist artists of France appear to have decided that "Guernica" (and the whole direction for which it stands) is useless to them if only because it is inimitable. M. Jean Marcenac, art critic of the Communist weekly *Les lettres françaises*, made clear the official attitude when he wrote: "Those artists who thought that they had but to follow him [Picasso] became out of breath along roads that only this giant can walk without stumbling."

But if some of the younger French painters are more and more committed politically, more and more intent on revising drastically the entire vernacular of "modern" art, what techniques and subjects do they propose? Their technical goal will tend, I think, to be extreme realism, a goal already reached by Gérard

(*Continued on page* 96)

The Fine Arts

The above is a partial report on trends in postwar art abroad. But the art of our time, however fresh from the griddle, is no different from that of other epochs in one important respect. It is warmed by ancestral example. Believing that the past is an indispensable pilot light for today's painting and sculpture Mr. Soby has listed below three outstanding recent books which work as effectively, if less instantly, on art's front burners as back.

THE STORY OF ART. By E. H. Gombrich. Oxford. $5.50. At last an up-to-date general history of art, brilliantly organized, readable, provocative, and packed with information. An essential book for anyone eager to learn—or relearn—the story of art's long and majestic evolution.

PARMIGIANINO. By Sydney J. Freedberg. Harvard. $12.50. This book closes an important gap in our knowledge of Western painting by exploring sixteenth-century mannerism through the art of one of its most distinguished figures.

AMERICAN PAINTING. By Virgil Barker. Macmillan. $12.50. Probably the best book thus far produced on native painting from its earliest years up to roughly 1900. Eloquently written, numerous and excellent plates.

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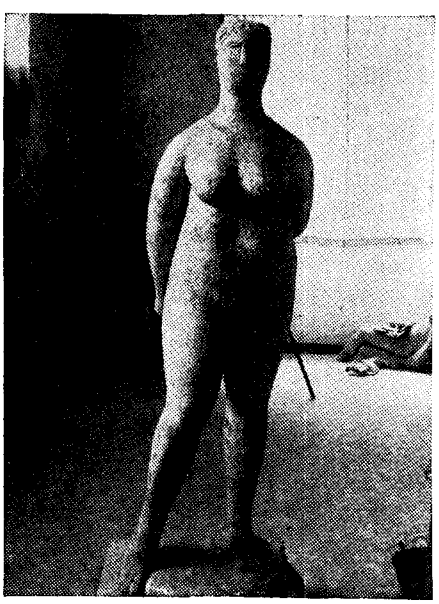
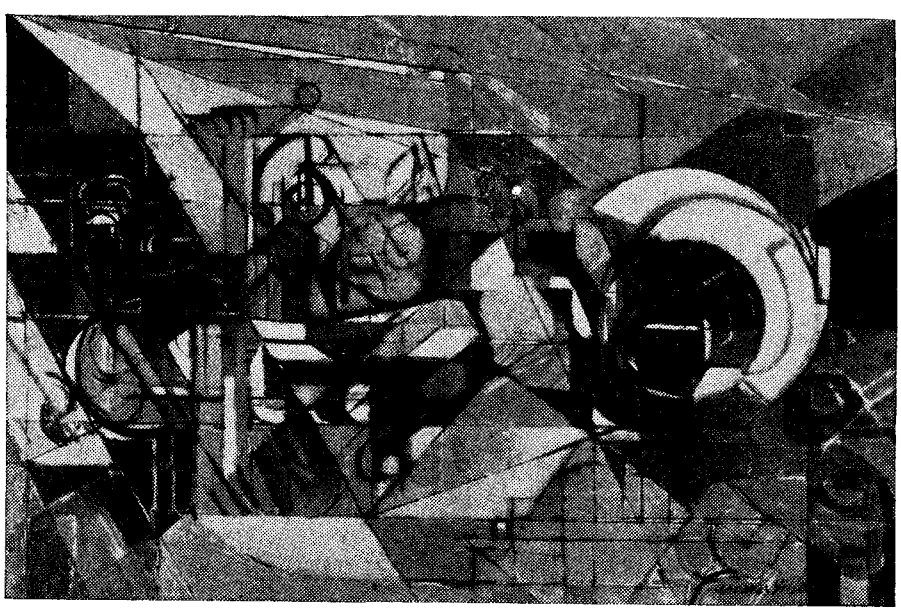
Sketch for "Land Seizure by the Peasants," by Renato Guttuso (1950).

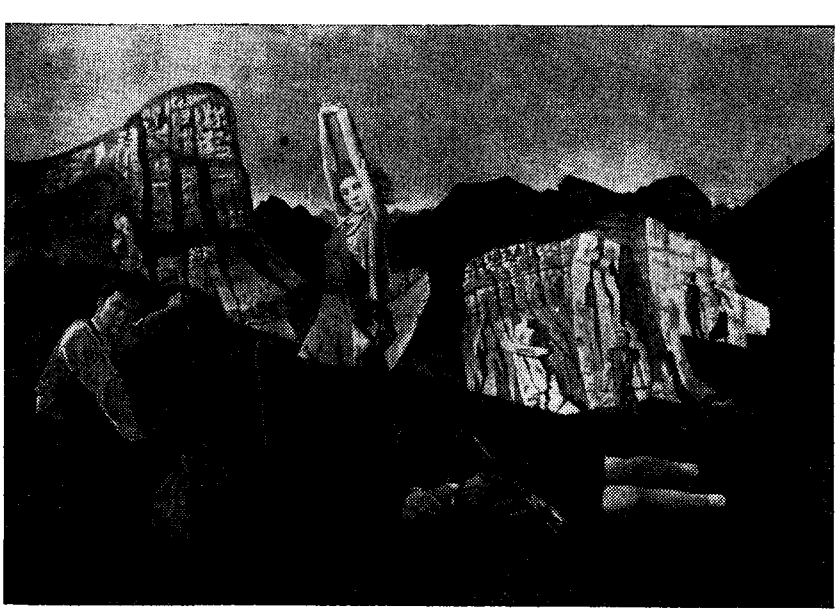
"Stone-breaker," by Guttuso (1949-50).



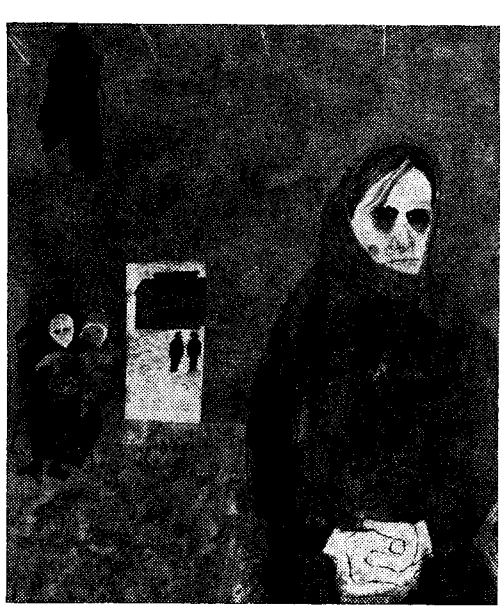
Nude, by Marino Marini (1947).



"The Artist in the Machine Age," by Jacques Villon (1950).



"The Mountain," by Balthus (1937).



"Miners' Wives," by Ben Shahn (1949).

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(*Continued from page 46*)

Vienna had become provincial; the cosmopolitan city of Freud, of Musil and Karl Kraus, of Egon Friedell and Stefan Zweig, had become the backdrop for Carol Reed and zither music.) In Italy the isolationism is worse, for it is not so much fear that reigns there as obliviousness of the larger issues. Appeals for "solidarity" or "sympathy" for intellectual comrades behind the Iron Curtain fall on deaf ears; liberal Italian intellectuals are occupied with local problems, mainly clericalism. (And how many of the younger men could afford an independent position when to publish their works they must join up either with the Communist or with the Catholic forces?) In England there remains the pernicious influence of a journal like the *New Statesman and Nation*, which, left-Laborite in its editorial offices, Cominform in its Continental correspondents, finds the issues dividing a free and a slave culture merely boring. And in France otherwise admirable literary reviews like Sartre's *Temps Modernes* and the late Emmanuel Mounier's *Esprit* still think of Stalin as puffing the pipe of progress and speculate bitterly as to whether Hearst's America isn't peddling a capitalist warmonger's wares. In such an atmosphere a Malraux is isolated, a Koestler withdraws to England, an Aron fights a rearguard action, a Camus retires into his shell.

And what of the shadow of the New World across the old Continent? The problem of the America-Europe relationship burns at the center of contemporary European consciousness. All the old tortured formulae (on both sides) are daily reworked in rage and prejudice. The Jeffersonian version: America is young, vigorous, progressive; Europe is old, tired, decadent. The Jamesian version: America is raw, innocent, susceptible; Europe is dark, engaging, profound. The FDR version: America is practical, experimental, promising; Europe is helpless, reactionary, pathetic. The American goes home across the Atlantic, sadly shaking his head over Mauriac's tirade against "mechanical materialism," Sartre's fantasies of life in the deep South, Gorer's hodgepodge of U. S. history. Has much changed in Europe's traditional attitudes? Somewhere in Dostoievsky's "Possessed" Stavrogin says to the wavering Shatov: "In America you changed your views, and when you came back you wanted to resign." I gather that this impression of America as the solvent of fanatical discipline still prevails. In Stendhal's notes we read: "I would gladly go to America. . . . I would enjoy wearing a mask; I would be delighted to change my name." I gather that the notion of America as the land where you lose your face and your identity has not yet withered away. A critic in one of the leading German reviews recently explained the "failure" of Thomas Mann's "Doctor Faustus" as due to his overlong refuge in the USA, which was, after all, "a land without great literature, without a poetic tradition, without living criticism."

Having said so much I must go on to insist that there is something besides ignorance and arrogance in Europe's view of America. In the past five years wide areas of European opinion have revalued stereotyped prejudice. The understanding is growing that Hollywood is not to be confounded with the arts in America, that American capitalism is not some static form of class oppression, that not all aspects of everyday life have been pictured even in the most genuine of our realistic novels. For my own part I may say that I have in recent years read more sympathetic and illuminating European documents on America than have yet been written by Americans on Europe.

From what I can judge by American "cultural ambassadors" over here, and from current moods in American writing, I am afraid that we Americans have been tending to become stuffy, official, oversensitive. "What!" (so runs the unfortunate level of the argument today) "we only have 'civilization' but no 'culture'? What a puerile European distinction! We have as much culture as the Old World ever had. In fact, more. For we have inherited it and tranpslanted it. Listen to music in Minneapolis, look at paintings in Detroit, observe the students in a California classroom!" So the curve of transatlantic misunderstanding comes full circle. Americans appear to have become ashamed of their literature of social protest (how embarrassed they are in Europe over "All My Sons" or "Death of a Salesman" or "Golden Boy"); they have become reluctant to talk with Europeans about a New York and an America derived from a reading of "Manhattan Transfer" or "The Big Money"; they wince at the European popularity of this so-called "anti-American" American literature. Are not the bitter reactions on the part of American literary critics to a book like Gheorghiu's "Twenty-fifth Hour" symptomatic? Gheorghiu has written no masterpiece; there was much old-fashioned melodrama in it, not a little shoddy thinking (the equating of American and Russian "barbarisms"). But it was, nevertheless, a powerful and serious human testament, the only work I know documenting the individual helplessness that has beset this whole continent in our time. In pessimistic France it became popular because it struck the chord of end-of-the-worldism; in self-pitying Germany because it was the story of the vic-

Italy

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CHRIST STOPPED AT EBOLI. By Carlo Levi. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. A semi-fictional account of the year this anti-Fascist author spent as a political exile in the primitive village of Gagliano.

TWO ADOLESCENTS. By Alberto Moravia. Farrar, Straus & Young. $2.75. Two novelettes about the impact of sex upon the adolescent.

A TALE OF POOR LOVERS. By Vasco Pratolini. Viking. $3.50. The early days of Fascist violence and the tragedies of poverty.

IN SICILY. By Elio Vittorini. New Directions. $2.50. A city man rediscovers the human values of the simple life in a Sicilian village.

East of the Rhine

THE TWENTY-FIFTH HOUR. By C. Virgil Gheorghiu. Knopf. $3.50. A terrifying view of the individual's fate when caught in the machinery of the omnipotent state. The author is from Rumania, now resident in France.

BEYOND DEFEAT. By Hans Werner Richter. Putnam. $3. A German soldier's story of the battle in Italy against the Americans. Well received in Germany.

THE DEAD STAY YOUNG. By Anna Seghers. Little, Brown. $4. The forces that dragged Germany along the road of Fascism between 1918 and 1945, by an East-zone German novelist.

INDEPENDENT PEOPLE. By Haldor Laxness. Knopf. $3. Life among the farmers and fishermen of Iceland.

STOKER'S MESS. By Arne Skouen. Knopf. $2.75. Below decks on a freighter. This book won for its Norwegian author the All-Scandinavia Novel Prize.

THE EGYPTIAN. By Mika Waltari. Putnam. $3.50. Egypt thirteen centuries before Christ, as seen by a popular Finnish writer.

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timization of the little man; elsewhere because it was a mystical assault on the technological Moloch or because it accorded with the ideology of anti-capitalist Catholicism (Gabriel Marcel). By all odds a suggestive and provocative communication and a special challenge to our innocent insularity. It was discouraging in Europe to note in American reviews of the book a lack of national self-examination, the outcries of wounded national vanity that it provoked.

Nothing could be more unfortunate. The creation of a common European-American spiritual community ought to be the primary life-preserving goal of Western culture. New bases for transatlantic understanding must be reached. (How distressing is this current situation wherein our French friends cannot express a single doubt about the American way of life without getting their lazy-bodied, two-and-a-half-hour lunches rubbed into their decadent faces!) If a truce should ever be called, possibly then we can remind ourselves, as Eliot once said, that it may still be the destiny of the American to become a European in a way that no European could ever be.

Melvin J. Lasky is editor of Der Monat, *the German-language magazine published by American authorities in Berlin and recognized as the most brilliant international review now appearing in Europe. He served as secretary-general of the Berlin Congress for Cultural Freedom.*

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 395

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 395 will be found in the next issue.

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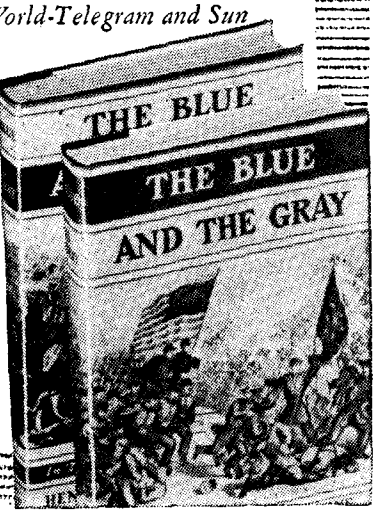

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IN A COMPARABLE interlude of international stress no other nation has ever sent abroad as sizable a diplomatic force as the nearly 400,000 tourists whom we temporarily export to Europe every year. The impression these travelers leave on the scores of Europeans with whom each comes into contact will have a vital effect on our intercontinental relationship. Our *rapprochement* with the Europeans, already twisted by the Hollywood influence and partially subverted by Soviet propaganda, can ill afford further disillusionment. Nor, on the other hand, would our natural ties be strengthened if our traveling citizens were to come home with a negative opinion of the continent they are largely helping to support. What kind of trail, then, does the American leave behind him, and what besides cuckoo clocks, a flaçon of Chanel No. 5, and a reproduction of the Sacré Coeur does the American bring home?

There is little doubt that many Americans abroad, especially first-class passengers, remain insulated from the mind and the body of the European. One day late this summer a tour being conducted across Western Europe under the auspices of one of the world's largest travel agencies arrived at a famous Swiss resort. The tour party included a number of wealthy young girls, several middle-aged women, and a few married couples. All were booked into an immense luxury hotel, and that night, done up in choice selections from their wardrobes, they sat in the lounge after dinner listening to a tired piano and violin ensemble abetted by the aimless sawing of a lady cellist. The season was on the wane and the lobby was empty, but there was still life in town. For one thing a fascinating water front along the lake waited to be explored, the store windows were all lit up, a game of boule flourished in the gambling casino, and the cafés off the tourist track were humming and smoky. Not a tour member stirred out of the deep reaches of his overstuffed chair, and by eleven o'clock they had all filtered off to bed.

When the same thing happened for the next two nights, which was the limit of the party's entire stay in Switzerland, I asked the tour conductor why his agency didn't see to it that Americans got to see more than the lobbies of hotels.

"You know, when we would go to Marseille," he told me, "I used to take some of the folks down to one of the famous fish houses along the harbor. I'd say to a lady from Dubuque, 'Why don't you try the bouillabaisse, it's famous in this part of the country?' And she would ask, 'What's bouillabaisse?' I'd explain it was a stew made from all kinds of shell fish and vegetables served in a soup bowl. 'Thank you very much,' she would tell me, 'I think I'd like a nice bowl of tomato soup.' "

FORTUNATELY, not all Americans try to carry the mores of Providence and Pensacola into the fastnesses of Provence. Our insularity is going the way of our isolationism. In a survey conducted by the ECA last year polltakers asked Americans returning home what European fields of interest they had found most enjoyable. The classification most often cited was "people"—followed by "scenery," "architecture," "music," "theatre," and

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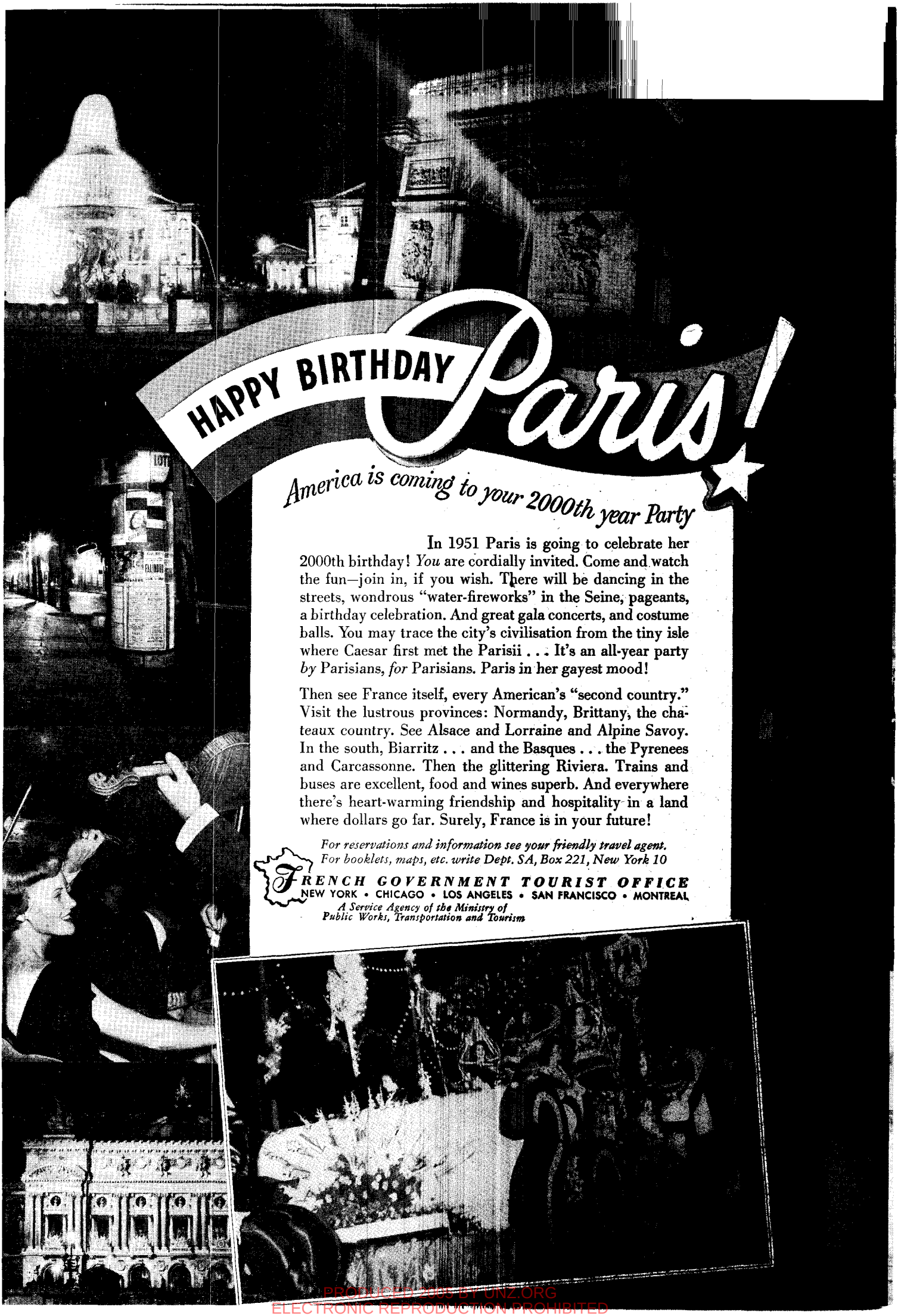

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—far down in the list—"nightclubs."

The prewar caricature of the free-drinking, free-spending American tourist is as passé as the shimmy. "The American no longer lets go," a Swedish observer said to me recently. "We don't see that old abandon. The American seems to have become world-minded and he understands his common destiny with Europe."

A booklet recently published by ECA designed to make for better relations between Americans and the hotels in which they stay warns French innkeepers: "The rich American of the caricaturists, wearing gold-rimmed glasses, silver teeth, with dollars pouring out of all the pockets of his clothes, and who lights giant cigars with a thousand-franc note after having lost three millions at baccarat at Deauville, telephoning Hollywood to say goodnight to a star, and speculating by cable in South African gold mines, belongs to a prehistoric species, the last example of which was seen by some observers during the Thirties. It has absolutely disappeared from the surface of the earth." Yet the same booklet which denies the cliché caricature in words inadvertently perpetuates it with sketches. In a graph comparing the importance of American tourism with travel by nationals of other countries the figure representing the composite citizen is drawn with a Tyrolean hat, a rucksack, and hiking shoes. The American is portrayed in a fedora, a business suit bulging over a bay window, a briefcase, and a cigar. An article in the brochure entitled "Que Demand le Touriste?" is illustrated by a silhouette of an American sauntering through a double file of hotel servants. Our countryman wears a ten-gallon hat with an immense brim, a Churchillian cigar, a coat of Senatorial length, the inevitable brief case, and an unmistakable swagger. The legend lives on.

AS recently as last fall *Look* queried a number of foreign correspondents about what the rest of the planet thinks of us. In a four-page report published in the magazine the best the reporters could say for us was no better than the old tag of the Thirties again. The story was headed, "Mr. American — The World Thinks He's a Spoiled Sugar Daddy." Stephen White, reporting from Paris, wrote: "When a Frenchman sees an American he thinks of dollars. It's as simple as that. . . . The French villager sees Americans usually when they are en route to Nice or Cannes. They are not at their best; they did not come here to be at their best. They came here to see the girlie shows and to try the cognac. . . . The American remains the man in the seersucker suit trailing an immense camera and flinging thousand-franc notes around him like autumn leaves."

The theme song of the European Travel Commission, a coalition of eighteen Western nations formed to promote travel abroad, has always been "Understanding Through Travel Is the Passport to Peace." Some opinions, as exemplified by the *Look* report, wonder whether travel really does increase national understanding. The answer to that very question is being sought by Dr. Herbert A. Wilkinson, chief of the travel branch of the U. S. Department of Commerce, who was instrumental in founding an International Travel Institute at a recent meeting of travel officials held in Dublin. The new institute, to be headed by Dr. Wilkinson, will among its other aims attempt to determine whether international travel will over the years even out our separate national cultures into one global culture.

Although the prospect of a Frenchman gradually learning to like a malted milk or an American growing accustomed to two-and-a-half-hour lunch periods seems remote, the Institute would like to examine these and other possibilities. It will try to

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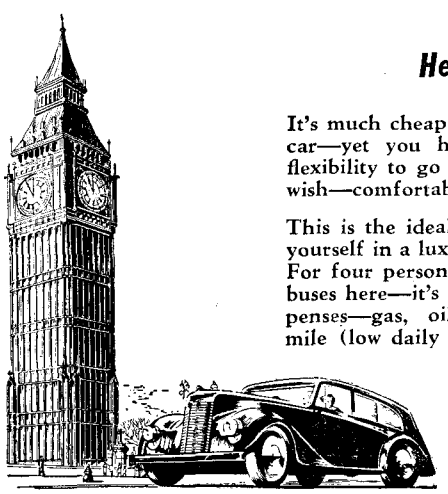

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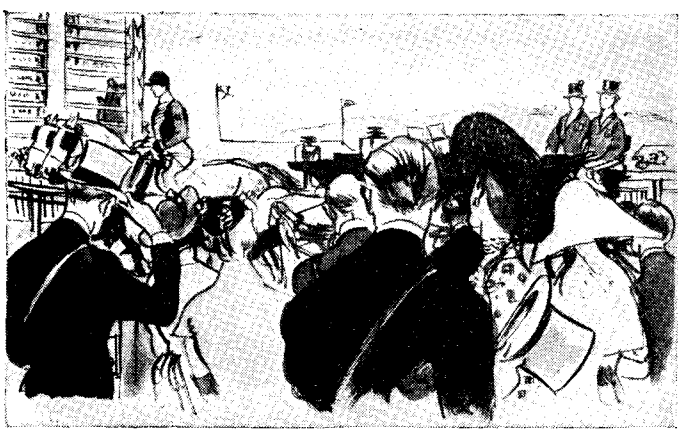

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For this is "Festival of Britain Year" . . . and we are celebrating with a year-round, country-wide program of fairs, festivals, fetes, and exhibitions! There's never been so much to see and do in Britain, so much pageantry, color, and excitement!

You'll find, too, abounding comfort in Britain now . . . with food (including famous British delicacies) plentiful in restaurants, hotels, and inns . . . with gasoline unrationed and with shops well-stocked with treasures old and new. You'll be delighted to see how far your dollar goes in this land of "fair value" and favorable exchange . . . giving you a real *holiday from high prices!*

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Whenever you come . . . wherever you go . . .
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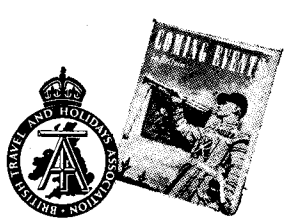

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT . . . and start planning your visit *now!* Ask him for illustrated literature, giving full details of Festival Year. Or write BRITISH TRAVEL CENTRE, Box 62, 336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

SPRING COMES TO BRITAIN EARLY . . . WHY DON'T YOU?

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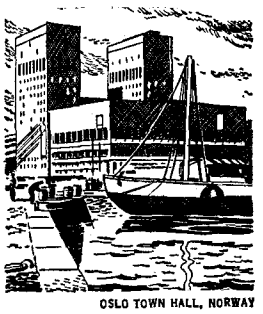
UNDERSTANDING . . . THROUGH TRAVEL
. . . IS THE PASSPORT TO PEACE

AMERICA and the mind of SCANDINAVIA


OSLO TOWN HALL, NORWAY

In Denmark, Norway and Sweden—the democratic kingdoms of Scandinavia — many Americans have found a European point of view very close to their own.

The modern development of Scandinavia and the United States has much in common—but though basic principles are the same, they differ in practical application. *That* makes Scandinavian travel exciting.

THE MERMAID, COPENHAGEN

In Scandinavia, an Arts-and-Crafts renaissance brings modern design into everyday living: in public buildings, schools, homes . . . an extensive Welfare Program has gradually been adopted . . . a Cooperative Movement supplements private enterprise.

Still Scandinavians *look at things* pretty much the same way as Americans.

Similarities and differences are equally stimulating to American travelers, and make "*Human Interest*" travel in Scandinavia the ideal introduction to the Mind of Europe.

CITY HALL, STOCKHOLM

Ask your travel agent for "Thrift Season" tour programs. For suggestions and new booklets *Human Interest Travel in Scandinavia* and *Lands of Sunlit Nights*, write:

SCANDINAVIAN NATIONAL TRAVEL COMMISSION
50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

interest colleges and students in its research, and it would welcome the development of a student thesis on the theme.

Doubtless, any cultural geologist digging below the surface of national cultures might discover deep roots which could hardly be pulled up by the simple means of international mingling. Take our own habits, which are firmly established even though they have not yet had two hundred years in which to mature. An American entered the elegant dining room of an ultra fashionable Paris hotel some months ago and studied the menu at length. The card was only slightly smaller than a billboard, containing perhaps fifty or sixty suggestions. The American scanned the list again, shook his head, and finally ordered ham and eggs. The headwaiter wrote ham and eggs on a slip of paper, handed the slip to a waiter, who handed it to a busboy. Presently, after the French custom, there appeared in the doorway leading from the kitchen a procession of waiters and assistants pushing before them a great silver tureen mounted on wheels. Blue flames from a mobile fire played on the underside. The busboy drew back the sliding cover of the tureen with a flourish, a waiter extracted a plate, which was taken by the headwaiter and placed before our man. He looked down at the eggs, which were shirred, also after the French fasion, took a forkful in his mouth, and turned to a compatriot sitting nearby. "These people can't make fried eggs worth a goddam," he said.

To smooth the transition between our grade-A, seal-packed, fresh-frozen, vitamin-jammed life and the more earthy ways of Europe, the ECA has farmed out a corps of trained travel-development officers. Aside from juggling liaison duties, the ECA men will try to promote little-known areas and pump up off-season travel. Particularly they will try to encourage trips by our middle-class population, and the recovery program calls for the modernization of middle-income facilities. It will allocate funds to build moderately priced hotels in areas where none now exist. ECA is also launching a program of what it terms "specialized-interest travel." It will promote European trips tailor-made to meet the enthusiasm of the garden lover, the art lover, the physician, and the farmer. Last year a "music appreciation tour" roamed through five European countries, a so-called "flying classroom" took sixty-five American educators from forty states through eleven Continental countries. Two hundred farmers went to Copenhagen to discuss farm economy with an international assemblage. During the past year *Farm Journal* sponsored five specialized tours to acquaint voy-

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

A MUSICAL WORLD TOUR

From one of our good neighbors in South America comes a quiz from Catherine Steven, of Lima, Peru, offering you a geography lesson. You are asked to name the places omitted in the following quotations from well-known songs. As usual, five points for each correct answer. A score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 87.

1. In .....'s fair city, where girls are so pretty.
2. I'd like to roll to ..... some day before I'm old.
3. By .....'s lake and dells.
4. Meet me in ....., Louie; meet me at the fair.
5. We danced the light fantastic on the sidewalks of .....
6. It's a long way to .....
7. We, in dreams, behold the .....
8. Maid of ....., ere we part.
9. Riding down from .....in an Eastern train.
10. From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of .....
11. ....., ... God shed his grace on thee.
12. O come ye, O come ye to .....
13. The ....., the ....., we don't go there anymore.
14. Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing over the sea to .....
15. I looked over ..... what did I see, comin' fo' to carry me home?
16. Me and my true love will never meet again on the bonnie, bonnie banks of .....
17. The sun shines bright on my old ..... home.
18. O steer my bark to .....'s Isle for ..... is my home.
19. 'Twas within a mile of ..... toon.
20. There's no place like .....

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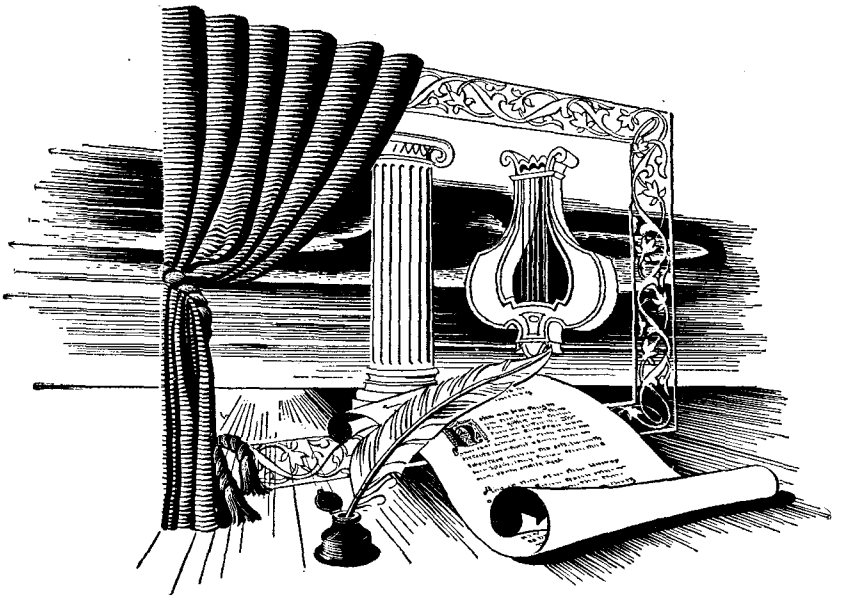

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And you take your trip when transportation rates are at their lowest and better accommodations are plentiful and more reasonable.

Plan to take your trip this time of the year when Europeans are truly "at home" to their American friends ... when they can acquaint you with the cultural and artistic side of their lives which visitors in the busy tourist season seldom see.

Consult your Travel Agent now. He is your best counselor and will take care of the details of your trip.

European Travel Commission

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ETC

UNDERSTANDING... THROUGH TRAVEL ... IS THE PASSPORT TO PEACE

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aging farmers with life on the homesteads of Britain, Holland, Germany, France, and Switzerland.

Said one ex-4H club member after poking through Europe last summer, "Frankly I had expected to find a bunch of stupid oxen. I was astounded to discover French farmers using a crop spray with new chemicals, practising artificial insemination, and unloading their produce through slick-operating collective markets." An American with a preconceived notion about European unproductivity could hardly fail to be impressed by the magnificent new railroad station in Rome or the modern architecture of the cooperative apartment houses in Stockholm, which have nurseries where working mothers can leave their children and central kitchens for the use of all tenants. Nor could he fail to be amazed at the Swedish state medical system, which flourishes side by side with private practice and yet provides sanitariums for the mainland, motorboat dental clinics for the coastal islands, and flying ambulances for Lapland. If an American were possessed of the impression that Italians sit in the sun and feed on sun rays, he has only to take a look at the harbor of Genoa. British and American engineers surveyed the war wreckage and estimated it would take three years to put it back in operational order. The Italians did it themselves in six months. If they are sun-sitters, they have a resourcefulness which we don't possess. In need of a freight ship recently, they floated half a Liberty ship that had cracked apart in Naples harbor and half of another that had been beached off Ostia, welded them together, and so added a vessel to Italy's merchant marine.

If part of the world thinks that the American is a spoiled sugar-daddy there are other regions where his appearance in person is a tonic. So many Europeans have been influenced by Hollywood divorces that they are genuinely reassured and pleased to see American families traveling together. "We are so immune to our own movies," says an American business woman who travels to Europe several times a year, "that we don't realize how bad an influence our films really are." The same *Look* report recalls the story of a sixteen-year-old Swiss schoolgirl who visited the United States and returned to write an essay which began, "Gangsters, cowboys, Hollywood — that's how I imagined America. Only now I realize how fantastically wrong I was." A New York couple who toured through the less traveled French provinces this summer are collecting picture books about the United States which they will send back to the friends they made. They found our Government propaganda wasn't getting to enough people. In a dozen French homes they were plied with questions like "What do you eat for breakfast?" or "How do they collect the tickets on your railroad trains?" The couple was looked upon as part of a race endowed with money, freedom, cars, and steaks. Since the average middle-class French family can afford a maid the French assumed all Americans must of a certainty provide themselves with so modest a luxury.

Sending picture books abroad is one way to increase understanding, and sending Europeans over here is another method. Karl Mundt, the Senator from South Dakota, in one of his more progressive moments has proposed that we set up television sets with screens six feet square in tender areas overseas to give the world a "Vision of America" as well as a voice. A network of stations which would cover Japan from end to end, for example, would cost $4,600,000 or,

Booked for Europe

YOUR TRIP ABROAD. By Richard Joseph. Doubleday. $2.95. Dependable, accurate, exhaustive study of nearly all foreign tourist countries.

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says Mundt, about as much as we spend for two B-36 bombers.

But nothing is quite as inexpensive or as profitable or as satisfying as tourism—sending the American, with all his foibles and his faults, overseas in the flesh. Financially speaking, 235,000 Americans went to France in 1949 and spent $65,000,000 not including transatlantic transportation, a figure which represents nearly the total value of all the goods France exported to the United States during the same period. The figure for 1950 is expected to reach about $75,000,000. Travel is already accounting for one third of all the dollars Europe is earning, and Newell Grinnell, the retiring president of the American Society of Travel Agents, estimates that one million Americans will soon be visiting Europe every year. There are now 60,000,000 American wage earners receiving vacations with pay, and it is not unreasonable, Grinnell has said, to anticipate that 1 or 2 per cent will take vacations abroad.

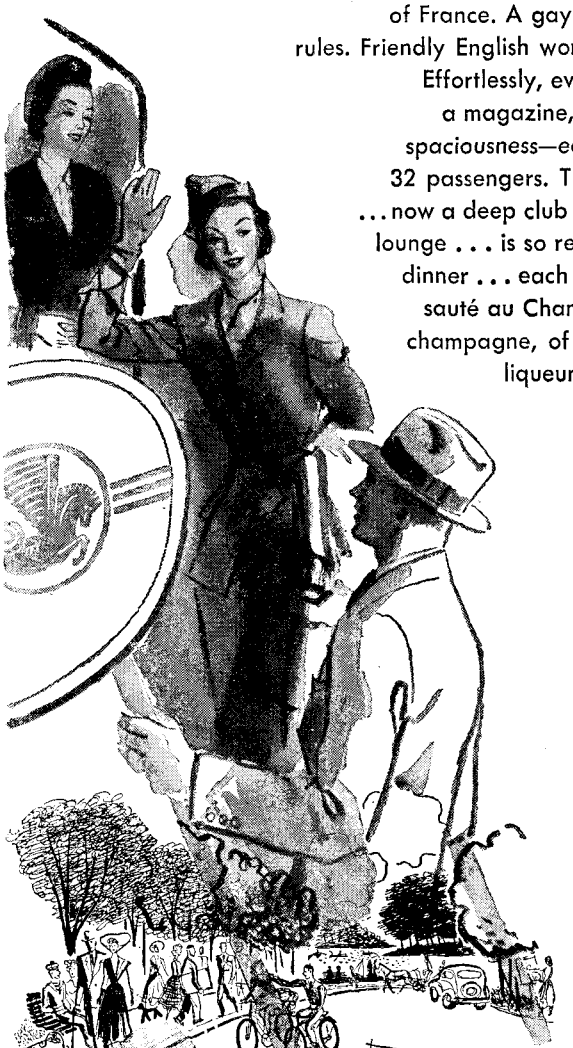
Aside from its economic tonic this mass holiday in Europe might indeed dispel for all time some of the illusions that have been built up about us in foreign lands. The Italians, for example, have created about us that same super-mortal aura in which we used to cloak our grade-school teacher. Each new American who travels between Milan and Messina helps to prove that we are not people of another world, that we sweat and worry and frequently have the same struggle to make ends meet. Contact with broad groups of Americans might prove to the West German that ERP money does not derive from some vague excess slush fund of dollars, but rather from the increased taxes imposed on our people. It might show the Frenchman that we have outgrown the inferiority complex that colored our behavior in the Twenties and Thirties, when we were immature and incredibly provincial, when most of us had never been out of the country before. It might remind the Englishman that his forbears of the nineteenth century rollicking about on the Grand Tour with money that had poured into their coffers from the industrial revolution were no more cosmopolitan nor less truculent.

Americans having a look at how the other side lives might also be reminded of a few things, too. Perhaps we might come to wonder about the real value of our chrome-trimmed progress, to ponder, for example, if we haven't created a lot of necessities that aren't necessary. "Sure, this is God's country," a returning United States tourist said recently as his ship nudged its way up the Narrows, "but He obviously made some other countries at the same time."

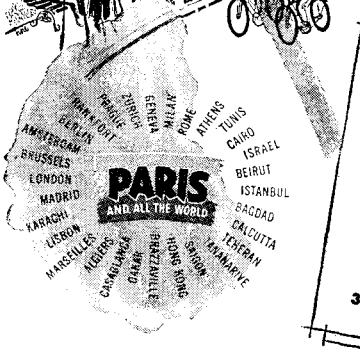
As cosmopolitan as the Bois de Boulogne

As incomparable as Chapon sauté au Chambertin

Air France to Paris! The very moment you enter your Constellation you're in another world... the world of France. A gay cosmopolitan atmosphere rules. Friendly English words have a French accent. Effortlessly, every need is met . . . cards, a magazine, newspaper, aperitif. Such spaciousness—each flight is limited to only 32 passengers. The luxurious "sky lounge" ...now a deep club chair, later a "stretch-out" lounge . . . is so restful, so comfortable. And dinner . . . each dish is superb . . . Chapon sauté au Chambertin—incomparable... champagne, of course...and coffee and liqueur. This is flying Air France.



MISS MARJORIE LAWRENCE
Metropolitan Opera Star
"My many trips to Europe on concert tours have made me an Air France enthusiast. Everything about the trip — service, food, comfort—is delightful. Flying Air France is a real pleasure."



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CAPITALISM

Nothing is superior except by comparison

WHEN we compare the conditions of nations and people in anti-capitalistic countries with the security, prosperity, happiness and well-being of our people under United States capitalism, we appreciate our privilege of living in a capitalistic, democratic country.

The basic principle of the free, capitalistic system which we have developed in our country affords opportunity to the individual who is willing to use his talents to the extent of his ability and desire to produce—to accumulate something for investment in a home, a farm, in savings accounts, bonds and other securities, life insurance, the education of his children, and comforts of life—and become a capitalist.

The following facts give us a deep appreciation of what capitalism has done and is doing for our country and its people.

Private capital in the form of taxes and purchases of United States Government Bonds made it possible for us to spend three hundred thirty billion dollars in carrying out our part of the program in winning World War II. This, of course, is unimportant when we consider the loss of life and permanent and partial disability which our youth sustained and which cannot be measured in dollars.

Our participation in World War II has left us today with a national debt of two hundred fifty-seven billion dollars, but on the credit side we find that our annual national income, at the current rate, is equal to 90% of our total national debt. Of this total national debt, thirty-nine billion dollars are in treasury obligations owned by Government agencies, so our net debt is slightly over two hundred eighteen billion dollars.

The United States free enterprise business system is operating at its highest level, furnishing employment to sixty-two million people at the highest hourly and weekly earnings ever recorded. Stockholders and corporations, after paying the highest peacetime taxes in the post-war years, have had the highest net average earnings in history from their investment.

Our farmers had cash income from marketing last year amounting to twenty-seven billion five hundred million dollars, the highest on record.

Total farm assets of our country amount to slightly more than one hundred twenty-seven billion dollars, against which there is an indebtedness of only twelve billion four hundred million dollars. Thus our farmers have ownership equity of over 90 per cent in their farms.

In non-farm homes, counting apartment buildings with four or less families, and all valued at a total of two hundred billion dollars, our home owners have an equity of one hundred fifty-eight billion dollars—a substantial ownership of 79 per cent.

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Therefore, as a result of the opportunity provided by our free-enterprise capitalistic system, the people of our nation have a free and clear ownership in their homes and farms of 83.4 per cent.

Our people have savings of more than one hundred thirty-six billion dollars in government bonds and savings accounts.

An additional ninety-seven billion dollars are on deposit in commercial bank accounts.

Our men and women have a cash investment of sixty billion dollars in life insurance policies.

A high percentage of our working people are provided with unemployment insurance, sickness, accident and retirement benefits, financed by employers, employees and government. Others who are not covered by these plans and who find themselves in need are provided for by governmental and social institutions.

We are increasing our efforts to improve the standard of living of the people in the lower income brackets.

The United States, with only six per cent of the world population and seven per cent of its land area, under its democratic, capitalistic system, before World War II, produced forty-seven per cent of the world's manufactured goods, but what is more important, ninety per cent of that production was consumed within our own borders. Today we are producing over fifty per cent of the world's manufactured goods, of which a substantial percentage is for other countries.

Capitalism is backing freedom of worship and providing increasing educational opportunities by constantly giving more and more support to the two things upon which our democratic, cultural civilization depends—spiritual and educational values.

We have a permanent investment in churches and schools of eighteen billion five hundred million dollars and are spending annually eight billion dollars for religious and educational purposes.

Membership in the churches is increasing at a much faster rate than the increase in the population, and in our Sunday Schools at an even greater rate.

In the past thirty years, elementary school enrollment has increased 13.5 per cent, high school enrollment 146.1 per cent and college and university enrollment 351.6 per cent.

Our public school expenditures per pupil enrolled have gone up from $48.02 in 1920 to $132.06 in 1947, or 175.0 per cent.

Since 1920 the population of our country has increased 43 per cent and the investment in school and college equipment has increased 571 per cent.

Since the beginning of our industrial and scientific development in the early 1800's, the capitalistic system, due to individual freedom, initiative and ingenuity, has given the world more of the comforts and conveniences of life than mankind had received in the previous 5000 years of civilization.

Under this system our people as a whole are happy and united, are increasing their capital and enjoying a fuller spiritual, cultural and material life.

Today our scientific and industrial knowledge and experience in the various fields of peaceful activity are open to the rest of the world, and in this respect we have joined with other like-minded nations in contributing to the technical assistance program of the United Nations.

No nation, no individual, no venture, no private or public institution, no program for the welfare of people can progress without capital.

It is each individual's duty to contribute to the preservation, protection and improvement of our democratic civilization on a basis which is sound and fair to all our people.

Thos. J. Watson

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DOES THE ENGLISH WRITER HAVE A CHANCE?

(Continued from page 23)

ciety. Their gods are Dylan Thomas, and, perhaps even more than Thomas, George Barker. Apart from the literary gifts of these two poets, their attraction for their followers is something intractable about their personalities that makes it almost impossible to think of a Thomas or a Barker in the BBC or the British Council. However, Barker is preferred, because Thomas's work, in spite of its violence and apparent disruptedness, contains intellectual qualities of a high order and the crystallization of inchoate personal experiences into powerful unifying images, whereas Barker's tends toward a kind of dazzling disintegration.

There is, in fact, in London today a movement among young writers which corresponds very much to French existentialism. As with the French existentialists there are at the top of an amorphous movement several outstanding people, Herbert Read, Dylan Thomas, George Barker, and the neo-romantic John Heath-Stubbs, followed by a mob of almost unknown poets, "apocalyptics," "personalists," and the rest. The bitterness, impoverishment, and jealousy of these disappointed young writers in London today remind one of Dublin and the malice of Irish literary life more than of London as it was before the war. A Dubliner, Yeats, expressed just such a situation in his line. "Things fall apart: the center cannot hold," prophetic of the spiritual and intellectual life not just of London but of Europe. And just as the effect of the Dublin atmosphere was to drive the foremost Irish writers—Shaw, Joyce, Yeats, Moore—into exile, semi-exile, or solitude, so English literary life is producing its exiles of today—Auden, Huxley, and Isherwood—its semi-exiles like MacNeice, Edwin Muir, and myself, and its solitaries like the excellent poet Vernon Watkins, who lives isolated in a small town near Swansea, where he works as a bank clerk, and like the regional writers in Wales and Scotland, who preserve a kind of independence which has integrity.

There are hard economic realities which make the situation I have described more or less inevitable. Yet to be aware of the various dangers of officialization, embitterment, and segregation is to begin to see one's way out of these very evils. That many young writers are aware of these things and dissatisfied with the lives they lead I know, because they tell me so. The practical measure most needed today is to found one or more good literary reviews independent both of officialdom and of cliques and aiming at a wide public which is more interested in literature itself than in literary politics and personalities. A considerable effort is required to tear down the barriers which divide the old and middle-aged from the young and the officialized lives from the too personal ones.

In England today the older writers survive on reputations and intellectual positions which they have constructed for themselves before recent cataclysms. The problem for a younger writer without some such past capital to exist on is to discover some context in present-day England for his individuality as a writer. His dangers are either to be absorbed into the collectivized state or to be driven right out of it into a Bohemian underworld which no one cares greatly about. The writer's search today is for a position of individual responsibility which cannot rest on a ruling class, as in the past, nor on political protests, as in the 1930's, and which is not absorbed into collective authority nor yet completely anarchistic either. Independent individuality has to reassert itself without being merely rebellious. Since this is required, no doubt sooner or later it will happen. Meanwhile the English scene for the creative artist is as depressing as a glance at the book lists or the contents of the few surviving weekly periodicals would seem to show.

Stephen Spender, English poet and critic, first came to public attention with a volume of "Poems" published in 1930, when Mr. Spender was twenty-one. Since then fourteen more titles have been added to his bibliography.

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MEASURE OF SOULS

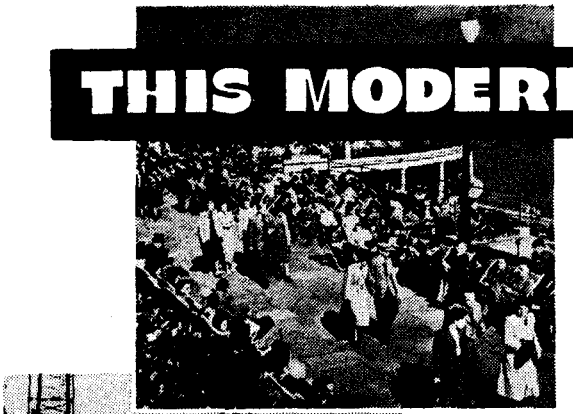
(*Continued from page 34*)

to reflection provided by the whole.

The artist, M. Malraux tells us, is launched to action by experience not of life, like a child, but of art. The systems of forms invented by the simplest sculptor of the High Middle Ages and those created by present-day painters intensely conscious of art history have this in common: they came into being through contacts and even conflicts with some previous type of art. At Chartres as in Egypt, at Florence as at Babylon the raw material of an art coming to birth was not life but the art preceding it.

All great styles are the scaling down to our finite, human perspective of that elemental, never-ceasing flux of worlds and stars on whose mysterious rhythms we are borne, unknowing. They impose order upon chaos, an order shaped when possible to man's desires, and when that is impossible, to his emotions—Apollo, Prometheus, or Saturn; Aphrodite or Ishtar; the resurrections of the flesh or the Dance of Death. The past is with us in terms of its art styles; it is brought to life for us more cogently by styles than by history because every style transmits an aspect of the past scaled down to the measure of its soul, whether it be aware of this soul or not.

The individual artist begins by enthusiasm for some other artist; at the outset he is a pasticheur of some chosen master. Then he moves on stage by stage, reacting against the last one, shedding all that is foreign to his own nature and to the needs of the art he knows he must in the end invent for himself. For if he be a great artist there can be no question for him of remaining content with mere reproduction of the surrounding world; it is only through art that he can move. Thus his choice lies between copying another painter on the one hand or blazing a new trail on the other. In either case he is bound to make discoveries—by perfecting the old (if he be a Raphael) or revealing the new (if he be a Goya). To those who meet such discoveries for the first time it will seem a proclamation of active capture of the world. For it is art's very nature to seek to capture and possess the world, and the artist does this by translating the world which he *undergoes*, the world in which he is a mere participant, to a world of his invention that he *dominates*. In practice every genius first takes possession of a previous style and then leads a revolt against it. And that which definitely sepa-



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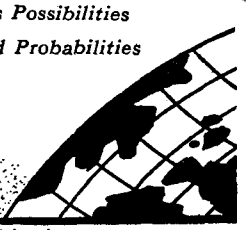

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rates the man of genius from the man of talent and the craftsman is not the intensity of his response to the thing seen, but specifically the fact that he alone, amongst all those whom these works delight, is driven to evolve another art that will destroy them.

I find the first volume, "Museum Without Walls," less intriguing, because some of us have already much stressed its central theme—that what we now think of as the material of art history includes the range of objects of all times and places that have been photographed and reproduced. To the artist this has brought many stimulating and some depressing problems and a truly terrifying *embarras du choix.*

The result, by a kind of paradox, may be a stab in the back to M. Malraux's views. For the artist, confronted with a hundred springboard styles to choose from, may decline them all. And then what remains for him? Either what Élie Faure and M. Malraux (who know what good painting is) call simply *"la peinture"* (the special pigment-sensibilities, say of Veronese or Velazquez or Goya or Manet), or a fresh start with bare boards and (when M. Malraux is not looking) a childish stare at a mountain range, a girl's arm and breast, a rearing horse beneath an oak tree, or a sprig of lily-of-the-valley. Artists, especially the great ones, are shockingly perverse; they are most ungrateful for all that is done to help them to understand art; they look at pictures by Van Eyck without recalling Weale or Friedländer and at Bruegel's "Summer" without a thought of Glück; and though they turn the pages of books by Faure and Malraux (and even Wilenski) in the bookshops they never buy them or read a word of the helpful texts.

R. H. Wilenski is author of "Modern French Painting," "The Study of Art," "The Modern Movement in Art." The last volume of "The Psychology of Art" will be published next month.

Man Meeting Himself

By Howard Sergeant

THEY are moving inwards; the circle is closing.
Tonight I have heard them again among
the houses, a million voices rising as one
in the darkness, hounding our lives with their
pitiless tongues, the voices of leaves and children
crying, as children cry, for light—where is
no light; for love where there is only silence:

and under my feet stars like dead leaves falling
under my feet the bloodless faces staring. . . .

There is one hand, five-barbed with innocence,
can start a conflagration in the breast.
There is one force can find a man his likeness
in a stone, and we have buried it with lies;
but not for ever—we have not earth enough
nor words to turn the wind back from our hearts.
Come day the rocks will open and ourselves
walk out in freedom to startle the world as men.

Look into their eyes and faces if you dare
and, if you dare, describe a victory.
Not history, not hate, flows over them.

And this is guilt—
man meeting himself in the night,
and hating himself and the wind
and the lips of the wind, the swiveling
eye and the lies most known
by the light, the beast in the man
and the man in the beast and himself;
but hating most deeply and deadly
his hatred of self—

to answer
I do not know their language!

LONDON, ENGLAND.

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(*Continued from page 58*)

eminent director of the Belgian Radio, Paul Collaer, an early fighter for the cause of modern music. "Between 1910 and 1930 masterpieces were appearing every year." True enough, the creation of masterpieces like "Le Sacre du Printemps," "Pierrot Lunaire," "Wozzeck," "Socrate" would seem inconceivable today. Composers both in Europe and here are digesting the enormous revolutionary changes that occurred at the beginning of the century. Their music rolls on the rails (or in the ruts) laid down by their predecessors. In this our mid-century has a peculiar resemblance to the seventeenth mid-century. Then, too, composers were adapting, transforming, developing the great innovations of the Florentine and Venetian inventors of the opera.

Any attempt to describe new European musical production is necessarily incomplete and latent with generalities. All an observer can do is to give a clue to certain developments by naming a few important personalities. Thus, the debonair neoclassicism which is still the main current of contemporary European music is represented in Germany and Austria by the composers Carl Orff, Werner Egk, Gottfried von Einem, and Boris Blacher. Of these four the last is, in my opinion, the most gifted, prolific, and technically proficient. Despite its transparent quality, and its clearly defined polyphonic texture, Blacher's music has an individuality derived in part from the Hindemith and the Russian (Prokofieff) tradition. An erudite pedagogue, an encyclopedic mind, Russian-born Boris Blacher is today the most famous of the Central European composers. Two other important German personalities are Wolfgang Fortner and Johann Amadeus Hartmann. The former's music leans toward the atonal twelve-tone technique of composition, while the vigorous music of the latter has certain affinities with the Bartók tradition.

In France the neo-classical and neo-romantic school is represented among the younger generation by Jean Françaix, Henri Préger, and Henri Dutilleux. Françaix's charming and elegant music has been intermittently performed in America, while Préger's music has only once been heard at a League of Composers' concert in New York. Préger's is moving almost religious music, showing a refined sense of modal harmony and an equally refined understanding of melodic writing for voice. Préger is a young man in his twenties who, like Françaix,

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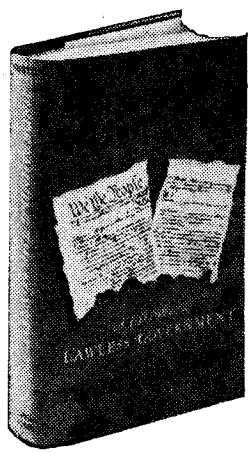

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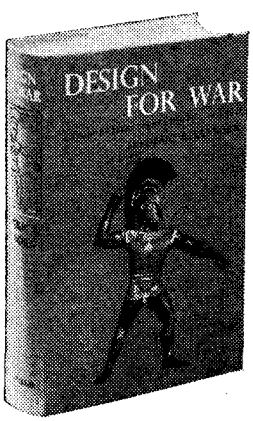

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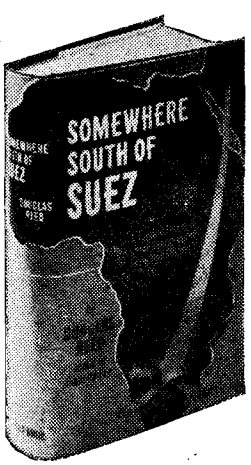

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belongs to the vast constellation of students of Nadia Boulanger. Henri Dutilleux is perhaps the most promising of all the young French composers. He has written a number of orchestral works, songs, chamber music, incidental music for the theatre, and recently a remarkable piano sonata. Although Dutilleux is in a certain way connected with the French instrumental tradition (Debussy, Ravel), and is perfectly tonal, his music is independent of the usual clichés of either neo-classicism or neo-romanticism. It is fresh, brilliantly constructed music, vigorous in its melodic outline, and absolutely sincere.

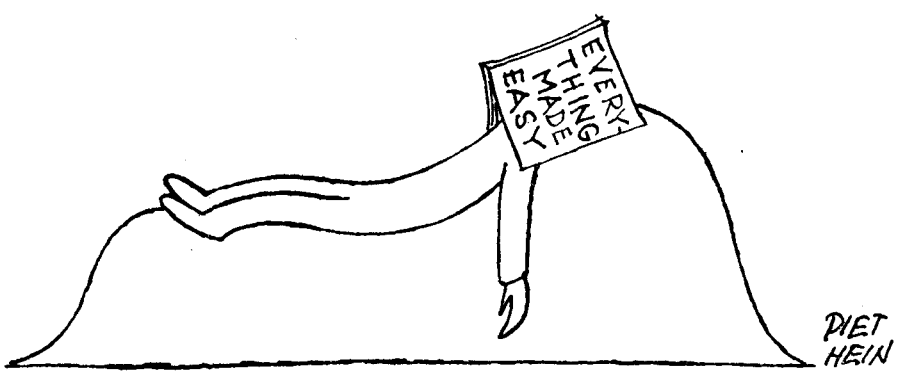
THEN there are, of course, the French composers of the older generation, like Auric, Poulenc, and Milhaud, whose recent works exhibit few new characteristics unknown to the American public. Alone, Henri Sauguet's enormous lyrical talent remains everlastingly young and fresh.

Among the twelve-tone composers—besides the Italian Luigi Dallapiccola, who is already regarded as a master and who, in fact, belongs to the older generation—a name should be mentioned which recently has produced a great noise in European musical circles. It is that of Pierre Boulez, the twenty-five-year-old composer, whose second piano sonata was recently performed at a League of Composers' concert. Last summer Roger Désormière (the admirable French conductor of modern music) gave the first performance of Boulez's two songs for voice and orchestra. Boulez's music is the latest, the most complex, and the most rigorous music yet written in the twelve-tone technique. It derives stylistically from Webern and structurally from Berg, but many of Boulez's ideas have been strongly influenced by African and Far Eastern music, and certain of his rhythmical ideas come from early works of Stravinsky, like the "Japanese Lyrics." At any rate, Boulez is at the present moment the "discovery" of Paris and as such occupies the position held twenty years ago by Igor Markevitch and a decade later by Olivier Messiaen.

In England there exists an active and productive group of talented composers, many of whose names are little known or totally unknown here. To my knowledge the music of Tippett and Rubra, for example, has scarcely been performed in the United States, and yet some of their scores are in no way inferior, if not superior, to the production of Vaughan Williams, Britten, or Walton. The fact that their works are unknown here is by no means surprising. It is only a part of the curious isolationism or parochialism which reigns in the domain of creative music all over the Western world. In Europe one of the reasons for this parochialism is the fact that the various national radio stations are the main, if not the only, outlets for the production of contemporary music. It is only too natural that each nation's network should plug its own composers and give the remaining radio time to the performance of the classics of modernism—Bartók, Berg, and Stravinsky. Another reason lies in the fact that there is so little new on the ideological horizon of European musical productivity. The new works produced are not striking, not fresh, not new enough to stir up real enthusiasm among the larger and more international segment of the European public. Besides, why should one play one's neighbor's latest dodecatonalist or neo-classicist when there are at least two or three at home clamoring for attention.

On the whole one can say that in the early part of this century the creative aspect of European musical life was more interesting, more vigorous than the performing aspect. Today, the situation is in reverse. What is most attractive in the Europe of 1951 are the superb young performers—not the composers, who linger in the shadow of the earlier masters of our century.

Nicolas Nabokov, Russian-born composer now resident in the United States, spent several months in Europe in 1950 *surveying the musical scene. He is the author of "Old Friends and New Music," to be published later this month by Little, Brown.*



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cluding that never in the history of taste has there been so complete a devotion to the *faux bon*. It is, apparently, not just the desire to belabor Hollywood that induces so many people to overpraise European productions; they praise them for their worst qualities both esthetically and humanly and ignore the occasional pictures that offer growing points. While "La Bataille du Rail" died quietly here, any film starring Raimu supported by actors from the Comédie Française is assured of local success. The horrors of "Bicycle Thief" pained a swank preview audience, many of whom had just returned from a gay summer in Rome, the fashionable rendezvous of that year. And what seems to evoke the most praise for British films is their ineffable good manners.

There is more to be found in this than the reflection that the genteel tradition in America dies hard and that our national sense of cultural inferiority is equally long-lived. Because metropolitan intellectuals are the only articulate audience for foreign films their taste constitutes the sole yardstick European film-makers can use in aiming at the American market. Examining the New York reviews and box-office returns it is not difficult for French and British producers to convince themselves that only filmed literature and metaphysical fantasy can succeed here, or for Italian ones to believe that the key to success is sex in the raw. I put the case extremely; there are exceptions. But even the exceptions have been misinterpreted. The only postwar foreign-language films to reach beyond the intelligentsia to the American people at large have been "Open City," "Paisan," and "Bicycle Thief." Their American distributors believe, and many European film-makers have been convinced, that their remarkable success is due not to their merit but to the frankly pornographic advertising used to exploit them here. I was convinced of this for a time, but I no longer believe it. I changed my mind because there have subsequently arrived a number of French and Italian films obviously produced with an eye to the possibilities of off-color exploitation. All have signally failed to match the box-office record of the Rossellini and De Sica films, and none have penetrated beyond New York to any significant extent. The evidence indicates what one wants to conclude anyway, that the only foreign-language pictures that have a chance of reaching beyond the "art" theatres to

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the big American audience are honest films that talk in terms everybody can understand about things that matter to everybody. If that is not the nature and mission of a mass medium, I am far from base.

A COMBINATION of factors dimmed the promise of the postwar European film: misconceptions about the American market, economic slump, and—probably most cogent—a widespread hopelessness, with concomitant nostalgia for a largely mythical past. Can anything be done here or abroad, to remove the misconceptions? Can European producers and their American distributors be weaned from the notion that the only foreign production that has a chance here is canned tradition sold like dirty postcards? An opportunity exists to dramatize the alternative and it comes from, of all places, Hollywood. Early in 1950 David O. Selznick announced the establishment of a Golden Laurel Award as an annual prize to "pay tribute to those motion pictures produced by Europeans in Europe during the preceding year which have made the greatest contribution to mutual understanding and good will between the peoples of the free and democratic world." Films submitted for the award were initially winnowed by juries of American journalists in Europe; the six pictures thus selected were finally judged in New York by a panel consisting of Ellis Arnall, Iris Barry, Gardner Cowles, John Dickey, Milton Eisenhower, Theresa Helburn, Quincy Howe, Archibald MacLeish, and James P. Warburg. On September 2 at the International Film Festival in Venice U. S. Ambassador James Clement Dunn presented the first Golden Laurel Award to Navona Films, producers of "Donne Senza Nome" ("Women Without Names").

About every statement in this abbreviated description of Mr. Selznick's idea gives off its own significance. It has been widely believed that the American film industry seeks to dominate and stifle European production. Many assert that Hollywood's interest in "mutual understanding and good will" can be measured by the convertibility of blocked funds into dollars. Some who claim to know say there is a studied effort to bar foreign films from their fair share of the American market. The decided indifference of American movie magnates to the European film festivals in which they have been invited to participate is often adduced as evidence of an indifference to all things cultural. To all these facts and opinions this not untypical movie magnate has made concrete answer. His award can hardly fail to stimulate production in Europe. Its attendant publicity will certainly aid the distribution of the chosen films in this country. The film festivals have their due, and for once "mutual understanding and good will" may earn dollars for Europe.

The award is now a reality. Its significance will lie in its durability; and that, I suspect, depends on matters beyond the control of even movie magnates. It remains to assess the results of the first judging. The yardstick was "mutual understanding and good will." These are sentiments, and the camera cannot photograph sentiments but only phenomena; utopias do not make good film material, as H. G. Wells learned with "Things to Come" and as the United Nations is learning to its sorrow and alarm. Even if the six films had been made with an eye on the award each of them would have had to realize its terms through the experience of its own country and people. It is not surprising that the concepts of understanding and good will they put forward are the partial wisdoms of particular cultures.

The locale of "Women Without Names" is a camp; its dramatis personae are DP's, the *momenti mori* of our time. They are women from all over Europe, from every class and nationality. Their pasts are blurred, and the picture does not indicate any bright future for them—any particular future at all. It does indicate that when people are stripped to the buff they find it in themselves to love and sacrifice. We don't learn what to do about camps here, only how to bear them. That, for those who have to bear them and have had no hand in their creation, is perhaps enough. But it issues in fatalism. "Women Without Names" takes us down among the lost people and makes us suffer with them. But it dwells rather too lovingly on

The Movies

Recent books that complement Mr. Griffith's article include:

THE FILM TILL NOW. By Paul Rotha and Richard Griffith. Funk & Wagnalls. $12. A comprehensive survey of movie making from its beginnings to date.

MOVIE PARADE. By Paul Rotha and Roger Manvell. Studio. $6. Stills from outstanding motion pictures, with emphasis on European achievements.

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DIARY OF A FILM. By Jean Cocteau. Roy. $3.50. A detailed account of the travails encountered in making the film "Beauty and the Beast."

Worthwhile British publications: "Fifty Years of German Film," by H. H. Wollenberg; "The Film in France," by Roy Fowler; "The Red Shoes: A Critical Study," by Monk Gibbon.

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their suffering and it doesn't even try to show how they might be saved.

I was dismayed by the nerveless acquiescence of this Italian film, by the resurgent mysticism of the German entry, "Nachtwacht," and by the what-would-you attitude of the French "Retour à la Vie." I was vastly interested and informed by the Swedish contribution, "Karleken Segrar" ("Love Conquers"), which displays the bad conscience of a neutral nation. Denmark's entry, "Vivilha' et" ("We Want a Child"), and Britain's, "Passport to Pimlico," show the democratic pattern in more familiar light. Only in them is there much evidence that such discredited notions as the spread of enlightenment and the intelligent reconstruction of society can still command men's allegiance. These are the reactions of an American, of an individual with all his preferences and prejudices upon him. Such judgments are less important than the fact that all the films are profoundly *informative* of the cultures which produced them. This was fortunately recognized early in the judging, to the extent that the sponsor of the Golden Laurel Award announced that "any film is eligible which reveals the way of life and character of its country of origin." It is perhaps too much to ask that films embody "mutual understanding and good will" in the abstract, and enough that they exhibit national life and character in the hope that understanding may be created and good will follow.

It is that limited hope which the Golden Laurel Award now embodies. If nothing more is accomplished beyond drawing the attention of American audiences to a number of serious European films, that is a great deal. It may seem little enough in view of the lateness of the hour. But no matter how fast the clock ticks, what else is there to do but get down now the things that ought to have been done a long time ago? My hat is off to Mr. Selznick, and I wish Europe would clinch matters by establishing its own award for the American film which provides the soundest information on life in the United States. And Asia too.

Richard Griffith is assistant to the director of New York's Museum of Modern Art Film Library and is one of SRL*'s regular movie reviewers.*

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CONQUEST OF ANARCHY

(*Continued from page 18*)

of its nationalistic prejudices by restoring free trade in both the things of the flesh and the things of the spirit and thus injecting fresh creative energy into our civilization. For my part, I confess that I see no other means of restoring the contact between thought and action, purpose and result, for the lack of which Europe has been reduced to a state of debility.

Yet, whereas we see that men are ready to meet in order to found the union they recognize as indispensable, we see also that every measure necessary to achieve that union somehow dies still-born. Now the reason for this paralysis is that the European mind has not yet sufficiently recovered its health to *will* the realization of this aim; the common conscience of Europe has not yet been sufficiently stirred to a real act of affirmation. Yet there can be no doubt in any man's mind that Europe, with all its wealth of diversity, all its debilitating separatisms, exists as a palpable entity.

FOR ABOUT a hundred years each of our various peoples has claimed to possess its own distinct and authentic culture. Every school text has made a special point of implanting this notion in the minds of four generations of children. At the same time, paradoxically, nobody denies the existence of a Western culture which derives from Athens, Rome, and Jerusalem. Nobody denies the supranational character of the great stages of modern cultural development—the Renaissance spirit of free inquiry, the faith in Reason that characterized the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the democratic institutions and industrial advance of the nineteenth century, and the new technology grown up in our own age.

The unity of Europe becomes self-evident as soon as we consider the bond constituted by the *forms* in which it expresses itself: the sonnet, the novel, the easel painting; canon and harmony in music; liturgical forms in the churches; the ballot, the political party, the civil and criminal codes; architecture rural, urban, and ecciesiastical; experimental science; dress, transportation, the metric system; nomenclature of customs; even the gold standard as the basis of note issue—it is hard to think of a form that is not common to all Europe. Over and above form itself we have fundamental concepts which are universal among us; in particular the notion of the individual, of the person and his personal vocation, which is

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a tremendous contradiction of the tribal sense that still survives so widely outside our civilization. But I return to the idea of diversity, which is itself a fundamental condition of our spirit of invention, spirit of creativity, a condition that overrides all considerations of local tradition, language, party, nation, and even religion. If Europe had been deprived of the concept of opposition and nonconformity it would never have progressed beyond the age of the fifth-century barbarians; it would have remained at the level of a fallen Rome.

It was this web of creative contradictions and antagonisms which throughout the ages was the generator of our civilization. It is because these creative contradictions continue among us that we may hope for the eventual elimination of the poisons that have been undermining our spiritual being. Europe remains supremely man's earth, by which I mean the place where men exemplify the widest differences, are most avid to explore the ultimate reaches of experience, to achieve the maximum of self-awareness, and then accept or reject what they find in their hearts and minds. And it seems to me that one of the most self-evident proofs of European unity lies in this passion and this urge for differentiation—a passion as common, indeed, to the masses as to the intelligentsia.

This again is the reason why the world as we still know it is Europe's creation. For good or for ill, the Indians, the Moslems, the Chinese have adopted European ways; they copy from us and leave us to take from them no more than a page here and there out of the writings of their sages, a few rhythms drawn from their dances, a curve or particular mass borrowed from their sculpture.

In this sense Europe may have seen its best days. I hope not; but it does look as if the Orient is already prepared to copy either Russia or America. For however much we may argue that Russia and America are Europe's spiritual creations the fact remains that the future seems to belong to them. Old Europe produced the prototype: they are engaged in mass production.

What this has done to us in Europe is both important and sad. On the one hand pride tempts us to say, "We alone are really creative"; on the other hand our inferiority feeling prompts us to think, "All our wit sufficed merely for our dethronement: heedlessly, we exported our creative secrets, and those same secrets are being turned against us with an energy of which we have been drained."

Even so it must be said that Eu-

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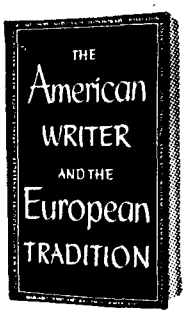

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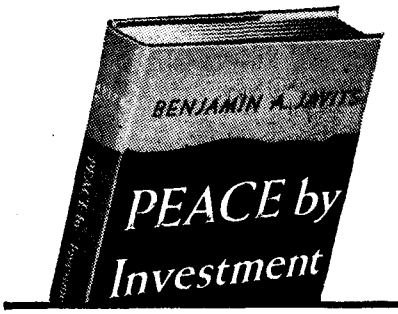
rope remains the heart of contemporary Western civilization. If, as the result of total war, that heart should cease to beat, then all the libraries and documents and microfilms that America has been able to amass would not for a single instant suffice to replace the specific creativity that is European, the traditions handed down from father to son, journeyman to apprentice, master to disciple (not professor to pupil), the innate sense of thinking and making that has flowed through fifty generations of men joined together by their love of the things of the spirit (tools as well as sonnets, textiles as well as sonatas) in all their irreplaceable diversity. There would be left not life but a museum.

The supranational unity of European culture is something which it is today more important to rescue than to define; and what it must be rescued from is totalitarianism. I use that word not only in the political sense but also in the sense of the sterilizing oversimplification of mass media which operates against diversity and therefore paralyzes true individuality. There is, I believe, much talk in America of the need to recall to the leaders and reveal to the citizens the fact that true power is not material but is spiritual, moral, and intellectual. Let me tell you that the various élites and masses of Europe need as much as the Americans do to be reminded that herein lies the strength of Europe and that culture on our little cape of the Eurasian continent is not a luxury but is the rock upon which our life is built.

THE FUTURE of Europe is henceforward bound up with that of America. But it cannot have escaped my American readers that pretty much everything I have written here concerns them, at bottom, as much as it concerns us who are European. Our continent is the lexicon in which you can read the words that spell the ills of your own continent. If not our ills, then at least the germs that caused them may one day attack you. Ask yourselves if what you believe in is actually what you find yourselves doing; if what you propose to yourselves as a goal is the end you actually attain. If the answer is no then you too are attacked by the most powerful virus from which we suffer, the virus that severs all contact between will and act, purpose and result. If I say of us that we mean well and do ill, does it make you think of what goes on in America too?

Certainly you are more directly threatened than we are by the psychic dictatorship of mass media, if only because you have the dangerous habit



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of finding justification for the existence of those media (even while some among you remain critical of them). Whereas among us the breaking of contact between spiritual aims and material acts provokes explosions, among you the result is perhaps ultimately worse, for in America that short circuit tends to provoke an average lowering of the level of awareness (however skilfully veiled by your energetic moralizing and great civic sense). Whereas we insist almost masochistically upon scrutinizing the horrible consequences of our weaknesses, you seem to be tempted to run away from your spiritual and cultural failings, you refuse to face them. You say, "Why go into all that? It will take care of itself." We say, "Let us ask every last bitter question there is to ask."

Our cure must mean as much to you as our sickness. In one sense we are your guinea-pigs, interesting to observe; in another we are your heredity, and you have us in your blood.

You and we have things to contribute to each other. What you want of us is that we discover—quickly—the anti-toxins necessary to kill the virus we have been secreting this hundred years past and against which you have not been immunized. What we want of you is not so much the dollars we need as something quite different. We want you to find out how man can remain human, can continue to be a spiritually and morally responsible person in spite of television and radio, mass magazines and comic books, the desperate inability of Hollywood to rise above its degrading idea of American taste and intelligence—and the tendency to refuse to face spiritual and moral facts.

I have said that Europe was sick, for it would have been absurd to try to hide the truth from you. Now I add, do not despair of Europe, for that would mean to despair of the essence of your own civilization. We need to know you much better; but you need no less to know us much better—for your own sake. My greatest wish is that a sort of Atlantic Dialogue may be carried on between our two continents in which each will tell the other his hopes and expectations of the other. Dying men have been saved before by the sound of a voice whispering in their ear, "We need you."

Denis de Rougemont, Swiss moralist, enjoys a worldwide reputation. He is director of the European Cultural Center (Geneva) and author of some twenty-odd books. Among his works published in America are "Love in the Western World," "Last Trump," and "Devil's Share."

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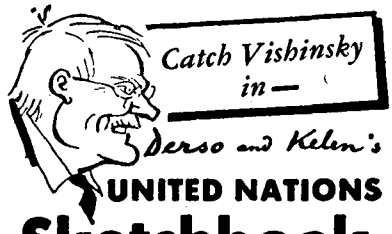

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LEADERSHIP WELCOME?

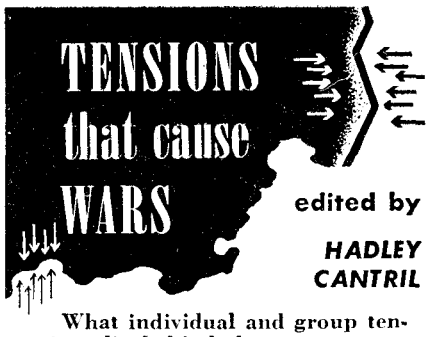
(*Continued from page 15*)

yourselves. This requires that the most self-admiring and provincial of your political and economic spokesmen must not go round the world pitying people because they are not from his state, in his business, and members of his church. A leader should know his own mind, but he must not preach.

Secondly, since a leader must command it would seem to be imperative that you forge a chain of command in which every link has its responsibility and accepts that responsibility. We hear too many voices from Washington to know which voice truly represents you and which speaks with real authority. If we are to accept American leadership, America must herself find leaders whose leadership she accepts.

The final consideration is this. Europeans feel toward the United States a kind of resentment which the French felt twenty years ago towards the British. It is something inherent in the structure of the Atlantic Alliance and may be defined as resentment born of the inequality of risks. Nothing is to be gained by telling us (as one of your legislators did) that you must have a great air force so that only Europe's sons shall die as infantrymen on the field of battle. If you feel the need of allies—as you must, since it is you and the Soviet Russians who are the principals, and it is we Western Europeans who are the auxiliaries in the planetary struggle—you must take a fair and realistic view of our situation. There are many Europeans (my friends and I are not among them) who would rather be Russified than be dead. The kind of fervent nationalism that bled France white in 1914-1918 has not survived intact in any country or any stratum of society on the Continent. Europeans know that they are living under the gun as you are not. They know that their lands may very well be your battlefields. If you are fair, you will agree that that is a grim prospect. And the longer you delay making it clear to them that you too know it, and that this knowledge is an inherent element in your strategic plans, the longer it will be before they are persuaded to drop their reluctance and accept American leadership.

Raymond Aron, French historian and essayist, is the author of a half dozen books, of which "Le Grand Schisme"—a collection of essays on current world problems—has gone through many editions.



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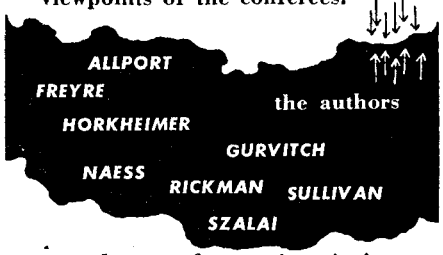

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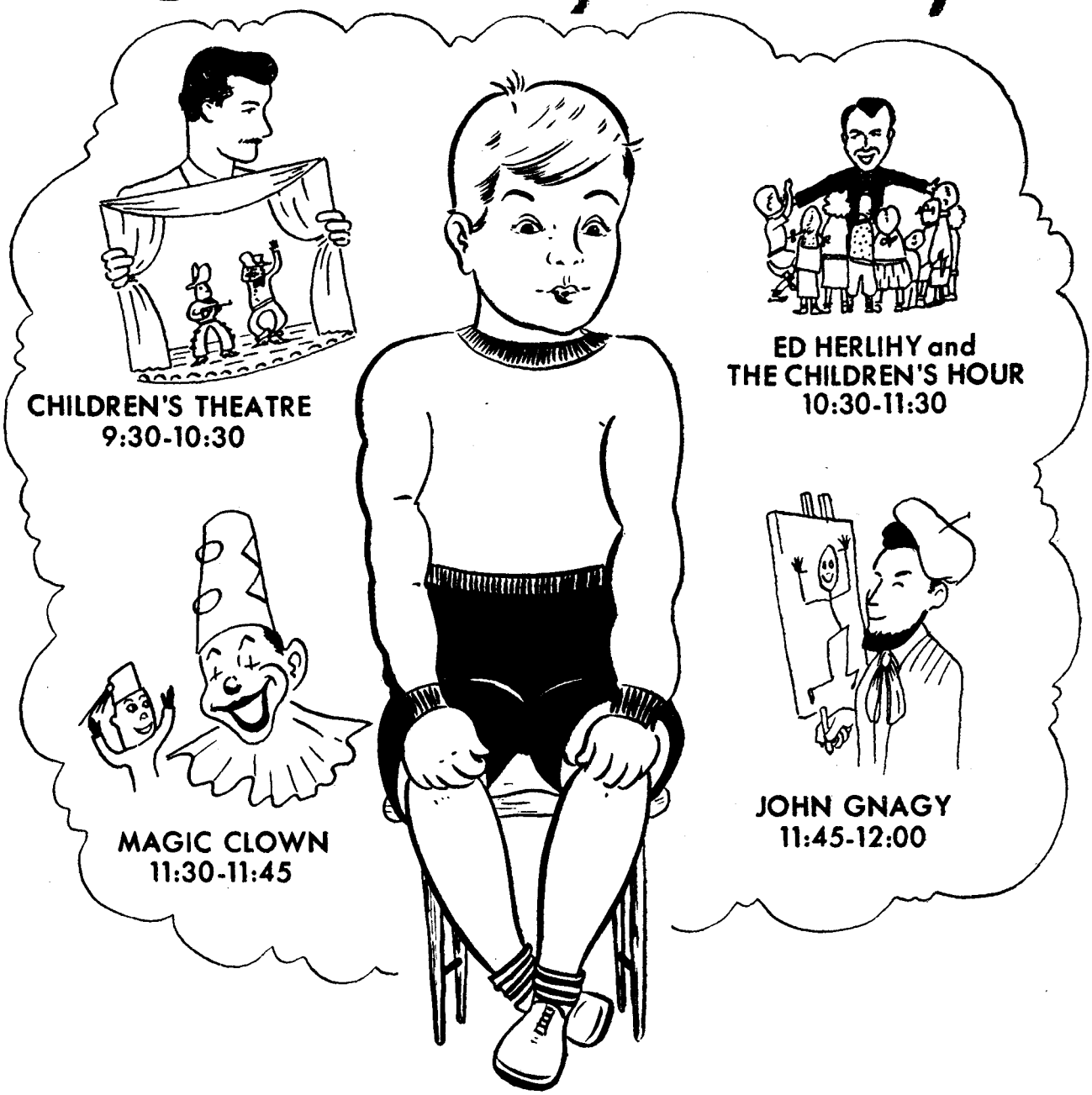

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APPALLING ALTERNATIVES

(*Continued from page 21*)

and meaningless as the dispute between Jansenists and Jesuits or the War of the Roses. Nor did I mean to say that it always *was* meaningless. I said it is *becoming* meaningless, because it operates with rigid nineteenth-century conceptions and does not take into account new realities which have emerged since and new conflicts which cut across the conventional boundaries.

It is not a novelty in history that a real dilemma which once seemed all-important is gradually drained of its meaning and becomes a false dilemma as new historic realities emerge. People lost interest in waging wars of religion when national consciousness began to dawn on them. The conflict between republicans and monarchists went out of fashion when economic problems became all-important. The examples could be multiplied. Every period seems to have its specific conflict which polarizes the world and serves as an ideological compass in the chaos — until history passes over it with a shrug; and afterwards people wonder what they were so excited about.

It is a further curious fact that some of these great ideological conflicts are never decided; they end in a stalemate. In successive centuries it looked as if the whole world would become either Islamic or Christian, either Catholic or Protestant, either republican or monarchist, either capitalist or Socialist. But instead of a decision there came a deadlock and a process which one might call the withering away of the dilemma. This withering, or draining of meaning, always seems to be the result of some mutation in human consciousness accompanied by a shift of emphasis to an entirely different set of values—from religious consciousness to national consciousness to economic consciousness and so on.

The battle-cries of economic man will appear to his successor just as sterile and pointless as the question at which end to break the egg, for which the Lilliputians fought their wars. While the majority of Europeans is still hypnotized by the clamor for capitalism or Socialism, Right or Left, history has moved on to a new alternative which cuts across the old lines of division: we called it the conflict between relative freedom and total unfreedom. Will this conflict also end in a stalemate and wither away?

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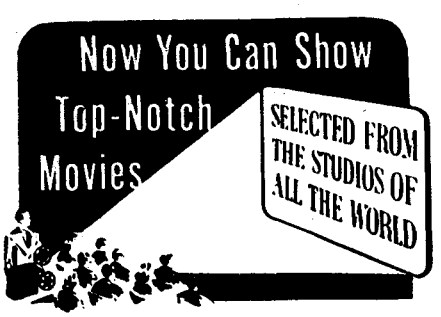

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still be secured between East and West, not unlike the establishment of stable Christian and Moslem areas from the end of the fifteenth century onward. It is just conceivable that in some of the vast, backward territories like China, Siberia, Central Asia authoritarian regimes may subsist for some time as a new form of transition from medieval feudalism to industrial liberalism. And it is conceivable that such regimes may coexist in relative peace with the democratic Occident, until the difference in social structure is gradually leveled out.

But it is *not* conceivable that such considerations should apply to modern European countries which have long ago gone through their industrial revolutions, stormed their Bastilles, and conquered their democratic freedoms. And it is not conceivable that one should arrive at a stable division of the world along the present insane frontier, which cuts Europe into halves, the German and Austrian nations into halves, the streets of Berlin and Vienna into halves. Finally, it is not conceivable that Western Europe should remain a no man's land and power vacuum between the two centers of power; for a low-pressure area next to a high-pressure area must sooner or later result in a hurricane.

Christianity and Islam only arrived at a stable modus vivendi because the Turks were beaten back at the ramparts of Vienna, because the Arabs never got to Paris, and were driven out of Spain. In our century the seat of the Holy Roman Empire has shifted to Washington, D. C. Left to themselves the nations of Europe would be as helpless against the onslaught of the Eastern hordes as were the feudal princes of the Middle Ages.

The inescapable conclusion is bitter to admit for us Europeans and unpleasant to accept for you Americans. We know that you haven't asked for this tragic responsibility and that you are not prepared for it. But history casts its parts without regard for the actors' wishes.

Arthur Koestler was born in Hungary forty-five years ago and has been resident in England for a decade. During the Thirties he was a correspondent for the London News Chronicle. *His novel "Darkness at Noon"* (1940) *introduced him to a wide public on both sides of the Atlantic. Since then he has written several other widely read books, among them "Arrival and Departure" and "The Yogi and the Commissar." This article is based on a speech given by Mr. Koestler at the Congress for Cultural Freedom in Berlin, June* 1950.

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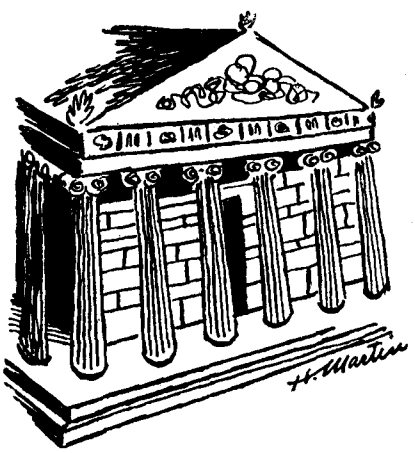
IN THE SHADOW OF "GUERNICA"

(Continued from page 66)

Singer and other men who have given up the illusion that French art as Communist propaganda can be allowed to differ from Russian—except in the case of Picasso, whose propaganda value to the Party is unique. Doubtless a few Parisian artists within the fold will attempt to stop short of academic verisimilitude. But the political atmosphere in which they work does not encourage long pauses on the road to instant comprehensibility by the masses. There is, of course, nothing intrinsically wrong with realism as a painter's method, provided its use springs from inner necessity rather than outer demand. In the case of the newer French realists, however, one senses at once that their approach is one they have either persuaded themselves or been told to adopt. And it is quite irrelevant to cite as precedent the fact that Renaissance artists worked brilliantly to precise order. The masters of that era were often realistic, it is true. They were so not simply because it was expected of them, but because accuracy was frequently uppermost in their minds. One need only read the tracts on perspective of the fifteenth-century Italians to realize how deep was the yearning for scientific correctness. One can remember with profit that Giotto, in an earlier time, had imposed a heightened realism on a public accustomed to Byzantine conventions. Realism at that date pointed forward; today with very notable exceptions (and they are all from the ranks of volunteers) it points back.

As to the iconography of the new realism both in France and in Italy, it is here that we shall find the movement's gravest shortcomings. While railing against the church the Party's artists have consistently reflected in their subject matter religious art's two emotional extremes—grief and ecstasy. Fougeron's "Hommage à Houlier" is one of a great number of recent paintings in which the anguish of the politically faithful has been epitomized. And at the other extreme the virtues and pleasures of the working classes have become the theme of a long series of genre paintings whose sentimentality exceeds even that of nineteenth-century works of the kind. In both emotional cases the manipulation of message is flagrantly untrue; the images presented are not actual but softly ideal. Of the two iconographic categories that dealing with automatic happiness is the less defensible in view of human experience, and a basic fallacy of Communist-directed art, as Sam Hunter has pointed out in relation to Guttuso, has been its incurable optimism. To which may be added that Hollywood at its richest and worst does not give a more distorted picture of contemporary society than those painted illustrations of the Party line which portray honesty, worth, and jubilation as guaranteed attributes of any one class, including the proletariat.



AFTER the complexities of the Continental art scene the conflicts of aim among American artists seem refreshingly pertinent to the creative problem. In this country since the war the dominant trend has been toward abstraction, with revived emphasis on the physical limitations and character of a given medium. It may be that some of our younger abstractionists follow this direction too confidently, allowing language to bully philosophical content out of existence. Yet in the face of vast social pressures there is a very great need for that conscience toward medium to which an earlier era affixed the reproachful title "art for art's sake." In an age becoming steadily more collective art remains one of the few means through which the individual will can assert itself; its function is not to record what we are now all like taken together but to affirm the creative differences among us from which all will eventually gain. For this purpose a free climate is essential. It brings its own discipline. It brings its own truthful variety. It has brought to American art recently many fine abstractions—and also some of the most genuinely persuasive social-realist pictures of our period.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 877

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

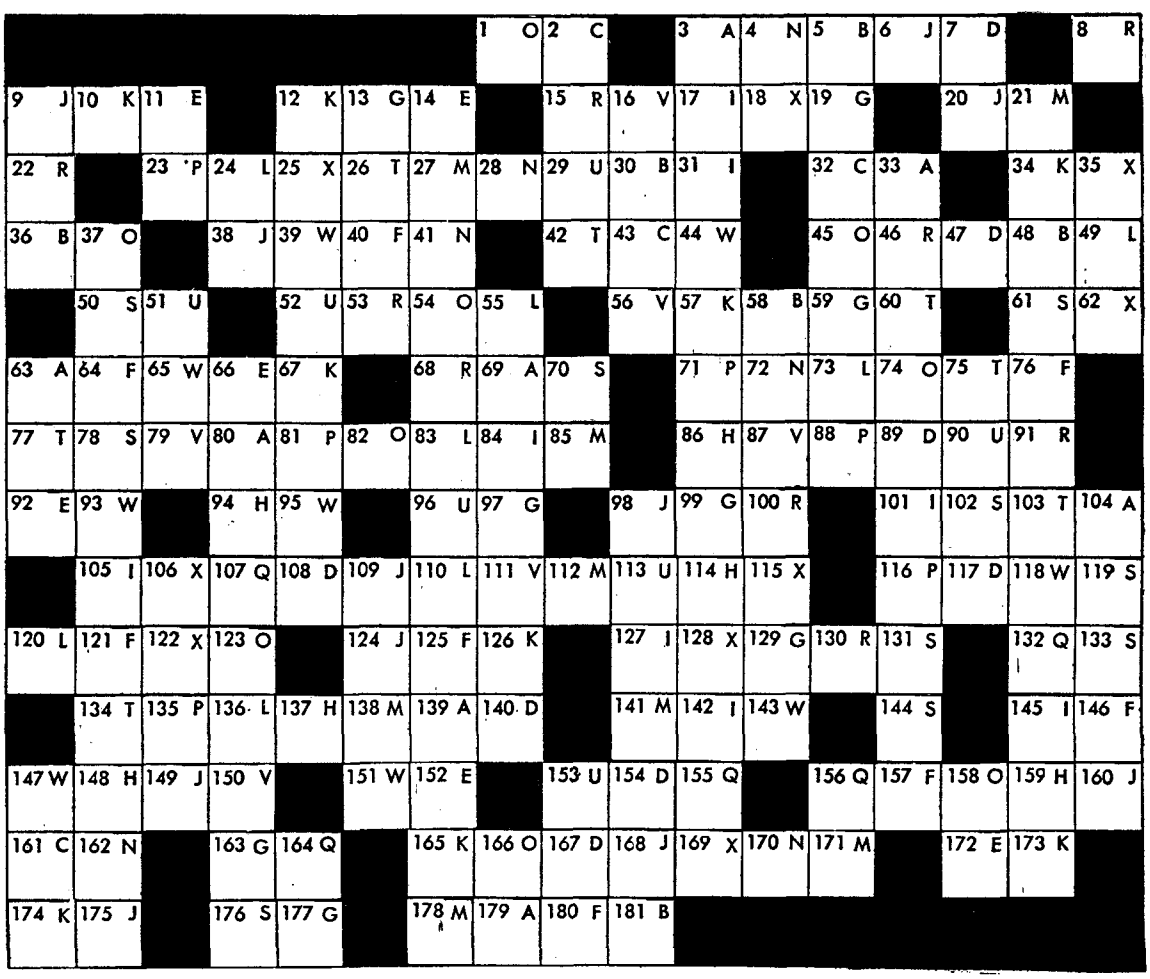
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Collection of ten bucolic poems by Vergil (41-39 B.C.; with "The").	33 63 80 179 139 69 104 3
B. Indians of Mexico conquered in 1519 by Spaniards under Cortes.	5 58 181 36 30 48
C. Exclamation expressing disgust, impatience, etc.	161 43 2 32
D. Discerning; watchful; vigilant (comp.).	167 117 140 154 89 47 108 7
E. Roman poet regarded as one of the founders of Latin literature (239-?169 B.C.).	14 11 152 172 92 66
F. Brother of Hypnos and son of Nyx, dweller in the lower world (Gr. myth.).	157 125 64 76 121 40 146 180
G. One of the best rulers of Judah, son of Ahaz, father of Manasseh (Bib.).	13 177 59 97 19 129 163 99
H. Escaped the notice or perception of.	159 114 137 94 148 86
I. Fixed; stable.	105 145 101 142 127 17 84 31
J. Peak in NW Arizona, 7364 feet high (2 wds.).	160 175 168 6 109 98 38 9 124 20 149
K. Feet of a pig, often used as food.	34 126 12 165 57 174 10 67 173
L. From the interior toward the exterior.	120 110 83 55 73 24 136 49
M. In an irregularly variable manner.	21 27 171 141 112 138 178 85
N. A portion of the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem, where children were sacrificed to Moloch (Bib.).	162 41 28 170 72 4
O. Spring-flowering shrubs, often used for hedges in England.	123 45 1 158 166 54 37 82 74
P. Thrown into ecstasy.	81 135 71 116 23 88
Q. Diminutive of Martha.	107 156 132 164 155
R. Friend to Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra".	100 130 68 15 22 53 46 8 91
S. Glazed and colored terra-cotta objects made by 15th century Florentine family of sculptors (2 wds.).	70 102 61 176 78 144 50 133 119 131
T. Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar.	77 134 26 42 75 103 60
U. Annoys or attempts to influence by private talk.	51 153 90 96 29 52 113
V. Firmly implanted; deep-seated.	16 111 79 150 87 56
W. Genuine; authentic (comp).	93 151 147 95 39 118 65 143 44
X. Unforeseen combination of circumstances calling for immediate action.	25 106 35 128 169 62 18 122 115

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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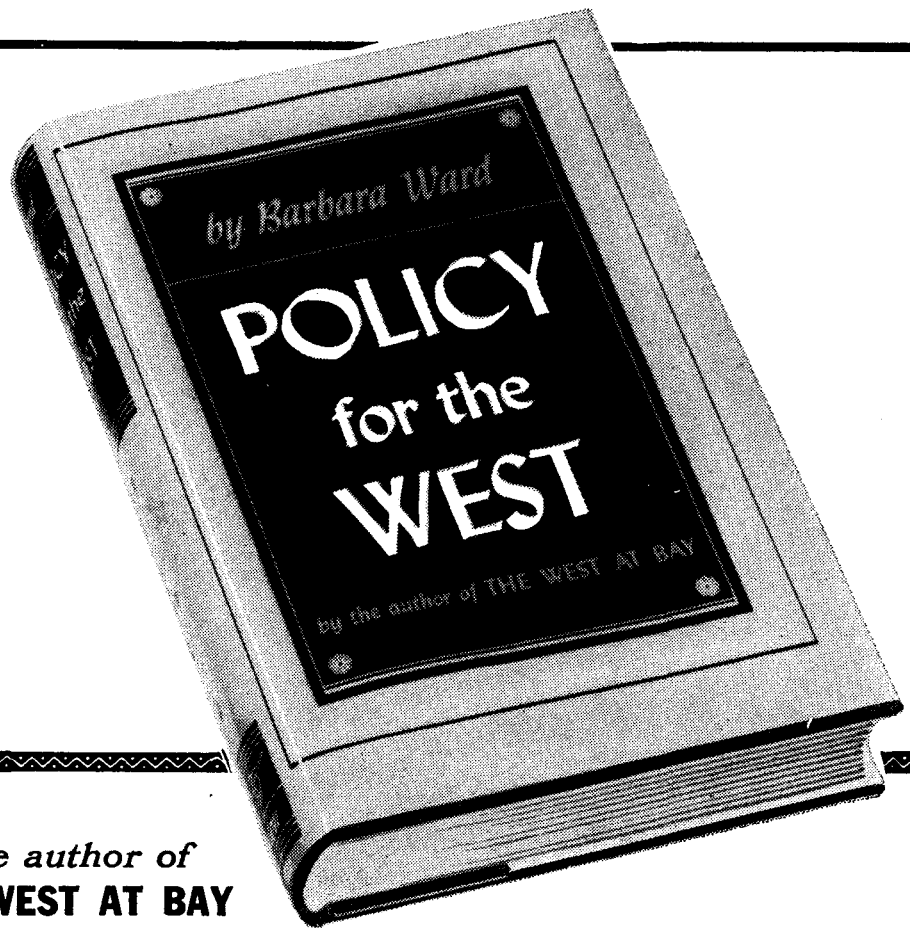

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